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EGYPTIAN SKETCHES.

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Climbing a Pyramid.
Head of a Bedouin.
Railway from Cairo to Asyout.
View of Pyramids, from the Nile.
The Nile at Boulak, Cairo.
Visiting an Arab Household.
The "False Pyramid."
Guides to the Pyramids.
Interior of Pyramid of Mycerinus.
Sheik of Village near the Pyramids.

A FAMILY FLIGHT

OVER

EGYPT AND SYRIA

BY

REV. E. E. HALE AND MISS SUSAN HALE

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A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE ON THE RAILWAY BETWEEN ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO.

A FAMILY FLIGHT OVER EGYPT AND SYRIA.

CHAPTER I.

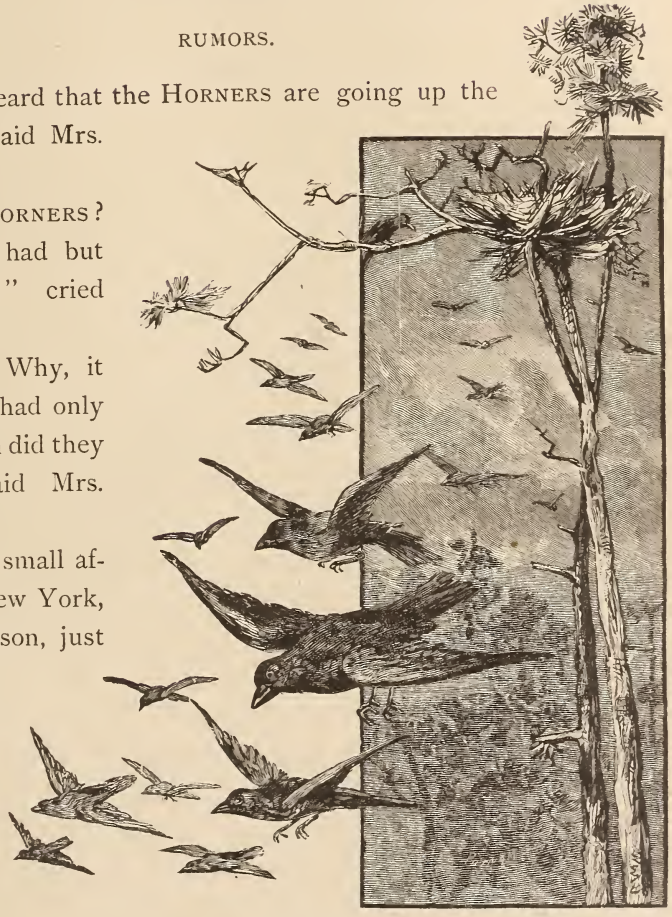
RUMORS.

"HAVE you heard that the HORNERS are going up the Nile?" said Mrs. Jones.

"What! the HORNERS? I thought they had but just got home!" cried Mrs. Smith.

"Got home! Why, it seems as if they had only just gone. When did they get home?" said Mrs. Brown.

This was at a small afternoon-tea in New York, early in the season, just as people were coming back to town and settling themselves for the winter; and these worthy ladies were sipping tea and discussing the affairs of their neighbors and friends.



A FAMILY FLIGHT.

"You know," Mrs. Jones continued, though she evidently was

the only one who did know, "you know Mrs. Horner was so disappointed about living in her own house. It was let to the Dorners, and they like it so much they do not wish to give it up; and poor Miss Dorner is such an invalid, the doctors say she must not be moved."

"And they pay an enormous rent for it, I hear," put in Mrs. Smith.

"But Mrs. Horner does so dislike living in a hotel," said Mrs. Brown.

"That's why," promptly answered Mrs. Jones, "they are going away again."

"I thought," said a meek Miss Robinson, "that in travelling you had to live in hotels all the time."

"That's very different, my dear," replied Mrs. Jones, who was the young lady's aunt; "when people travel they do not expect the comforts of home."

"I suppose they find," murmured Mrs. Smith, "that they can live in splendor abroad upon the rent of the house at home."

"Well, I should not call it splendor," replied Mrs. Jones, "but very comfortably; and then, you know, they are all the time improving their minds."

This was fully agreed to by all, and the conversation passed on to other matters of personal interest in their circle. But we are more interested in the Horners. It was true. They were going up the Nile.

There was a sort of insipidity in the New York life after the novelty had worn off of their return. At first, it was delightful to the girls to meet their friends, to distribute their little travel presents among their cousins, to show off their foreign treasures, and to be admired in their fresh and pretty Paris toilets. But in all of it there was a shade of disappointment. People looked listlessly at photographs, if they had not seen the places they represented; while the very ones they had expected to enjoy them most, those who had seen the originals, would generally be reminded by these pictures of some other place they themselves had seen, and would

go on to talk about that, winding up with, "Such a pity you did not go there!" Mary found little or no sympathy for her old masters, especially before they were mounted. The little roll snapped back from the listless hold of a friend while she was explaining that this was a masterpiece of the Cologne school, or a detail from one of Carpaccio's St. Ursula pictures; she felt that the New York girls were more interested in ten-button gloves than in the ten thousand Virgins.



COLOGNE SCHOOL.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Horner would have been perfectly happy if she could have been in her own house, and diving again into her beloved closets. She was always haunted by a certain cashmere scarf which she used to have. She had put it away somewhere, before they started for Europe. She could not think where, but she was sure she could find it. Not that she wanted the scarf, but it weighed on her mimd. They were in pleasant apartments at an hotel on Madison Square, and, accustomed as they now were to hotel life, they ought to have enjoyed it. The bright square in front, the constant movement of life before their windows, was almost as gay as the gayest of foreign towns. Little coupés, with elegant hammer-cloths and liveries, dashed by during fashionable hours, in a constant stream. Children on roller-skates whirled over the asphalt of the square all day. The cars and coaches rattled up and down, crowded and busy, and by night the electric light filled the place with its wan, cutting glare, like an unsentimental moon. Compared to the New York of twenty years ago, the scene was as lively, startling, and amusing, as any foreign traveller could wish.

"But there are no languages!" exclaimed Bessie impatiently, as

she threw herself into a chair after a shopping trip down Broadway.

A great many languages are spoken in New York, but there is not the same chance to exercise them, when one is settled down at home, as in the friction of travel.

Miss Lejeune was not present, or she might have continued her censure upon the habit of finding fault with existing conditions. Miss Lejeune was making a long visit in Boston. To the young Horners, this visit seemed endless. Their mother thought it quite likely Augusta might stay all winter. She wrote bright accounts of the gayety and hospitality of the place, occasionally mentioning Mr. Hervey, who was, it will be remembered, a Bostonian.

Thus the Horners were endeavoring to "make their sphere fit into a cube," and to accustom themselves to a life which was dull in comparison to their year abroad. Mary began to make a serious business of mounting her photographs, and arranging them in order. She had the basis of a good collection of reproductions of the pictures of the old masters. Bessie petitioned for a little book-cabinet, and gathered together a set of books fitted for a solid course of historical reading connected with the places they had seen. Philip and Tommy went back to their schools, where they found, to their disgust, that their fluent German and French did not prevent them at first, from falling behind the boys who had been digging away during the year of their absence at the tasks prescribed by the regular course. Mr. Horner resumed his daily trips to the office down-town, and his wife soon began to complain that she saw nothing of him. In the evening he was tired, and, it must be confessed, often went to sleep on the sofa.

But this state of things, not altogether satisfactory, was not destined to last. Old Mrs. Seaton, the mother of Mrs. Horner, was suddenly taken ill. This excellent old lady, the beloved grandmother of the Horner children, had always lived at the dear homestead, in the town of Keene, N. H., where it was their great pleasure to visit her occasionally. Her large family of children



TEN-BUTTON GLOVES.

had been long scattered, either by death or marriage, but she clung to the old home where they had all grown up around her, and with good health and spirits, surrounded by fond and obliging neighbors, she required no other permanent companion than the worthy Eliza who had lived with her "forever," as the Horners expressed it.



This country home was the favorite holiday retreat of all the Horners, and had been so from their earliest youth. When they were little children, it had been their delight, on their visits there, to investigate the wonders of the big barn; the great cows with their wet noses and sweet breath sniffing in the stalls, the piles of hay in the loft, to be reached by precarious ladders, where by great luck an egg might be found laid by some ill-regulated hen who had "stolen her nest;" in spring the broods of



THE WONDERS OF THE BIG BARN.

chickens, so soft and downy when first hatched, with forms still undeveloped, like yellow eggs upon stilts walking about, and the deliciously grunting pigs.

They gloried in their prowess when first allowed to drive the cows home from pasture. Tommy seemed to himself a magician when he saw the immense creatures follow the direction of his wand, not considering that habit and their interest in the milking-pail probably influenced their docility. Mary respected the cows at a distance, but preferred to keep on the other side of a wall whenever there were any to be seen.

"You can never tell," she said, "but what they may be a bull; and besides, even if they do not mean to hurt you, they are so clumsy in turning round they might knock you down without intending to."

Grandmamma Seaton was a pearl of grandmothers. Her motto with the children was to "let them do whatever they had a mind to, if they could find out what that was." Her own children had never met any difficulty in making the discovery, and at Keene, it was the same with the grandchildren. Out of doors all day, the day never seemed long enough for the manifold excitements of the country to these little folks from town. At luncheon time, they burst into the kitchen for gingerbread, of which "Eliza" had always on hand an abundant supply, and then, after sweeping through the house with the inquiry, "Where's grandmamma?" they would depart again, perfectly content, if they found her all safe in her corner, engaged with book or knitting.



ELIZA.

Mrs. Horner and Philip went to see grandmamma soon after they came home from abroad, to tell her all about it. But not very long after, news came that she had had a slight paralytic stroke, which affected the whole of one side, so that she could not walk.

Poor grandmamma! This was sad news for every one. Mrs. Horner went directly to Keene, and, once there, found it difficult to leave again. After a day or two, she sent for Tommy, who was now old enough to be useful in many ways. Thus the family in Madison Square was more uncomfortable and homeless than before.



MADISON SQUARE.

Then came a letter from the Stuyvesants, saying that they had resolved to pass the winter on the Nile. Mr. Stuyvesant ended his letter with an urgent appeal to Mr. Horner to turn round and come with them, and to bring all the family. "You know," he wrote, "a dahabieh, if that is what they call it, holds eight or ten

comfortably, and our little family-party would be quite too small. Besides, we want your society, and the wise heads of your young people. I dare say Miss Mary talks Arabic, or, if she does not yet, that she will by the time she gets there. I want to see Tommy riding a crocodile. Of course your charming friend, Miss Lejeune, must be with you."

This letter was sent to Keene at once, for Mrs. Horner's opinion, which soon returned.

It was in substance this:

"Go without me. I must stay with mamma this winter, and while I am away from you, New York would be too dull. Take the others, and I will keep Tommy here. I have sent Mr. Stuyvesant's letter to Augusta, and hope she will go with you."

But Miss Lejeune wrote:

"It is dreadful, but I can not, will not, must not go. If you would wait a year! But no; I recognize fully that it is the best plan for you to go at once. The opportunity of joining the Stuyvesants in the same boat, is not to be lost. All your reasons for going are good, and those for staying feeble. I will try to be in Keene part of the time, to cheer Jeannie. But without Tommy! What will Mr. Stuyvesant say to that?"

CHAPTER II.

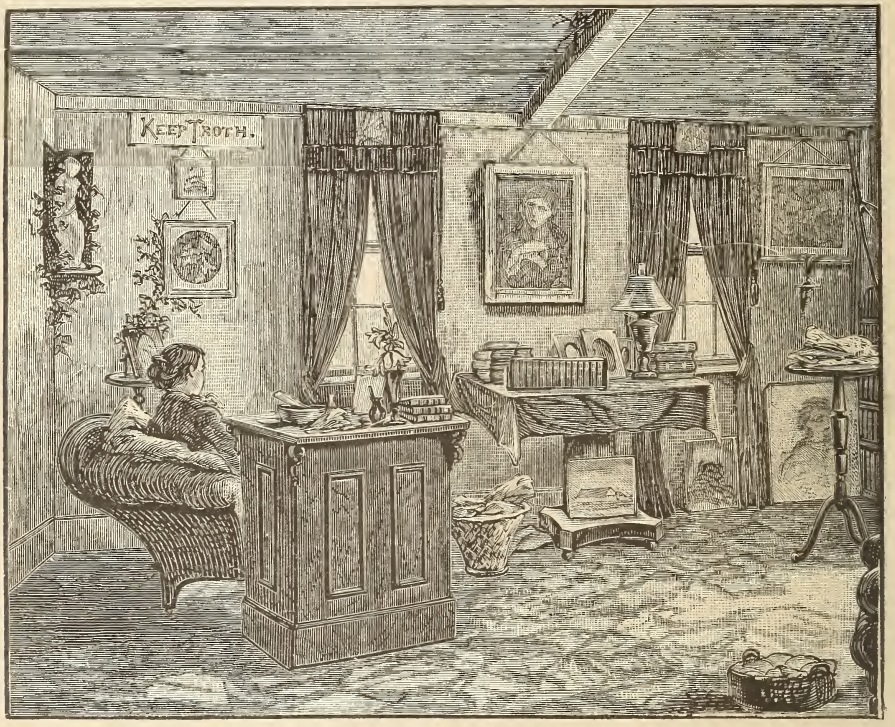
A SOBER START.

LIFE is not all made up of sunshine. This the Horners felt in contrasting the preliminaries of this excursion with the unalloyed rejoicings of their first Family Flight. A half-guilty feeling troubled the young people, who, after much urging and teasing, had brought about something they began by very much wishing, but which had lost its importance in their eyes by reason of the sacrifices it entailed. Mary would have said half a dozen times: "Oh, let us not go without mamma and aunt Augusta!" But arrangements had been made, and a winter on the Nile seemed to be the easiest way to settle the family conundrum of "How shall we manage it?"

Thus they found themselves one day on the steamer *Château Lafite*, bound to Bordeaux. The start was very different from their first one. The parting was at home, or rather, at the hotel, for Mrs. Horner did not feel equal to saying good-by to her dear ones on board the ship, and Miss Lejeune, who had shortened her Boston visit on purpose to be with her friends, stayed at the hotel with Mrs. Horner. Tommy had the choice of going to the pier and coming back with Mr. Agry, Mr. Horner's business partner, but he voluntarily selected staying behind, and, it must be confessed, fled to his little room as soon as possible, for a good cry; but this was not discovered by his family, and no one knows of it till this moment. He had behaved from the first like a little hero, and promised to stick to mamma through thick and thin. Every one pitied and praised him, and this helped him to hold out stoutly. Various diversions were promised him in the course of the winter, and mysterious nods and smiles hinted at remote

rewards in the future. But all this could not prevent the actual sight of the departure from being pretty bad. It was hard for Tommy, but he went through it manfully, and only the damp pocket handkerchiefs left in his room that day, bore witness to his grief.

The next morning he returned with his mother to Keene, and they settled down for a quiet winter with grandmamma, who was now so much better that she could take an interest in all that was going on. They must depend for enjoyment chiefly on the letters of the travellers; and these had been plentifully promised.



MISS LEJEUNE'S APARTMENT.

Miss Lejeune, having thus prematurely broken off her Boston visit, returned to her own little apartment in New York, and to her round of charities, philanthropies, and afternoon-teas. Her recent taste at the fountains of foreign tongues, gave a new

impulse in that direction, and, in her special circle, there were now Kaffee Gesellschaften, Italian *conversazione*, and French *soirées*. In all these meetings no English allowed.

Meanwhile, the little band of travelling Horners, now reduced to a quartette, were again steaming across the Atlantic by a more southerly track than on their previous voyages. The Compagnie Bordelaise has a new line of steamers to the south of France, landing at Bordeaux, and thus bringing its passengers near the Mediterranean, and all points of interest in Southern Europe. It was this that recommended the line to Mr. Horner; in fact, he and Mr. Hervey, on their return voyage, had talked the matter over, and quite decided then, that for the beginning of an Eastern trip, it would be an excellent plan to start this way. They little thought, while discussing vague future plans, that this one would so soon be put in practise. Mr. Hervey, by the way, fully approved of the Egyptian winter, and only regretted that he could not be with the party. Unfortunately, he could not even come to New York, to say good-by. The Horners had not seen him since they parted on arriving from Liverpool.

In spite, however, of the saddened feelings with which they began this voyage, it proved a pleasant one. The steamer was new, large, and comfortable; there were but few passengers, and thus they had the ship almost to themselves. The usual seasick experiences pursued them, but they received them, as all other misadventures of travel, with the philosophy prescribed by Miss Lejeune.

Just before starting, Mr. Horner had received another letter from Mr. Stuyvesant, which, with the answer he had time to forward, in order that it should reach its destination before they did, made their course simple and plain.

The Stuyvesants were to leave Paris about the same time that the Horners sailed from New York. This gave them a start of ten or twelve days. They would pass this interval at Cairo, during which Mr. Stuyvesant would be making all the necessary arrangements for a trip up the Nile, engaging a dahabieh and a dragoman, and attending to the outfit of the Nile voyage. These terms, which

sounded mysterious to the Horners, afterwards explained themselves sufficiently.

This was all there was to be gathered from the brief, crisp letter of Mr. Stuyvesant. The Horners rather enjoyed the doubt they were in about the party which they were to join, — how large it was to be, and of whom to consist. As they approached the shores of France, their interest in this question increased, and they often discussed among themselves how they should like the Stuyvesants as travelling companions.

Mr. Stuyvesant had urged them to make all haste in reaching Egypt; otherwise they would have liked to stop at Bordeaux, a



ROMAN CIRCUS, BORDEAUX.

picturesque town, of old Roman origin, and otherwise historically interesting. "More than half English," according to Bessie. A

rather strong expression, although it was for three hundred years in the possession of England.

The proud wife of Henry II. of England, Eleanor of Aquitaine, who, according to romance, gave to the unfortunate fair Rosamond the choice of poison or the dagger, brought with her as her marriage portion all her fair lands in the south of France. She had been queen and wife of the King of France, Louis VII., and brought to him her Aquitaine, which thus became part of France; but this king had ill-luck in his crusade. It began well. He started for the Holy Land accompanied by Queen Eleanor, and an army a hundred thousand strong; the King and his abbot, Bernard of Clairvaux, cut up their cloaks for crosses to fasten upon the sleeves of the crusaders, but every thing went wrong. The troops missed their way, and were cut to pieces, marching overland towards Constantinople, while the King and his nobles, comfortably



BOATS IN THE GARONNE.

taking ship, arrived safely and ignominiously at Jerusalem, said their prayers at the Holy Sepulchre, and came home without one of the brave soldiers who had set out with them two years before. This was in 1149. Everybody was disgusted with the King. His popularity was gone. Eleanor obtained a divorce, and soon after married Henry of England; and from that time Bordeaux, the capital of the Duchy of Aquitaine, became English, with the rest of it, and so remained for three centuries, after which the French with the help of Joan of Arc, won back pretty much the whole of

France. Bordeaux was the last city to submit to Charles VII., the French king, and this was not till 1453.

The Black Prince was born in Bordeaux, and afterwards made it the seat of his court. It has a cathedral and a church, built during the English period, and a still older church, of the seventh century, restored by Charlemagne. All these things Bessie, the chief history-student of the Horners, would have liked to see. Also, their fellow passengers assured them that the modern town was well-built, and worth seeing. It might have been possible to stop over in Bordeaux, to get a glimpse of it, but the steamer was not so fast as had been hoped, for some reason, and the voyage which was to be eleven days, was all of twelve. They would land just in time to catch the night train for Marseilles, by which they were to cross the lower part of France, with close connections, in about fifteen hours.



OFFICIAL.

They had, however, the beautiful sail up the wide Garonne, from its mouth to Bordeaux,—seventy miles of lovely French scenery.

The Horners were now once more happy. The delightful travelling-feeling was again coming over them in all its force. Mary made a dozen little sketches when they were near enough to the shore. Philip ran from one side of the ship to another, to make out different objects. They were full of gay talk and laughter, though constantly regretting the absence of the rest of the party.

"Now it is time for mamma to ask, 'Are you sure you have got every thing?'" said Mary.

"Yes," growled Philip; "and then to find out that she has left her own bag below, and send me after it."

"Poor mamma," said Mary, laughing. "I guess she wishes she were here, although this getting off steamers is what she hates the most."

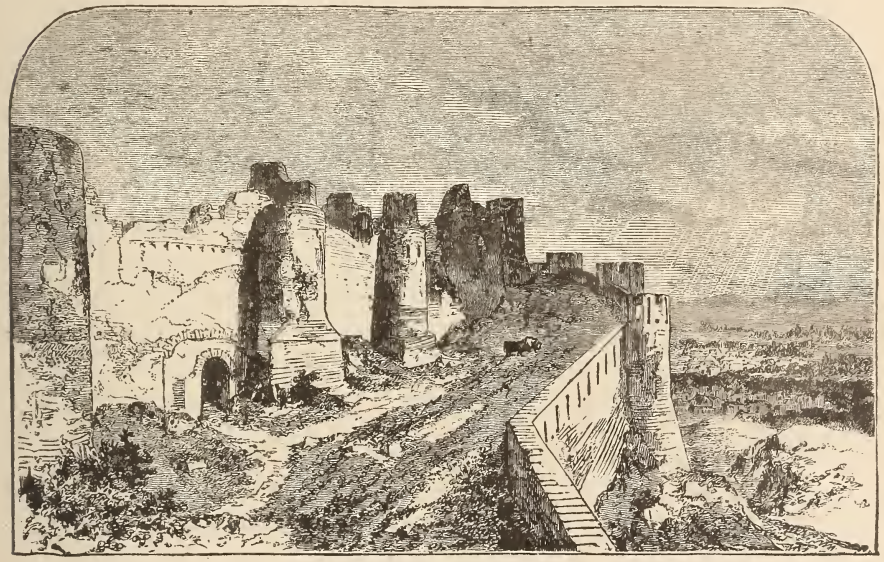
They arrived. They were hurried down the steep sides of their



ARRIVING AT BORDEAUX.

steamer, and landed by a small boat. On shore every thing was delightfully French, even to the uniforms of the government officials.

They hurried to the station, which was close at hand; found *wagons-lits* fortunately, and slept soundly as the train rushed over the unknown country through the darkness. The change from a state-room to a "sleeper" is a confusing one; but these especial Horners who were undergoing it, were the stalwarts of their party, and joined each other comparatively fresh in the morning; after breakfast, they watched the scenery on their route, which draws near the lovely Mediterranean shore some time before reaching Marseilles. On their way they passed, without seeing it, the old walled town of Carcassonne.



CARCASSONNE.

CHAPTER III.

FROM MARSEILLES.

IT was touch and go, for the Mediterranean steamer was to sail on the 15th, and the Horners with all their haste, could only reach Marseilles on the evening of the 14th. Mr. Horner sent at once to inquire about their state-rooms, for which he had telegraphed from Bordeaux, and was promptly waited upon by a polite emissary of the purser, who told him that as his order had arrived so late, and as the steamer was crowded, their accommodations would not be of the best, but only the best that could be done. At this season of the year these steamers are always full of passengers for India,—chiefly English people who have been passing the hot months at home, now returning to their posts. The state-rooms, which now began to be called cabins, on "Messageries" steamers are many of them quite large, and made to accommodate, or rather to incommode, three. Mary and Bessie were offered two berths in one of these cabins, with an English lady travelling alone, while Philip and his father were to be separated, and billeted each upon an unknown companion. It was not pleasant, but the only alternative was to stop over in Marseilles for a week. Mr. Horner determined to accept the arrangement, thinking perhaps some change might be effected after the start, by which he and Philip could share the same cabin.

All was bustle and confusion in the courtyard of the hotel. Much English talk, and squabbling with porters, came to the ears of the Horners as they were waiting to take their places in the omnibus for the pier. Bessie's French did good service in coming to the rescue of a stout Englishman in a pith-hat, who had no

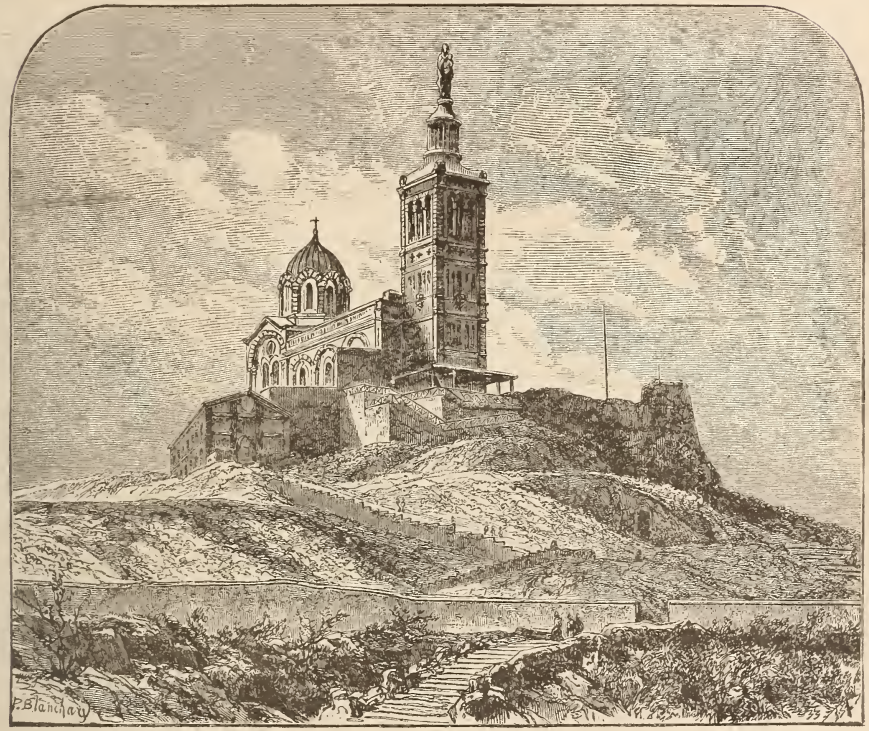


PALACE OF LONGCHAMP.

words at his command with which to make the French understand what he wanted done with his baggage.

"Je — veux, ah — allez — steamer, you know," was the way he expressed himself.

Great was his amazement at the volubility with which the little American turned his attempt at a sentence into French.



NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE, MARSEILLES.

All they saw of Marseilles, the rich, brilliant city of Southern France, was their glimpse as they drove to the steamer. The handsomest of the many fine streets is the Cannebiere, thronged with crowds of different nations, turbaned Orientals, Greeks, Italians, French and English. Upon one of the surrounding hills stands the beautiful church of Notre Dame de la Garde.

Marseilles is the ancient Massilia, in its palmy days the rival of Carthage and the ally of Rome. At one time it was celebrated

as a seat of learning, and was even called the new Athens. But commerce has given it its modern fame. The Palace of Longchamp is a fine specimen of modern architecture, finished in 1869.

Philip and Bessie walked about, on their arrival on board the steamer, with the air of connoisseurs, noting the difference in build and plan, while Mary, with her father, went below to inspect the cabin, which was to be her home and Bessie's for the next few days. Mrs. Campbell, who was to share it with them, had arrived, but was away somewhere about the ship. Her hand-bags and wraps, neatly set in a corner of her sofa, looked as if they belonged to a lady. Mary felt relieved, and tried to give an equally reassuring air to her own things and Bessie's, which she meant to leave below, and, summoning to her aid Miss Lejeune's constant injunction to accept the chances of travel with amusement instead of annoyance, she left the cabin and joined her father, who wore rather a long face after seeing the narrow quarters allotted to himself and Phil.

When they came up on deck again, they found Bessie and Philip leaning against the high bulwark watching the shore, and chatting easily with a stranger, whom Mary did not at first recognize as the gentleman who had sat next them the evening before at dinner at the hotel. He was a pleasant-looking man with gray hair and whiskers; he had a polite, but at the same time easy manner, and seemed already to be on the best of terms with his young companions.

"Papa," said Philip, coloring at the formality of making an introduction, "this is Colonel Leigh; and this is my father, Colonel Leigh; — Mr. Horner, of New York." Philip had heard the name of his new friend a little while before, and thought it best to do things in style, as he afterwards explained to Bessie.

Colonel Leigh was an Englishman holding some important office in India; he had made countless trips back and forward between India and England, and was now returning to his post, having passed the summer at home, where he had left his wife and children. He proved a most agreeable companion, not only to Mr.

PORT OF MARSEILLES.

Horner, but to the girls, with whom he became a great favorite. The wonderful part was, that when they came to shake down the first night, it was he who was to share the cabin with Philip, while Mr. Horner had a berth in the purser's own private room. As they all, by this time, had full confidence in their newly-found friend, Philip begged his father not to try to make any change, and the Colonel was only too glad to have an intelligent and well-bred boy for his room-mate. He also quietly arranged to have his place next to Mary at table, and thus, as usual, the Horners formed by themselves a pleasant little party, with one new element to give variety to their impressions, and add new information to their ever-growing stock.

They missed Miss Lejeune "fearfully," as Bessie wrote; "almost as much as mamma." Indeed, at first it seemed impossible for them to get along at all without her experience of the world, her quick observation, and her bright acquiescence in the difficulties that must arise. But her absence had this advantage, that it threw the others more upon their own resources. Mary, especially, was already developing into a full-grown young lady. She took her father's arm as they went about the ship, and came forward with self-possession to give an order to a steward, or to take her part in the courtesies of life. She was very pretty, and very intelligent, and had a light little laugh of her own, which showed her appreciation of the good things in conversation. It was no wonder that Colonel Leigh liked to sit by her and draw her out, and to talk to her about India and his wider experience of travel.

The waves were sparkling, the sky was blue, and the air warm. They were passing the Château d'If, where Dumas immured his hero, Edmond Dantes, who was to become the famous Count of Monte-Christo. "There is the very place," said Colonel Leigh, "where he was thrown off into the sea in a bag, with the bullet round his leg."

"What!" exclaimed Bessie, who had not read the book.

"Why, don't you know," said Philip, "in order to escape, he pretended he was a man who had died in the next cell, and so

they thought he was, and threw him into the sea; but he had not thought beforehand about the bullet."

"Was he drowned?"

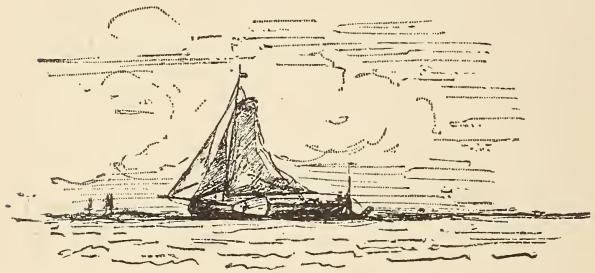
"No; he managed to get out his knife and cut a slit in the bag, and cut off the bullet, and then swim up to the surface."

"What rubbish!" said scornful Bessie.

"But there is the very place," urged Colonel Leigh. "Don't you see the château and the wall, and the port-holes through which they fired at him, after they discovered the trick?"

Bessie did not reply, but she returned to him a sharp glance which expressed her willingness to be chaffed, but her determination not to be imposed upon. He understood it, and from that time they were great friends.

"Only think that we are really on the Mediterranean," said Mary, as she leaned over and looked down into the waves as the steamer moved solidly on through them, and glanced at the numerous sails which were scattered about at different distances.



SUMMER SEA.

"And this is the summer sea!" she added dreamily.

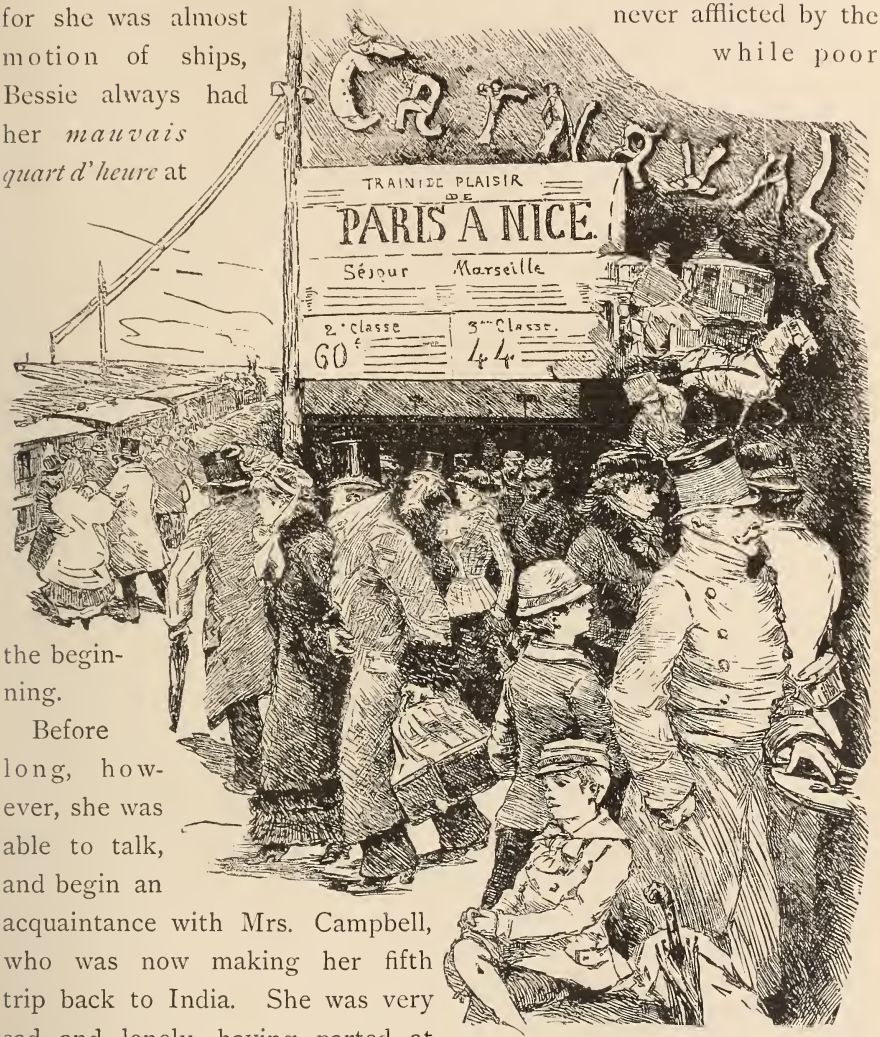
"This Gulf of Lyons, however," said Colonel Leigh, "is a treacherous part of the summer sea, and is quite capable of terrific storms."

In fact, before dark, and in spite of a beautiful sunset which was going on, Bessie had to go below in a hurry, for it was growing very rough, and the ship was tossing about with a choppy motion they were not accustomed to. Bessie plunged into the cabin, and found the sofa already occupied by a delicate, slender little woman, very pale, with closed eyes.

"I beg your pardon," stammered poor Bessie.

"Come in, come in," said a gentle voice very English in tone. "You are quite welcome. I am not sick, only"—

"I am!" cried poor Bessie, and fell into her berth with all speed. Mary was always now the one to climb to the top berth, for she was almost never afflicted by the motion of ships, while poor Bessie always had her *mauvais quart d'heure* at the beginning.



AT MARSEILLES.

Before long, however, she was able to talk, and begin an acquaintance with Mrs. Campbell, who was now making her fifth trip back to India. She was very sad and lonely, having parted at Marseilles with her brother, while her three children had said farewell ten days before in London. Bessie thought her very sweet and lovely, and pitied her very much, and resolved, as she lay in her berth, trying to get the best of her feelings, that she never would marry an Indian officer.

CHAPTER IV.

MALTA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THERE was something of a storm that night, and things were tossed about a good deal on board the *Nyanza*, but the weather cleared towards morning, and there ensued several lovely days and evenings, for the moon was full on one of them, and flooded the ocean and the deck with delicious light.

This short voyage of five days to Alexandria, was one of the pleasantest in the Horners' experience, in spite of their diminished party, for their quarters were comfortable, their companions pleasant, and the climate soft and balmy. Their favorite seat on deck was what they called the hump, a raised place with windows along its sides, to give light to the cabin below, which had also a part open for ventilation, making a slanting place for the back. Here Mary sketched a little; Bessie had her knitting. Mrs. Campbell sometimes joined them, though she spent a great many hours in her cabin, poor little woman, shedding tears, it is to be feared, over the photographs of her absent children. And here Colonel Leigh passed a great deal of his time; for though he had other acquaintances on board, he had taken a great fancy to his young Americans. There were over one hundred passengers on board, nearly all of whom were bound for India, Bombay, or Calcutta, — long voyages, which



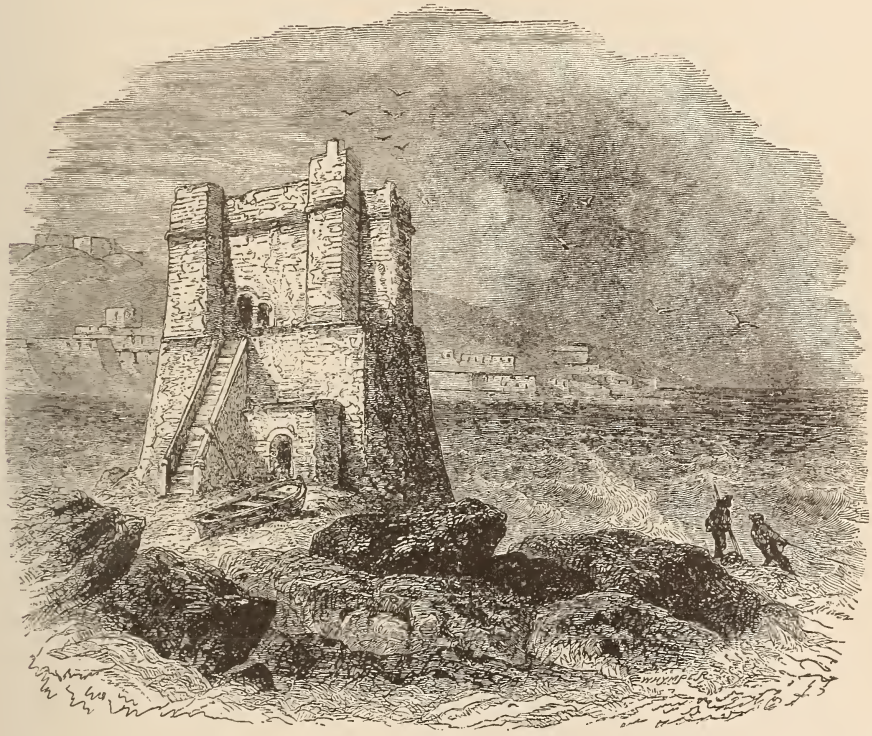
MRS. CAMPBELL'S CHILDREN.



BONAPARTE.

made Alexandria appear like a half-way stopping-place, and the trip up the Nile but a trivial excursion.

Colonel Leigh told them that soon after passing through the Suez Canal, it would begin to grow hotter and hotter, so that all the ventilators would have to be open, punkas going, and yet all would be gasping for breath; and he gave them a dismal account of Aden, on the Red Sea, which is built in the crater of an extinct volcano, the hottest, dustiest, dreariest place that can be



ST. PAUL'S BAY.

imagined. In spite of his description, Bessie and Phil, who were becoming insatiate travellers, longed to push on through the Canal and get to Bombay, at least.

The Messageries steamers touch at Malta, but on this trip suffered no passengers to go ashore, for fear that it would detain them in quarantine on arriving off Alexandria. The mails

were sent ashore after dark, and before morning they were up and away. Philip would have liked to visit in Malta the relics of the famous Knights of St. John. On the floor of St. John's Church, the arms of all the Grand Masters are to be seen, inlaid in various colored marbles, and in the Armory are the fighting-suits of all the brave old commanders. These things Colonel Leigh told them about, for he had landed many times.

The whole title of this order is "Knights Hospitallers of the order of St. John of Jerusalem." Early in the eleventh century a number of Italian merchants established an asylum for Latin pilgrims at Jerusalem, with the permission of the authorities. Many pilgrims entered the hospital and devoted themselves to its service. It received large contributions and became wealthy. Many of the crusaders, following the example of Godfrey of Bouillon, bestowed upon it landed property in Europe. Some of them joined the order, which, though at first organized for charitable purposes only, afterwards received the character of a religious and military constitution.



KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

It arose rapidly to fame, for its worth and valor, and served valiantly against the infidel, although the Knights of St. John were always involved in disputes with the Knights Templars. After the fall of Jerusalem and Acre, the Knights retired to one island after another in the Mediterranean, where they maintained their rights with the greatest bravery, in seige after seige. They held the island of Rhodes for more than two centuries; it was finally wrenched from them by the Turks in 1522. Charles V. ceded to them, among other places, the island of Malta, which was

then but a barren rock; the Knights made it one of the strongest places in the world, and they carried on the war with the Turks with so much energy, that they gained a new name, the Knights of Malta. The defence of their island against the Turks in 1565, raised the fame of the order to its height, and for two centuries more it enjoyed the world's esteem; but at the end of the eighteenth century, the quarrel between Musselmans and Christians was at an end, and its occupation was gone. The order encountered the enmity of the French republicans, and Napoleon Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt in 1798, put an end to it, as to many another historic and romantic thing. Russia then became the protector of the order, but it has since maintained but a shadowy existence, the last relic of the age of chivalry.

The ocean was so smooth, and the days were so tranquil, that Mary and her father got out their guide-book for Egypt and other text books, to read up for the coming journey up the Nile.



PRIEST OF ST. JOHN.

Mr. Stuyvesant and his party had preceded them, and they were to meet him in Cairo, expecting to find all the material preparations, such as procuring a Nile boat and securing a dragoman, done before they arrived. But there is no journey which requires more mental preparation than this one, although it is often undertaken with but little or none. To approach the Pyramid of Cheops, to visit the home of Rameses, and view the ruins of Cleopatra's greatness, without any knowledge of the ancestors and descend-

ants of these sovereigns, or a letter of introduction to their persons, is an impertinence of which only the nineteenth century is capable, and yet, the modern facility of travelling is so great, and the mania for going somewhere, anywhere, so prevalent, that in the very heart of the venerable Temple of Karnak, an indifferent tourist may be heard to say, tapping some valuable carving with his cane, that "antiquities are a bore!"

This certainly was not the frame of mind of the Horners. The monolith, called "Cleopatra's Needle," in New York, had already pricked their curiosity, pointing toward the East; and in the Louvre the strange collection of mummies and sarcophagi had roused a great desire to penetrate farther into Egyptian darkness. They were prepared to approach its mysteries with intelligent inquiry, not unmixed with a little awe, and meant to find time, as they could, to read enough upon the subject to understand at least what they were looking at. The delightful novels by George Ebers, Bessie and Mary read with Miss Lejeune as soon as their German made it easy to enjoy them in the original; and they now talked about Bent-Anat and Uarda, his fair heroines, in the fond hope of meeting some trace of them upon the Nile.

Neither Colonel Leigh nor Mrs. Campbell had gone farther in Egypt than to Cairo, but both of them had seen the Pyramids; for before the Suez Canal was cut, the route to India was across a bit of Egypt, by rail, from Alexandria to Cairo, and so down to the Red Sea. They both shared the interest of the Horners in their approaching study of the Egyptian monuments.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Bessie, thowing down her *Murray's Handbook for Egypt*, "I don't believe I shall pretend to understand it. The German Emperors is baby-talk to these dreadful Egyptian dynasties. It is all very well to learn one date for a king, but when each of them has two or three, I give it up."

Colonel Leigh took up the book, and found the discouraging chronological table which had so disheartened her.

"My dear child, do not, pray, attempt to grapple with any thing like remembering all this! You will find the table immensely



THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH, FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE NILE.

convenient, especially with the help of this column called Events, and as you see, one after another, the chief monuments of importance, a few of them will associate themselves in your mind with their founder, or builder, or destroyer, and their 'dates,' as you call them, will remain in your mind."

"Do not you remember, Bessie," said Philip, "what a muddle we were in about the Emperors until after we saw the pictures in the Römer? For my part, I mean not to read up beforehand, but take things as they come. I shall find out a lot about it, I dare say, if my head is good and empty to begin with;" and he ran off to make some interesting discovery about the splicing of rope among the sailors, with whom he was on terms of some intimacy.

Philip's plan was not a bad one, although it did not satisfy the ambition of his sisters. Still, while the observations of the Horners in Egypt were not so superficial as that of some tourists, they were not learned enough to dip very deeply into the matter of hieroglyphic research, and it is to be feared that their notes would add nothing to the knowledge of Egyptologists. They wanted to enjoy a great many things besides the antiquities, and while they were ready to devote thought to the past of this solemn old land, they found the present very absorbing. Egypt is a place of many attractions; if it had no past, it would be enchanting on account of the exceptional beauty of its scenery and its picturesque inhabitants — man, bird, and beast. The long, level lines of sand and green fields stretching back from the river, broken by upright palms alone, a string of slow-moving camels seen against the sky, make a scene worth coming for in itself. But this is to anticipate, for the Horners are now only approaching Alexandria.



PAPYRUS.

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL.

ACCORDING to the advice of her friend, the Colonel, Bessie had given over learning by heart the dynasties and kings of Egypt since 5000 B. C., and had contented herself for the present with reading the full account in *Murray*, of Alexandria, ancient and modern. Like Mary and Philip, she was eagerly looking forward, on the last days of the voyage, to the first glimpse of the harbor and the ancient Pharos; so it was a disappointment, that, as it turned out, they approached the city after dark, and came to anchor, to wait till morning. The moon which had made every evening delicious, rose now too late to show any thing of the town. Only a long line of something before them, and a sense that it was land, and not water, explained the stopping of the engines.

A large steamer at rest, after the clang and clatter of the huge machinery has ceased, seems, to its inmates, about the stillest place possible; and that night in their berths, was one of absolute silence. Every footfall of the softly-moving stewards, every spoon let drop in the saloon, was startling. The Horners,—Bessie and Mary,—excited by anticipation, and missing the rocking of their great sea-cradle, slept not very well, and early in the morning were both awake, even before the clamor and confusion began which belongs to the arrival at Alexandria. They sprang up and dressed quickly. The passage-way was dark, but Philip was waiting for them. Shawl-straps were fastened up, and they hastened upon deck, already swarming with strange figures, for the steamer was surrounded with small boats steered by Arabs of dusty hue, and such a yelling and

screaming! They were howling and squabbling over their passengers like vultures for their prey. The girls were half frightened, and very glad to see Colonel Leigh, who approached them smiling.

"Is not this a tumult?" he said. "I just met your father. He will be here directly, and we shall get off in time. There is no hurry, and some of these beggars will take us."



ON THE NILE.

"Take us!" exclaimed Bessie. "Are we going in one of those things?"

They leaned over the side to watch the scrimmage, and also to look across it at the long, low town, lying at a considerable distance. Philip saw approaching a large and pretty boat, rowed quietly, and with regular strokes, by several sailors; and in front was a little flag that looked like the beloved Stars and Stripes. A

gentleman sat in the stern, and as he approached, he waved his handkerchief at some one on board. It seemed very much as if the salute was aimed at the Horners, but how could it be? At this moment Mr. Horner joined his children.

"See! see!" he exclaimed with excitement. "It is Stuyvesant himself! He is waving at *us!*"

"Mr. Stuyvesant here!" they all cried; for the plan was to join him at Cairo.

"How splendid!" said Bessie. "I guess he came on purpose to meet us."

So he had, and very fortunate it was, and considerate on his part; for by securing a comfortable and pleasant boat for them, he saved them all worry and confusion. He brought with him, moreover, the janizary of the American Consul, a wonderful creature in turban and full trousers, bearing in his hand a long wand with a gold head, which cleared the way and made every thing easy.

Thus their landing was accomplished very comfortably. They were impatient to be off, but there was one cause of regret, and that was parting with the dear Colonel Leigh. The gentlemen hoped he would come ashore in their boat, as the steamer would be some time at her moorings, but he declined. They hoped to meet again in Alexandria, but they never did; and this was the last of their pleasant Indian acquaintance, except an amusing letter which he sent later on to Bessie, from Calcutta.

Philip thoughtfully found little Mrs. Campbell, to see if there was any thing he could do for her; but she thanked him, saying she wanted nothing but to be at the end of her long voyage. She was sorry to lose the girls, for they had been so kind and cheery during the passage, that, as she assured them, their room would not be half so good as their company.

Now nothing remained but to descend into the pretty boat which was awaiting them. They sank down upon red leather cushions, and were pulled off, waving and nodding at Colonel Leigh, and several other passengers with whom they had made a slight acquaintance.

"Another of our dear voyages is done," said Bessie with a sigh.

It was a long pull across the water to the wharf, and their interest in approaching Alexandria was inferior to the pleasure of



ALEXANDRIA.

meeting their genial friend Mr. Stuyvesant, who had much to say and hear; for in spite of the letter which had time to reach him, explaining the Horners' plan, it was hard for him to understand it.

"No Tommy!" he exclaimed more than once. "I do not believe I should have asked you to come without Tommy."

"Is it not too bad?" replied Mary. "We miss him all the time, and he would enjoy it so!"

"And Miss Lejeune! I felt sure she would come with you," he continued.

Mr. Horner said: "Augusta was very sorry not to come, and I am very sorry that we should make any trip without her. I think her income does not allow her to spend another year abroad so soon. In fact, I think she spent a little more in Paris than she would have done if she had planned another travelling winter."

"So-ho!" cried Mr. Stuyvesant; "she spent all her money in good clothes, and so she must stay at home and wear them!"

"That is not fair!" exclaimed indignant Philip. "I think aunt Gus would not come because mamma did not."

"My wife," said Mr. Horner, "depends so much upon Miss Lejeune, that it is indeed a great comfort to have her near at hand. I hope Augusta will be able to pass a part of the winter in Keene, where she has as many old friends as we, and that will break the time for them both."

"Now, papa," said Mary, laying her hand upon her father's, "you must not put on that grieved look. Remember aunt Gus, and 'fix your mind upon the present moment, not to lose the impression of it.'"



WATER SELLER.

Mary assumed so much of the air and manner of Miss Lejeune as she quoted this, that they all laughed, and turned to look upon the white walls and flat lines of Alexandria, now close upon them.

Guide-books, tourists, and residents, are unanimous in calling Alexandria an European city in appearance; but to the Horners, on their arrival, it appeared Oriental enough. On landing they were surrounded by a swarm of donkey-boys and carriage-drivers, and after some delay, finding themselves in a shabby open carriage,



EGYPTIAN FELLAH WOMAN.

with two gaunt horses driven by a dusky Arab dressed to imitate a ragged cockney, they were carried through the narrow streets to their hotel, at the further end of the Place Méhémet Ali.

The streets were crammed with camels, donkeys, Arabs, and strange sights; and though the flat-roofed houses were not Oriental, except that here and there were glimpses of latticed windows and rounded arches, still the glare of whitewash, scattered with bright-colored paint, green, red, and yellow, gave an effect wholly un-American, and equally unlike the French or German cities they were acquainted with.



ON THE BALCONY.

No sooner had they reached their hotel, than they hastened to the balcony looking upon the square, where were a number of travellers already; and while the two gentlemen were busy with choosing rooms and disposing of baggage, Mary, Bessie, and Philip, were absorbed in watching what was going on in the street below. The morning was fresh and cool, and in an arched doorway opposite, was sitting a lazy Arab, of a beautiful brown color, with legs bare, but a sort of pointed hood, belonging to a dark burnoose, drawn over his head, the peak sticking up. He was lazily joined by another, and then another. The three sat, silent



STREET FIGURES.

and motionless, in a row, like three owls on a bough. A boy with a chestnut-roaster howled out his wares in an unknown tongue. Donkeys went jingling by with pretty bells and red trappings. The shops on the square looked like other shops in other cities, but strange people went in and out, of every color and costume, from the European fine lady to the Egyptian *fellah.* They leaned upon the railing, breathless and with wide-open eyes, pointing out new sights to each other.



A FINE LADY.

"Well, how do you like Alexandria?" asked Mr. Stuyvesant; and turning, they saw him standing in the long window, smiling, with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh! can't we stay here awhile?" they all exclaimed.

"Why, yes; I don't see why not. You will never be amused at it again, and there is no hurry. I have just been proposing to your father that we should stop over at least till to-morrow, and go out to Pompey's Pillar. They say the drive on the canal is worth seeing."

Mr. Horner joined them now, and said:

"Agreed, if you think Mrs. Stuyvesant will be content."

"Oh! she is all right. She has Emily and the boys."

CHAPTER VI.

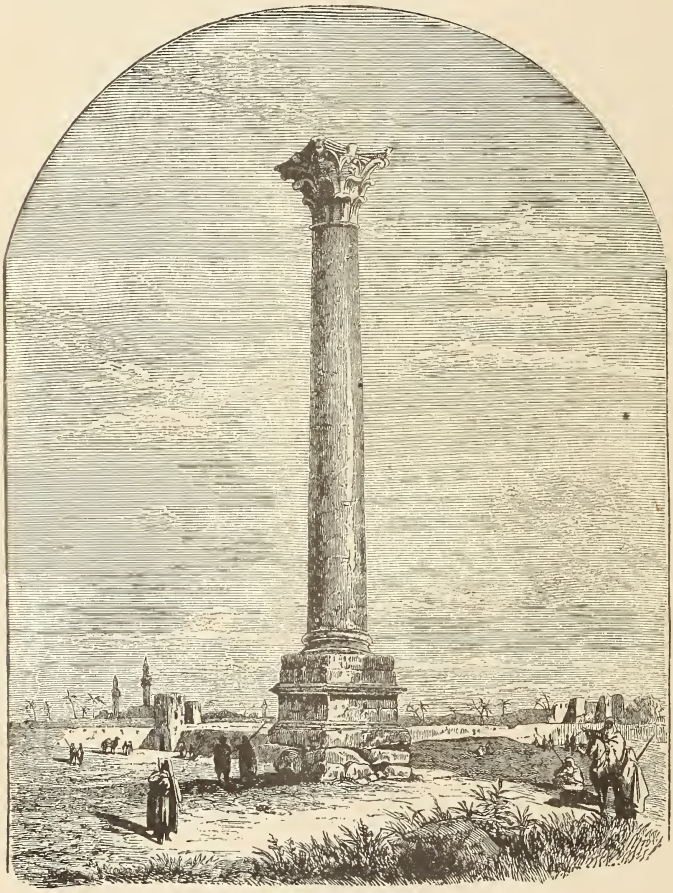
ALEXANDRIA.

LONG ago, (B. C. 322,) Alexandria, founded by Alexander the Great, was a celebrated city of many inhabitants, adorned with the arts of Greece and the wealth of Egypt; its schools of learning, its luxury and magnificence, made it the first city of the world. But after the third century of the Christian era, its splendor and renown began to wane, and all that we know of its history from that time, is a picture of decay. Its commerce, which was the great source of its wealth, decreased during the changes of government in Egypt; and the conquest of the country by the Turks, gave the final blow; so that a hundred years ago it was only a small and miserable town. When Mahomet Ali came to rule in Egypt, in the early part of this century, he set about restoring its ancient capital. New buildings sprang up in the Frank quarter, apart from the old town, and at present there is a large and prosperous population, but none of the ancient splendor.

There is but little trace of the old town; even the precise spot is uncertain where the Museum stood, containing the famous library of four hundred thousand volumes, collected by the Ptolemies, which was destroyed during the war of Julius Cæsar with the Alexandrians. For he, to prevent his communication with the sea being cut off, set fire to the fleet in the harbor; the flames spread to the town, and the valuable collection of books, which had cost so much trouble and expense to collect, was lost forever; in it, doubtless, many works of antiquity that we now shall never know any thing about.

Even the two obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles, are now gone,

which marked the site of the Palace of the Kings, on the point called Lochias. Mary and Bessie, whose minds were fresh from the description of Alexandria in the time of Adrian, as it is carefully given by Ebers, in his novel *der Kaiser*, ought to have been disappointed, to be able to find so little to mark the places there mentioned; but it is all so different now, — waste and barren, delivered over to sand and dirt, crumbling Arab huts, ragged cactus hedges, and the desolation of neglect, — that they could not bring their imaginations to building palaces upon the spot.



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

"I think," said Mary, "I had a better idea of ancient Alexandria before I had seen the modern one."

"Well, no matter," replied Bessie, "I don't care much about it, anyway; but I love those little donkeys; I hope we shall have a ride on one."

"When you get to Cairo," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "you can ride every day if you like, and the donkeys are still prettier there than here."

They drove out to see Pompey's Pillar, a graceful shaft and

UNFINISHED SKETCH, BY MARY.

pedestal, "but modern," pronounced Bessie; "quite too modern for us; only A. D. 296." It stands on a barren sandy place near a Mohammedan burying-ground; also a dreary spot, where they first noticed the lean, savage-looking dogs that wander about the streets of Alexandria, and at night howl and bark very unpleasantly. The prettiest thing they saw in Alexandria was the canal which comes from the Nile to the city; for Alexandria is not on the river. The right bank of the canal is bordered for some distance by pretty villas and gardens belonging to the rich residents of the town, and the flowers which adorn these houses were an enchanting contrast to the sandy desolation of the rest of the country. Nothing grows in Egypt without artificial watering; but here, and wherever water is close at hand, vegetation springs up, as it were, at the first sprinkling, and grows with mad luxuriance. Although it was late in October, superb morning-glories of celestial blue, spread their wide blossoms over lattices, and kept open all day. Tall arbutilons stretched up and nodded their blossoms at second-story windows. Poinsettia, the shrub with brilliant scarlet flower-leaves, grows to be a tree in Alexandria, and is very showy. As they drove along the canal, the Horners were constantly exclaiming at the beauty of some new blossoming vine hanging about the railing of a veranda. They would have liked a visit at one of these houses, built for pleasure and the enjoyment of the warm climate, with long windows opening on balconies which command a view of the broad canal and its flat, low borders: on the side they were, the well-built driveway close to the water, on the other a row of neglected native houses, the color of the soil, heaps of straw thrown about, donkeys browsing upon nothing at all, hens and chickens pecking at what they could find, and staring little brown Arabs in dirty blue gowns, doing nothing, with their fingers in their mouths. Here and there a date-garden was to be seen, inclosed within high walls. It was the season for the fruit, and the ripe clusters of dates hanging beneath the feather-like tuft of leaves at the top of a date-palm, was very pretty and very appetizing. The Horners had already had a taste of the

sweet, fresh dates, which are as different from those that reach us, dried and packed in masses, as living in the time of Alexander the Great was different from learning a list of his conquests.



EGYPTIAN PALM-GROVE.

"Even Tommy would be able to bear these dates," remarked Bessie, as she was cutting round the skin of a luscious one, and turning it back before popping the juicy pulp into her mouth.

BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

"He would want to go up a tree and get them," said Mr. Stuyvesant; "I am told it is very amusing to see that done."

"I wonder how they manage it," said Mr. Horner; "the trees are so immensely high."

"We must try and find out while we are at Cairo."

Mr. Horner's interest in the first Napoleon led the party to the site of the so-called Cæsar's Camp. The first battle on this spot was followed by the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra; the second is famous in English history, as it was the one which put an end to French control in Egypt.

The brief period of Napoleon in Egypt, is one of the most interesting episodes of his career. A young man, and already distinguished by his first victories, he was sent to Egypt by the French Directory, which wished, perhaps, to get rid of so ambitious a youth, at the head of an expedition meant to gain for the French the control of the land passage to India. This was really a contest with the English, who then held Egypt as a dependency (although the Sultan of Turkey called it his), and who had no wish to relinquish their rights there. In less than six months Napoleon, having seized Malta on his way, took Alexandria by storm, encountered and defeated the Mamelukes, fought the famous battle of the Pyramids, and thus gained Cairo. Unluckily for him, Nelson, fighting for England, on the first of August destroyed the French fleet at Aboukir, and Napoleon with his army was thus shut up in Egypt.

He devoted himself to conquering the whole country, and set to work a staff of savants he had brought with him, who conquered as well the field of science, for which the world is more grateful than for the bloody, but less durable triumphs of war. Napoleon went into Palestine and laid siege to Acre; but the English there resisted him successfully; when he came back after a brilliant conquest of the Turks at Aboukir, he quietly disappeared from Egypt by himself, leaving the French army in the hands of General Kléber.

"Poor Kléber!" said Philip, as they were all reading and talking

about these matters. "He had a hard time of it. And it was shameful of your Napoleon, papa, to leave him in the lurch."



KLÉBER.

"I cannot say much in the defence of my Napoleon," replied Mr. Horner, "except that he doubtless was restless and impatient, and longed to be back in the thick of affairs in France."

After he left Egypt, the cause of the French was lost there. Kléber listened to proposals of peace with the English; but, not able to accept their terms, he roused the French soldiers again to battle. They won the day at first, and Kléber found himself the undisputed master of Egypt. Just then he was assassinated, while walking one day in his garden at Cairo. Not long after followed the battle of Alexandria, in which Menon, the successor of Kléber, was signally defeated. Thus ended the triumphs of the French in Egypt.

The battle-field retains more traces of the ancient battle than of the modern one, in the shape of Roman remains, upon which are some inscriptions dedicated to Cæsar.

"I suppose," said Mr. Horner, as they drove back to their hotel, "many people still believe that had the French retained their control of Egypt, their rule would have been a good thing for the country. See how much they did for science, even in that little time. England has not done much for Egypt. She behaves like a dog with a bone

that he does not much want himself, but will not leave for any other dog."

"O papa!" exclaimed Mary, "you are too prejudiced for your Napoleon."

Their brief stay in Alexandria had been very pleasant, although Mr. Stuyvesant, the American Consul, and every one they met, assured them that this was but the threshold of the East which they would only really begin to enjoy at Cairo.

"The climate is the thing at Cairo," they all said. "There, you will never see a cloud. Blue sky, perfect dry weather, all the time."

So the next morning, when they saw a cloudy sky as they drove to the station, they concluded it to be Alexandria weather; but as they went on, it grew more lowering, and when they reached Cairo, it was pouring hard.



CHAPTER VII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.



A MODERN BEY.

IN spite of the cloudy weather, it was a very jolly party which started for Cairo that morning. The cars were English carriages; and, although shabby, just like those they were used to on the Continent; but it was very funny to have Arabs for all the employés. However they might be dressed to resemble English officials, and although they spoke, for the most part, English, their brown skins seemed not to belong in their clothes, any more than the foreign tongue in their mouths. The Horners had begun now to become accustomed to seeing civilized Egyptians, as they might be called, dark in complexion, but well educated, often speaking four or five languages fluently. The higher class are all dressed like Europeans; the only noticeable thing is their fondness for a red fez, which they wear constantly on their heads, and pretend even to think a sufficient protection from the blazing sun of the African sands. Some of these cultivated gentlemen are Syrians, some born in Egypt. Bessie found that a real bey of the present

time, was very different from her ideas of Eastern potentates derived from the *Arabian Nights*. The expression "Levantine" includes a great variety of nationalities; anybody of Greek, Italian or Turkish blood, is Levantine, the word Levant including all the countries which border upon the Mediterranean.

Leaving Cairo, the train passed near the Mahmoudeah Canal, which they had seen the day before, and they caught another glimpse of the pretty villas surrounded by their gay gardens. Then came a long, flat, cultivated plain. Occasionally they stopped at towns containing a few respectable houses, but more shapeless huts of crude mud-bricks, such as compose the Arab villages; the train passed by the graceful outlines of minarets and cupolas belonging to Moslem cemeteries, very picturesque when nestled in a group of palm trees, and fields of cotton, on which some blossoms were to be seen.



BESSIE'S IDEA OF A BEY.

"What is that yellow flower, I wonder?" said Bessie.

"Don't, pray, say you do not know that!" exclaimed her father.

"That is the cotton-plant. The Egyptians will think you are only a make-believe American, if you do not know cotton; for their chief idea of our country is as a cotton-growing one."

"They cannot suppose," replied Bessie, "that there are cotton-plantations in New York!"

"But do not you remember, Bessie," said Philip, "that in Eisenach they kept asking us about buffaloes and Modocs?"



COTTON PLANT.

"I have seen cotton-pods before, but not the blossoms," said Bessie.

At the stations, groups of Arabs gathered about the platform to stare at the train, much as the natives of Portsmouth and Pawtucket do in America; but without that attention to toilette paid by young Yankee ladies who come to meet the cars with intent to charm by their appearance. The long-limbed Arab is sometimes well-formed, and his baggy, slouchy blue shirt is becoming to his lithe limbs. Mary longed for her paint-box, which was still shut up in her sea-trunk, to make studies of them as they stood about, leaning against any thing and every thing.

"I hope," said Philip, "you have plenty of brown madder, to do their complexions with."

Some of the natives were of a very different type, however.

Half way to Cairo, they lunched, having taken only coffee before their early start, from an ample basket put up at the hotel. Hungry Arabs watched their repast, and accepted the remains readily. These poor fellows took the claret bottle, which had a little left in it when it was handed them, poured away the wine, and tenderly put the empty bottle by as a treasure. The Moslem law forbids the drinking of wine, and it is faithfully obeyed by the lower classes. These Arabs evidently valued the glass of the bottle more than its contents.

"There are some more of those horrid dogs," said Bessie, looking at a a lean and hungry set who came sniffing about with pointed noses and wolfish mouths. These dogs live in the dirty streets, and feed upon any thing they find. The Moslems consider them "unclean," but do not kill them, from a superstition against destroying life; so they increase to such numbers as to be a public nuisance.



A DIFFERENT TYPE.

At Benha, where the train stopped for several minutes, they all left the carriage and walked up and down the platform. Mary and Bessie, who were with Philip, were surprised to see him spring forward and grasp by the hand an elderly, foreign-looking gentleman, rather short, with a beaming expression.

"Professor Lessli! Have you forgotten me, sir?" cried Philip.

"Ha! no! what it is! no, yes, let me think; it shall be that nice little American; and where shall be your charming friend Miss — Miss —" Thus spoke the Professor, in his fluent, but irregular English, turning to the girls, as if he expected to see an old friend.

"These are my sisters, sir; Miss Lejeune, I am sorry to say, is not with us."

"Ah, yes, Miss Lejeune," said the old gentleman, evidently thankful to get hold of a name, though he had recognized the face of Philip at once. It was the pleasant German professor who was at the Rhone glacier with his wife, when Philip and Miss Lejeune visited it the year before. He was very cordial, evidently remembered the occasion, greeted the young ladies affably, and wanted to bring them to the carriage where Mrs. von Lessli was seated, but the train was about to start, and they all had to run to their places, promising each other to meet at Cairo.



DISTANT VIEW OF CAIRO.

"Papa," said Philip, "that is the dear old German that told us so much about glaciers. Would it not be splendid if he were going up the Nile at the same time? He would know so much, that the rest of us would not have to know any thing."

"You must introduce me to him. We will find him again," said Mr. Horner; and they looked forward with pleasure to improving this acquaintance.

The rain now came on in earnest, and before they reached Cairo, was streaming down like a regular northeaster at home. As the train rolled into the station it crossed, as it were, seas of mud, for the old streets of Cairo are not calculated for such inundations, and asphalt is little known except in the new quarter.

On the way from Alexandria, Philip and his sisters had had a little consultation about the Stuyvesant boys, who were at Cairo with their mother, and were to belong to the Nile party.

"I don't remember any thing about them," said Bessie softly. "We did not see them in Paris."

Mary replied, "I think their names were mentioned; probably they were at school."

"They were," said Phil, "I know. Tommy knows their names. I am not sure that he did not go to see them at the school once with Mr. Stuyvesant."

"Oh, he did!" exclaimed Bessie. "I forgot; but Tommy told us about them. He said they were *abscheulich*."

"I do not doubt they are," said Philip severely.

"Philip!" said his father, looking at him over the top of his newspaper from his corner of the carriage. His glance was reproving, but a sort of smile lurked about the corners of his mouth. The children had been talking in German, which they often used for their private conversations, for the sake of the practise, they said. Mr. Stuyvesant understood no German, and besides, he was comfortably asleep in his corner.

When they alighted in the station at Cairo, the time was come for the young Stuyvesants to be revealed to them; for there they stood,—two boys of about Tommy's age, but small and slight in figure. They were with Hassan, the dragoman already engaged to take charge of the party up the Nile.

"There's papa!" they shrieked, and broke from their keeper to run up to him, seizing him one by each hand, and both talking at once.

"Here we are, papa! and the carriage is outside. Is it not immense, the rain! Hassan says he never saw it rain before in Cairo. It's

splendid to see the Arabs all stuck in the mud? Come out, quick!"

"Stop, Ernest! stop, Augustine!" called their father, for they were darting off again. "You have not spoken to Mr. Horner. And here are Mary and Bessie, and—" Philip, he would have added, but Philip had slipped off to speak to Professor von Lessli, who was helping his wife from their carriage.

Now followed a confusion of introductions and interchanging of plans. It proved that all were going to Shepheard's Hotel; also that Hassan had brought two carriages; thus the Lesslis were urged to join our party, which was, with this addition, soon disposed of, the boys scrambling up on the first carriage, without waiting to see what happened to the rest, by the side of the driver. Philip more gallantly busied himself with the packages of Madame Lessli. As he stood on the sidewalk waiting for his turn, his father said to him in a low voice:

"Do not make up your mind too soon, Philip, about these boys. You know they must be your companions for the next three months at least, and you will have to take the brunt of them."

Philip made an impatient movement of displeasure at the thought.

"Remember what aunt Gus would say," said Mr. Horner. "Make the best of people whom you meet, and if you do not like them, smile at their follies, and turn their mistakes to advantage by learning from them what to avoid."

Philip half-smiled, but grumbled:

"Aunt Gus would hate these boys!"

Mr. Horner, however, added, in the serious manner he occasionally used to make an impression:

"Try to set them the example of being always yourself polite and obliging; but do not, especially at first, make them your enemies by holding off from them."

Philip saw the justice of this advice, and with a sudden change of mind which often came over him, he ran after the first carriage and called out:

"Halloo, there! make room for me!" and climbed up beside the boys and the driver.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRAND CAIRO.

THE rain ceased during the night, and that was the last rain that was heard of in Cairo during the winter. For a few days the roads were deep with mud, and the carriage-wheels sank into it up to their hubs, so that the native drivers looked like shipwrecked mariners striving to rescue their sinking crafts. The warm sun soon dried all, however, and the climate resumed its usual equable character. The Horners concluded that the little burst of



STREET IN CAIRO.

good New England weather must have been for their benefit only.

When Mary and Bessie awoke the first morning, it was clear and warm. Their window overlooked a sort of garden with tall, tufted palm trees in it, upon which were hanging glowing bunches of ripe dates. Through the trees rose the minarets of a distant mosque, and nearer at hand they saw an Eastern woman, veiled, walking upon a roof, in the midst of a cloud of pigeons. They looked around them first, then at each other, and broke into joyful laughter.

"This is really Africa!" exclaimed one of them.



A DELIGHTFUL DONKEY.

They dressed themselves in all haste, impatient to begin their Oriental explorations. They found Philip below. A delightful donkey stood before the door. Others were near at hand; and after coffee and rolls, the three were mounted and off, trotting gaily along on their cheerful little beasts, without much caring where they went, only to "see sights," leaving word with the hotel people that they should be back in time for lunch.

They were gone four hours, and then came trotting up to the

hotel door again in fine spirits, the bells on their donkeys making a merry jingle, and their faces all aglow.

"Children, where have you been?" exclaimed Mrs. Stuyvesant. "I have been trying to persuade your father you were lost; but he will take it so easy!"



MRS. STUYVESANT.

Miss Emily, in irreproachable toilet, came out and surveyed them. They had all met the evening before, and exchanged greetings and rejoicings.

"Were you not afraid of being thrown?" she asked.

"Oh no! we have had a splendid time," they all cried.

Bessie added, "My donkey is a perfect angel. I shall never part with him."

The brown donkey-boy who had run behind her all the way, showed a row of white teeth and said cheerfully:

"Melican donkey! welly good donkey! He like Melican lady."

The three could not give a clear account of where they had been, but every thing they had seen was delightful. High and narrow houses, with the upper stories projecting, and, from these, windows of delicate lattice-work of old brown wood, like big bird-cages. The streets were roofed in overhead with long rafters and pieces of matting, through which strayed dusty sunbeams. The narrow, crooked, unpaved, muddy streets were lined with little wooden shop-fronts, like fire-places, where merchants sat cross-legged in the midst of their goods, silently smoking, and looking out on the crowd passing by,—a noisy stream of people, half-European, half-Oriental, on foot or in carriages. They had seen Syrian dragomans, in baggy trousers and braided jackets; bare-footed Egyptian *fellahin*,

in ragged blue shirts and felt skull-caps; Bedouins, in flowing garments of dirty white, with wide chocolate-colored stripes, and kufias of the same bound about their heads, with a band of twisted camel's hair; native women with black veils and nose-pieces, which cover all the face but their gleaming eyes; beggars, water-carriers, camels and donkeys.

"We got in such a jam, papa," said Bessie, "where we were all mixed up! It was the fault of an old camel that would go slow and prevent the carriages from moving on; and all the time my feet were in the saddle-bags of another donkey that was carrying string-beans."



IN THE STREET.

At dinner the full combined party of Stuyvesants and Horners met, and were joined by Professor and Madame von Lessli, who had not appeared the evening before. It was a miscellaneous crowd that filled the great dining-room of Shepheard's Hotel. The Horners looked along the lines of the tables, and wondered if all these people could, like themselves, be going up the Nile. Some of them would, but many others were visitors established for the winter in Cairo. Some were passengers to India, who preferred this route to the Canal. German and French could be heard at intervals, but English was most spoken. There was a large party of Cook's Tourists, who were to start the next day up the river, in one of the regular steamers.

Mr. Horner, during the absence of the children, had been to see the dahabieh, which was already selected for their trip; it was a great thing that all this trouble was spared to him by Mr. Stuyvesant, who had taken upon himself the whole arrangement, with the understanding that each should pay his share. The first thing was to engage a dragoman, and this is generally troublesome, from the risk of getting a bad one; for on the excellence of the dragoman, depends all the comfort of the trip. In this Mr. Stuyvesant

had no difficulty, however, for Hassan was well-known to him beforehand, through the warm recommendation of some friends with whom he had been up the river the year before. In fact, Mr. Stuyvesant's chief reason for going at this time was, that he could have Hassan and the delightful dahabieh the *Bent-Anat*, both of which had been rapturously praised by the returning party.

The dragoman is a kind of manager, who, for a certain sum of money, — and it is a large one, — takes the charge of the whole party. After he is installed, no one else has any care or worry about the sailors, the food, or the servants. He serves as interpreter on all occasions, between the travellers and the reïs, or native captain. To be sure, there is not much occasion for conversation, but the dragoman maintains friendly relations. He does every thing, in short.

This it is that makes the Nile trip so delightful, that it is so free from responsibility. The host is a guest on board his own boat. He is served, as it were, with invisible hands. He gives no orders, and yet every one obeys his behest.

Of course, if you do not love your dragoman, you hate him; and there are fussy travellers, with an insatiate love of managing, who do not get along well, even with good ones. The best way is, having secured a thoroughly excellent man, to repose perfect confidence in him, and let him work his own sweet will.

Hassan was a "perfect love," in Bessie's estimation, and they all became so proud of him that they longed to import him and have him in New York, to keep house and conduct the business of the Horner firm.

He was brown and smiling, and wore a turban. His every-day suit was a loose jacket and waistcoat, with baggy trousers, all of yellowish brown; but his Sunday clothes, if the expression applies to a Mussulman, were of gorgeous blue, embroidered, with some gold about them, and a bright sash about his waist. He could talk in every known language, changing rapidly from one to another, as, after scolding a donkey-boy in Arabic, in tones that sounded like "Warragy-warragy-la-la-beswech," he would turn quickly, and add: "All

right, Miss Bessie; him donkey not any more fall down," in the best of broken English.

Hassan had made countless trips, with different parties, up and down the Nile, one or two of which were in the beautiful *Bent-Anat*, and he loved her like his bride. He showed the gentlemen all over the boat with pride, and he eloquently pointed out its advantages over every other one then afloat.

To begin with, it was large. Like all dahabiehs, it was shallow, and flat-bottomed, with a tall mast forward, upon which hung the huge lateen sail. The cabins were built upon the after part of the vessel, and the roof of the cabins formed a raised deck, which was a sort of open-air parlor, with divans and tables, covered with an awning when necessary. It was here they were to chiefly pass the time. This upper deck was reached from the lower deck by two little flights of steps, and belonged exclusively to the passengers, the lower deck to the crew; the kitchen forward, was nothing more than a small shed, from which came wonderful, elaborate dinners that might have been cooked in a Yankee establishment with all the modern improvements.

Below the deck, in the after part, came first a narrow passage, with two little cabins or staterooms on each side; then a wide and pleasant saloon, with cushioned divans, a gay carpet, looking-glasses, and even a piano; behind this was another passage with more cabins and a bath-room, and in the stern another semi-circular little saloon, lighted by eight windows and surrounded by a divan. Under all these divans were deep drawers to hold clothes, books, etc.; in fact, it was quite wonderful how much storing room there was.

Thus there was ample room for eight or nine passengers, for two of the cabins were double. Mr. Horner thought Mary and Bessie would like to be together, and the group of cabins in the stern was therefore surrendered to the ladies, while Mr. Stuyvesant could keep guard over his boys in the double cabin next his, amidships, leaving the other two opposite for Mr. Horner and Philip. It is necessary to have the party nicely settled in their

narrow lodgings before they start, in order that their disposition in their happy home for the coming weeks may be clearly kept in mind.

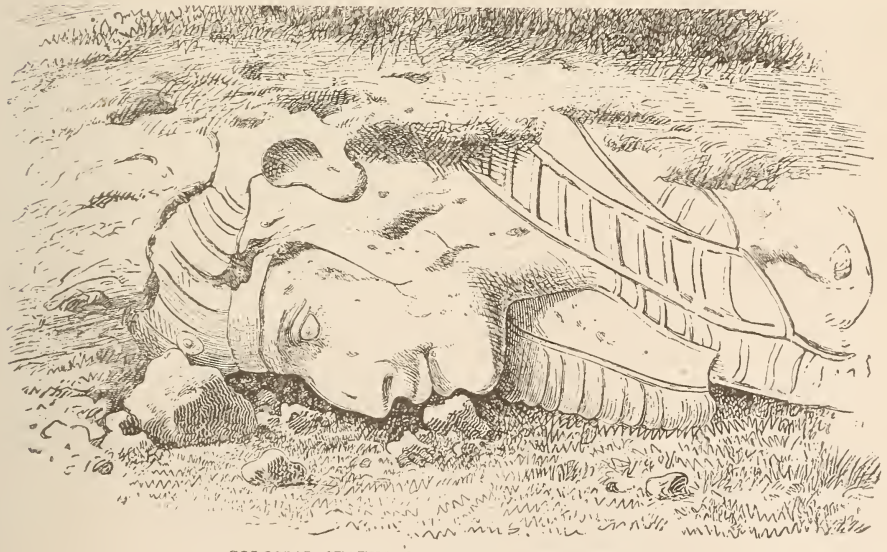
"I have been thinking," said Mr. Stuyvesant, as they were driving back from Boulak, "that it would be admirable if we could manage room enough to invite the Professor and his wife to join us."

"The very same thing I was thinking!" said Mr. Horner. "They have no definite plan; it is a pity they should go on the steamer, I am told one loses so much."

"Lessli's knowledge would be invaluable to us," said Mr. Stuyvesant; "but it rather crowds the party, unless they could be comfortable in the round cabin at the stern; what do you think?"

"There could be no harm in asking them, unless you think your wife would like that place as a sort of overflowing room," said Mr. Horner.

"She can over flow into the saloon," he replied.



COLOSSAL STATUE OF RAMESES THE GREAT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PYRAMID OF KHUFU.



HASSAN and Mr. Stuyvesant had done such good work in preparation, that by the time the Horners arrived in Cairo, every thing was really ready for the start up the river; and the first-comers, having seen all they cared to of the city, were impatient to be off. To be sure they had made no excursions to look at the wonders of Cairo, but all these were postponed, according to their programme, until the return from the Nile trip. Mrs. Stuyvesant and her daughter had been busy chiefly in their rooms, trimming hats with white muslin, and making other little preparations for the voyage.

Our young Horners, much as they desired to start off on the dahabieh, were so enchanted with Cairo that they could not bear to leave it so soon, even with the prospect of seeing it all later; so when they learned that things would not be ready on board the *Bent-Anat* until the afternoon of their second day in Cairo, they begged to be allowed to go to the pyramids in the morning.

"It takes only five or six hours, papa," said Bessie; "and we will get up very early in the morning, and be off and back before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I shall be employed otherwise than saying Jack Robinson, my dear," replied her father, "for I have a busy morning before me. We still need a good many things to take with us, that I am to buy here."

"Oh, yes, papa!" rejoined Mary; "Bessie and I have made a list of things we should like. Do you suppose we can buy gamboge in

Cairo? and Bessie's tooth-powder fell out of the port-hole at Malta."

"Why will you talk about tooth-powder," said Philip impatiently, "when we are trying to be off for the pyramids? Papa, I think we could do it without you. We can take a carriage, and we only want to just look at them, and not go to the top or inside, this time."



HAGGI.

Mr. Horner hesitated, for Hassan would be too busy to go with them; but Hassan, who was standing by during this talk, said he could send his excellent friend Haggi with them. "Him show pyramid berry well; him good guide," he added.

Long before the discussion had reached this point, it was accompanied by a duet from the two boys, Augustine and Ernest, of "Let me go!" "Let us go!"

Mr. Stuyvesant approved it by adding, "Let them go!" and so the plan was settled, with the strict agreement that they should go and return with as little delay as possible, in order to be ready to leave the hotel for the point of departure, Boulak, at two o'clock. The carriage and Haggi were ordered to be at the door at six, which gave ample time for the expedition, and youth and activity were to accomplish the remainder.

So they set forth at six in the morning, after their coffee, in

the best of spirits, Emily Stuyvesant and Mary Horner on the back seat of the carriage, Bessie and Phil on the other, the two boys on the box with Haggi and the driver. How those boys managed to sandwich themselves into such close quarters, cannot be explained; but as they always chose to go on the box, and absolutely refused to stay elsewhere, driver and dragoman had to submit.

It was simply madness to undertake this expedition in so hasty a way, as Philip Horner was afterwards forced to admit. It was a lesson to him which was useful during the rest of the Egyptian journey. He had become so confident of his knowledge of travelling as to think himself equal to any occasion; but he now learned that the charge of a mixed party in an uncivilized land, was too much for him to attempt.

All began well, however. The day was fine, the horses were



ON THE ROAD.

fresh, and they drove gayly along the broad road to Boulak, amused at watching the strange figures they passed. There is now an excellent high road leading all the way to the pyramids, and a bridge over the Nile; this supersedes the ferry at old Cairo, which was the former method of crossing. Philip and Bessie thought it must

have been more fun to cross in a ferry boat full of camels, and donkeys, and Arabs, such as they could see from the bridge on the river; but the present route is more comfortable, and certainly saved them time, for in less than two hours they were standing at the foot of the great pyramid of Khufu. The little party stood in awe below this immense structure of antiquity, and strove to realize its duration of six or seven thousand years; for the great pyramid is supposed to have been over four thousand years old at the time of the birth of Christ. All these years has it been there, while many a century and dynasty have had their day. Next to its age, its size is most impressive. The length of each side is seven hundred and thirty-two feet; its height is four hundred and eighty feet; but these figures seemed to mean nothing to those who were in the presence of the mighty bulk, and could note the huge shadow it cast in the morning light across the stony platform of the desert and the green plain far beyond it. The pyramid, close to, is so immense that it shuts out the sky and the horizon; it shuts out all the other pyramids, every thing, in short, but awe and wonder. In spite of all the pictures they had seen, and descriptions they had read, the Horners viewed it with a sense of surprise. They could not have imagined it would be so big, so real, and so interesting.



TO BOULAK.

A crowd of Arabs flocked around them, and beseiged them with demands for "backsheesh," a word they were likely to become very familiar with in the course of their winter; but Haggi drove them off, though it was difficult to make them understand that anybody could come merely to look at the pyramid, and go back again. Philip and Bessie soon proposed starting to walk over to the Sphinx; but Mary preferred to get a distant sketch of it, as she could see it when sitting in the shadow of the pyramid.

Emily had brought a novel with her, in which she was deeply interested; and she decided to remain with Mary, under Haggi's protection; but, — where were the boys? The question came up now for the first time; they had all been so absorbed in wonder that they did not miss them. Nowhere could they be seen! Haggi did not know, the driver did not know, what had become of them. Haggi immediately began describing them, and asking for them of the Sheik of the pyramids, an Arab, under whose control are the fleet guides who help people up to the top, and so learned with almost absolute certainty, that the two boys had been seen starting for the summit with a party which had lately set off.



ASCENT OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Impossible! Philip was very angry, and could not believe it. Then he directed that some one should be sent after them.

The impassive Arabs shook their heads, and let fall slow words which Haggi interpreted as "No use; too far gone!"

It was too provoking. The ascent and return would take at least two hours, and beside that, without knowing the people who



THE SPHINX AND PYRAMIDS.

had gone up, it was impossible to imagine into what hands the boys had fallen. Philip was at a loss what to do; at first he thought he would take a couple of Arabs and follow them; but he did not like to leave the girls with only Haggi, whom they did not know, and did not like half so well as Hassan. The worst was, that the delay would worry all at the hotel, and perhaps even prevent their getting off at all that day on the river. Philip was irritated by the coolness of Emily, who, seating herself with her novel, said:

"You take it much too hard, really; they are sure to turn up all right; the only thing for us to do is to wait."

"But papa will be so anxious," cried Philip, and he raged up and down impatiently; "and your father, too. They won't know it is only the boys, and they'll think" —

He stopped; he was really almost ready to cry. Mary felt badly, but she was putting in her first wash; she could not help being absorbed in the quantity of yellow ochre it required. But Bessie said:

"See here, Phil! I will take a donkey and ride directly back to Shepheard's, and tell them what has happened."

"Oh no!" he replied impatiently. "You can't do that alone. You will be lost, too, and papa will say it is all my fault."



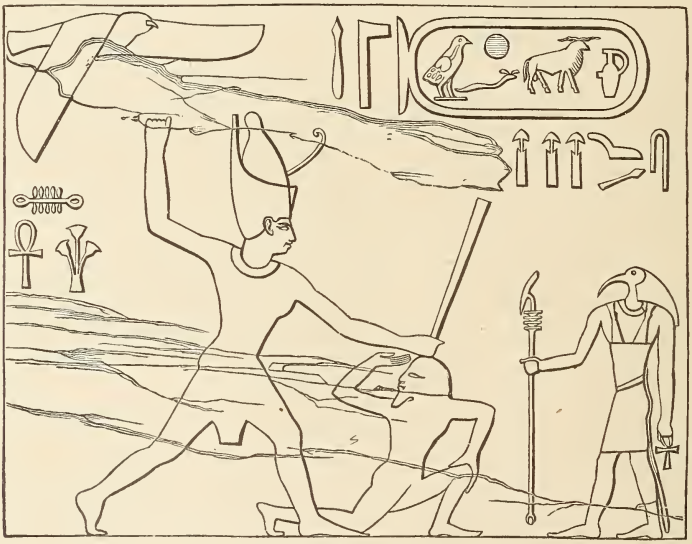
BELOW THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Phil, in fact, had lost his temper, which is never wise on those occasions, if ever.

"See those people!" said Bessie, turning towards a carriage into which were just stepping two ladies and a gentleman. With-

out finishing her thought, she ran up to them on the impulse of the moment. Philip followed more slowly, trying to get better command of himself. He found Bessie explaining and apologizing, and the ladies sympathizing and anticipating her wish to be allowed to ride back to Cairo with them. They most cordially offered her a seat in their carriage, where there was one to spare, and in a very short space of time, the brave Bessie was whirled off at a rapid pace away from her friends, with three entire strangers.

Philip felt ashamed at Bessie's superior control of the occasion, and now endeavored to be philosophical, and await in patience the return of Ernest and Augustine. He tried to fix his attention upon the descriptions of the pyramids in *Murray*, and the account of their history; but nothing could prevent the time from seeming endless, until, with a good deal of noise and shouting, the party



PORTRAIT OF KHUFU.

descending was seen to return. It was a miscellaneous collection of young Englishmen, French, Germans, and one or two ladies, in the midst of which appeared the boys, dusty and dishevelled. Ernest had scraped his knee and torn his trousers; Augustine arrived in the firm clutch of two Arabs, who appeared to have

no intention of letting him go. A huge backsheesh had to be paid for their excursion, as no bargain had been made beforehand with the extortionate guides. The boys were hot, cross, and crest-fallen; aware that they had committed an indiscretion, at the least, they climbed to the box of the carriage without a word.

Emily attempted some words of reproach, but Philip said rather sternly:

"Leave all that to your father," and thus silenced her; they drove rapidly back to Cairo without much conversation. It was after three o'clock when they reached the door of the hotel, where the carriages to take them to their Nile boat were already standing, packed with such hand luggage as had been left to the last.



IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

CHAPTER X.

AFLOAT.

MEANTIME, some two hours before, to the amazement of everybody, Bessie came driving up to the door of Shepheard's in a carriage full of people unknown to any of her party. She jumped out, and, running up to her father, who was standing near, hastily explained the situation; then, after both had cordially thanked her new friends for their kindness, they went to their own rooms, where Mrs. Stuyvesant, who had watched her arrival from the window, was waiting with curiosity.

Bessie told her story. Mr. Horner looked annoyed, but was silent. Mrs. Stuyvesant said:

"Oh dear! those boys are always up to some mischief. Their father will be very angry. They ought to have asked Philip's permission. I told them to do nothing except what they saw him do."

"They ought to have known of themselves," said Bessie indignantly, "that there was no time to go up the pyramid, when we wanted to be off on the river by this time!"

"Well, well, we will not discuss that now," said her father; "the question is, what is to be done? Mr. Stuyvesant and Hassan have already gone to Boulak, and we were to follow them at two o'clock. It must be nearly that now. I am afraid we must give up the start for to-day."

Bessie was silent, but very sorry. The plan was to get off, if only to float a few miles up the river, to dine on board their boat, and enjoy the lovely new moon which was to enhance the sunset that evening. Mr. Stuyvesant had been studying an almanac

for days, in order to bring about this pretty beginning to the trip.

"I think we may as well go and lunch, anyhow," suggested Mrs. Stuyvesant vaguely, "and have that off our minds."

The idea seemed a good one, and Mr. Horner, quite at a loss how to proceed, went with her and Bessie to the long dining-room. Here they found again Mr. and Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Ford's sister, with whom Bessie had just returned from the pyramids.



MRS. FORD'S SISTER.

"Well, how is it, Miss Horner," asked Mr. Ford cheerfully, "shall we meet you on the river to-night?"

"I am afraid not," said Bessie sorrowfully; and then she and her father, seeing the Fords' interest, stopped to tell them their difficulty.

"If I can be of any further service, pray command me," said Mr. Ford. "We mean to start up the river this afternoon, and are going to leave the hotel directly after lunch. My boat lies near the *Bent-Anat*, I think, and I can carry a note or message to your friends, or your dragoman, to explain your delay."

Bessie's eyes sparkled. Mr. Horner, a little stiffly replied, however:

"We have already taxed your kindness too much, and I cannot think of putting you to any further obligation."

"Well, but, papa," put in Bessie, "I really think Mr. Ford would like to do it!"

All smiled. Formality was no longer possible. The Fords had already finished their lunch with cups of black coffee, which is delicious everywhere in Egypt. While they went to their rooms for last preparations, Mr. Horner wrote as follows:

"Delayed by accidents. We shall come as soon as possible — perhaps in two hours. Have every thing ready for the start."

He handed this to their stupid-looking English valet, who carried it to his master.



MR. FORD'S VALET.

By the time Mrs. Stuyvesant had placidly finished her lunch, the kind Fords were off, Bessie and her father watching them as they drove away from the door. As they met Mrs. Stuyvesant leaving the dining-room as they returned to it, she said:

"I think I will take a nap now, to prevent worrying till they come back, and then I shall be fresh this evening."

Mrs. Stuyvesant was a nice, easy-going woman, whose placid disposition made her, in fact, a good travelling companion, but was rather irritating in moments like these. Nevertheless, to wait and not worry, was all there was to do. Bessie stationed herself where she could watch the road from Old Cairo, after she had first made sure that Mary's shawl-strap, as well as her own, was in perfect readiness. Luckily, they had packed and sent down all their lug-

gage before starting for the pyramids. A few things lying round in Phil's room, she put in her own hand-bag, and then waited and watched.

At last the gloomy pyramid party arrived. Philip jumped out of the carriage and glanced hastily at his father, to see how he was taking it.

"Not a minute to be lost, my boy," said Mr. Horner cheerily. "Every thing is ready, and they are waiting for us at Boulak." Mrs. Stuyvesant came down, fresh from her nap, and stepped into the carriage, from which Mary and Emily did not descend, while Bessie was hurried into the other one with her father and Philip.

"Did you take our fishing-rods and things, mamma?" asked Ernest.

"What things?" demanded Mrs. Stuyvesant. "Oh dear! could not you attend to your own things? And how you look,—all mud!"

There was another delay while the boys went up to their room and returned with a miscellaneous collection in their hands, of things they had been buying for the trip, which would not go into their trunk. By the time they were finally stowed into the carriage, the other one, containing Mr. Horner, Bessie and Philip, was far in front, and the two children, alone with their father, were pouring out all manner of indignation against Ernest and Augustine. But Mr. Horner, who had not suffered himself to be greatly disturbed, had resumed his usual serenity as soon as he discovered that it was not too late to make the start. He laughed at Philip's account of it all, although Philip himself was ready to cry. He assured him that he saw no occasion for self-reproach, and praised Bessie for her promptness.

"That's it," said Philip; "Bessie showed lots of sense, and I behaved like a fool."

"I was afraid," said Mr. Horner, "that Bessie might have been a little too forward, which is what the English always think of Young Americans."

"Oh, but, papa!" exclaimed Bessie, "the Fords are not like all that sort of English. They are perfectly splendid!" and she began to describe her charming new friends.

"They are going up the Nile,—just the three of them,—in a sweet little dahabieh, the *Syren*. I saw it there at Boulak, and O, papa! I saw the *Bent-Anat*, you know."

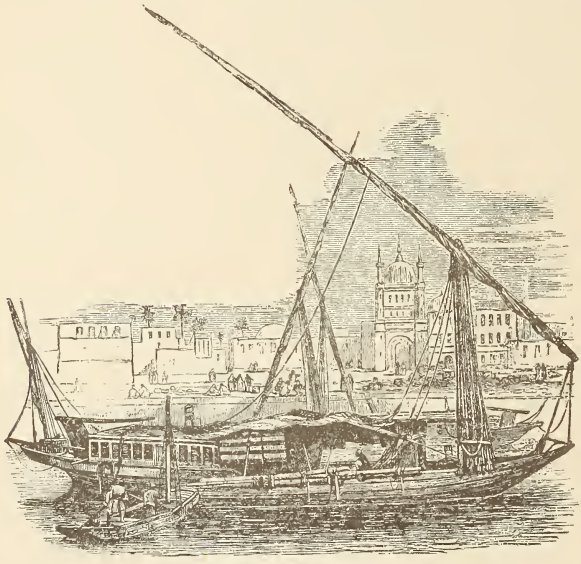
"So did I," said Philip, "and we might have stopped there if we had only known enough; but I did not dare to."

"Oh, it was much better to come on, to make sure of our not missing each other," replied his father.

"And then besides, you know," said Bessie, "we should have left behind Ernest's fishing-rod."

They laughed at this, but Philip's spirits were not gay. He longed in his heart for his mother or Miss Lejeune, with whom he might have found comfort and consolation; but he was sensible of the extreme kindness of his father, who carefully avoided any hint that he thought the affair had been mismanaged.

After all, by four o'clock they had arrived on board the *Bent-Anat*, and were swarming all over the boat to make acquaintance with their new home. Nothing but exclamations of delight were heard. The piano stood open in the saloon; a few flowers had been placed on the table by thoughtful Hassan; the little cabin looked cosey, and even roomy, to their willing eyes. All was ready; the reïs stood at the head of the steps, the steersman was at the helm. The mooring ropes were loosened; the sailors poled the boat off from the bank, and away they went, the huge sail filling as it took the wind.



BOATS AT BOULAK.

It was a brilliant afternoon, with a fair wind. The *Bent-Anat* cut swiftly and steadily through the water. Palaces and gardens were left behind; the minarets of Cairo disappeared from sight. The pyramids stood up sharp and clear.



A DISTANT CAMEL.

It is believed that Ernest and Augustine looked at them with a shudder.

After an early dinner, much needed by most of the party, they all assembled on the open upper deck, which was furnished with divans, tables, and rugs, and enjoyed the prospect at their ease,—the gentlemen smoking, the others seeking comfortable attitudes,—gliding by long belts of palm groves, lines of fresh green, and clusters of mud huts near at hand, while the horizon was bounded by long ranges of yellowish mountains with delicious shadows of violet.

Then the sun went down, and left for awhile the little crescent moon. A distant camel stood out black against a golden sky. When it was quite dusk, and the stars were out, they moored for the night, tied up to the bank at a little village. Such was their first evening on the Nile.

CHAPTER XI.

MORE ABOUT PYRAMIDS.

ALL the party on board the *Bent-Anat* slept soundly through that first night on the Nile. Their little cabins were cosey, the little beds were comfortable, and the stillness was stiller than any they had ever known. The excursionists to the pyramid, especially, slept well; and Mary and Bessie, though they shared a double state-room, too tired to discuss the events of the day, went to sleep without exchanging a word. On the Nile, the boats sail but seldom after dark, but are tied up, like a horse or cow, to a post by the bank of the river. If there is no reason for lingering at the stopping place through the day, an early start is made; and thus the morning after they embarked, at dawn, the Horners woke



NILE SCENERY.

to find themselves in motion, and those who were enough aroused to look out, saw the strange scenery on the shore close to them,

gliding backward as they moved on. Soon they all became so accustomed to this, that the starting of the boat did not in the least disturb their slumbers, though Bessie, always an early bird, was often up soon after, and sipping her coffee on deck, which Antonio, the Maltese steward who talked nothing but Italian, brought her. On this first morning it is probable that all were awake, and wondering to find themselves in so novel a situation.

"Let us get up," said Bessie to Mary. "I have such lots to talk about, and people will hear us."

"Oh, do you think we had better?" murmured sleepy Mary. "It's very nice here!" and she settled her head into the pillow. But not long after, for once, she yielded to Bessie's example, and they were soon on deck, delighted with themselves and their energy. How pretty it was! how fresh and bright the boat looked, and how lovely was the morning scene! The Arab town they had left was already disappearing in the distance, but they could still see the clouds of pigeons hovering over their houses.



NEAR A TOWN.

Every Nile village has a sort of tower erected especially for the pigeons, which breed in immense numbers, and swarm up into the sky when they are disturbed, like a cloud of gigantic mosquitoes.

"Now, do tell me," said Mary, "how it was settled about the Lesslis. Did not Mr. Stuyvesant invite them, after all?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bessie. "Papa told me that while we were

waiting for you. It was all settled in the morning. They are delighted with the plan, only Professor von Lessli has so much to do in Cairo that he could not possibly leave so soon."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mary; "it would have been so nice to have them."

"Well, but they are going to join us," replied Bessie. "It appears they can have four or five days perfectly well in Cairo, and come up by railroad and meet us at some place before we get to Beni Hassan, which the Professor says we must see, and which he wants to see most of all."

"I should think," remarked Mary, "they might have to wait for us too long, or else that we should be there too soon, or something."

"He says that he could spend no end of time at Beni Hassan in perfect content," said Bessie. "I don't know whether he means to sleep in a tomb, but I guess it will turn out all right."

The Nile voyage differs from all other voyages, in that it is constantly interrupted by excursions on shore to points of historical interest. What might otherwise prove monotonous in the tranquil life on board the dahabieh, is broken by frequent picnic parties of a whole day. With ordinary good luck about wind and weather, the division is fairly even between sailing and the shore. There is time to enjoy them both without being bored by either. Only when there is a long period of unfavorable winds or calm, does the life on the boat become tedious, for there is ever something to see or to anticipate, and besides, always plenty to do; for books, and work, and healthful play have each its home on the dahabieh.

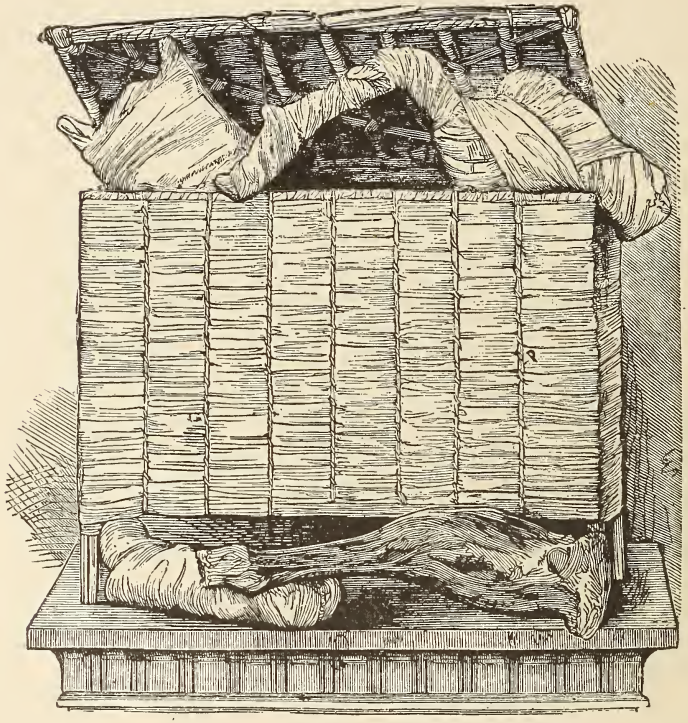
It is the rule of the Nile to hurry up the river as fast as possible, leaving the ruins to be seen as the boat comes back with the current; and those who start late in the season must use haste in going up, or they would be stuck in the sand coming back, by the lowness of the water. But it is far the best plan to start as our party had done,—early enough to see, on the way up, those monuments which come first in respect to age, in order to follow the course of Egyptian history as it is handed down by Egyptian art.

In this way it can be traced from the pyramid builders down to the Cæsars, and even superficial tourists can understand, at the time and on the spot, the order of the ancient Egyptian dynasties.

The Great Pyramid, therefore, really makes the best beginning, as this is the oldest of the Egyptian monuments, and consequently, of the history of man. Its builder, Cheops, as Herodotus called him, is now considered to have lived and reigned about three thousand years before the Christian era. Authorities differ upon any thing more precise, and at so great a distance from us, a little matter of a thousand years or so is but a trifle, just as in a view from a high mountain a hundred miles upon the horizon does not count for much. The hieroglyphic name of this king is Khufu, and is found in his pyramid thus written upon his cartouche or seal. The Horners had already discovered that these signs which appear engraved everywhere upon the stones of Egypt, are the signatures of the kings, written with letters made of little pictures or hieroglyphics. Since it has been discovered that these signs meant letters, and that a sort of alphabet could be formed of them, it has been first possible, and then easy, to read the history of this wonderful nation from the countless inscriptions on their walls. Much study and learning is required to thoroughly understand the hieroglyphic carvings; but he who runs may read at a glance, after a time, the cartouches of the most important kings and their dynasties; and the quick-eyed Bessie soon recognized the mark of Rameses the Great, as easily as she could the wig and high heels of Louis XIV. in the picture gallery of the Louvre. These seals serve as dates, evidently; the cartouches of the oldest kings being found, of course, only upon the very most ancient monuments.

The ancient Egyptians attached the greatest importance to the preservation of the dead. They believed that the soul was to leave the body at death, and wander about for three thousand years, after which it would return to its old home, when the body and soul returned to each other, were to rise and live again. They therefore took every precaution to preserve the body intact, lest

the soul should lose its home. Hence the care they took to embalm their mummies so thoroughly, that they are now often found for the first time brought to light. They also, as Khufu did, devoted a lifetime to the building of his own tomb; for this is the Great Pyramid. There is a little central chamber in the middle of it, with a long gallery leading to it, so cunningly arranged, as he thought, as to wholly prevent any attack upon



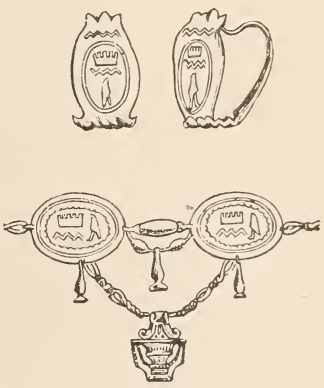
HAMPER CONTAINING MUMMIED LEG OF MUTTON.

the precious mummy. They thought the new body at the resurrection would be hungry, and so they placed food, and vases holding wine, for their refreshment. Very lately in a tomb has been found a hamper containing the funereal repast of a queen, all mummified and bandaged, consisting of geese, legs of mutton, gazelle, etc. Changes of clothing are also found, and even a wig, to adorn the newly awakened body. It is very common to find

with them little statuettes called *Shabti*, shaped in the form of mummies made of glazed porcelain. Their hands are crossed upon their breast, and hold a hoe, a sickle, and a bag full of seed. The deceased was supposed to have to hoe and reap when he reached the celestial fields, and these little figures, it was thought, might do the work for him. They are made of various materials, and were buried with the poorest as well as the richest.

All these things are indications of the great importance the Egyptians attached to the preservation of the body. It is strange that they brought about a worldly immortality of which they thought not at all. Their labor and cunning has preserved for posterity the account of their lives, and very thoughts, so that now, many, many years after the dates they contemplated for the bodily resurrection, we can reconstruct their history, their habits, and their beliefs.

Obscure and complicated though the research may appear, yet the study of the history of these old Egyptians is attractive to intelligent children; it abounds in pictures and symbols, and the images of animals. The race represents the childhood of the world. It is we who should feel old in regarding it, yet we gain something of freshness and simplicity in studying the earnest, straightforward expressions of their thought.



ANCIENT ORNAMENTS.

Mary and Bessie were trying to get at some of this in the quiet of the morning, on the dahabieh, when the two boys, Ernest and Augustine, made their appearance on deck. Very little had been seen of them since their arrival on board the *Bent-Anat*. The first dinner had passed without them, and it was inferred that they remained in their cabin and went early and dinnerless to bed. The Horners never inquired whether this was a form of punishment, or a case of fatigue after their unwise excursion to the top of the pyramid; in fact, they carefully

avoided the subject, and it was never again mentioned in public. They seemed now as fresh and boisterous as ever, and proceeded to test the solidity of the furniture on deck, by jumping from chair to table, and table to divan.



ONE OF THE SAILORS.

CHAPTER XII.

NILE LIFE.

THUS two or three days passed, the pretty *Bent-Anat* making no stop, except when tied up at night to her post. A good wind continued to blow for some days, but at sunrise, one morning, it fell just as the boat was ready to start, and when the party came on deck they found their slow, toilsome progress was because the



TOWING THE DAHABIEH.

men were "tracking." Seven of the brown Arab sailors pulling on a rope, like canal-horses, toiled along the bank, towing the great

boat against the stream. It is at first shocking to American ideas to be thus propelled by human strength, and we never grow quite used to it; but the powerful Arabs do not suffer from it, and accept the labor as a part of their fate, with Moslem imperturbability.

The river was smooth as glass, without a ripple. On the bank



SHADOOF.

objects moved so slowly that Mary ran for her sketch-book, and blotted in one after another, different bits of the moving panorama. Palm groves and sandbanks succeeded each other; native boats floating with the current, swept down the stream. They passed a *shadoof*, with a brown man working at it. It is the simplest kind of pump; for really it is nothing but a long pump handle by which the man dips up buckets of water from the river, to pour it into a trough, by which it runs backward to irrigate the fields. For the soil of Egypt is so sandy and barren, that it produces nothing except by being constantly watered. The wonderful system of Nature by

which it is yearly inundated by the Nile, makes its banks fertile, and the simple devices of the natives aid the work.

Every year the water in the Nile begins to rise, that is, increases in volume, and from quite a shallow stream, after the end of June flows with a fuller and fuller current until the middle of October, when it begins to fall, reaching its lowest about the middle of May. The water, as it rushes along, is charged with mud which it deposits on the banks, leaving, as it falls, a strip of fertile soil, which is immediately planted. These strips, of course, grow wider and wider as the river-bed becomes narrower, until, in the spring, the glowing band of green stretches a mile or so away from the river. The plan for travelling on the Nile, is to sail up against the current,— the winds in autumn being usually favorable,— and to float down with it, reaching Cairo on the return, before the river is inconveniently low. The river varies in different years, and so does the shifting channel of its muddy bed.

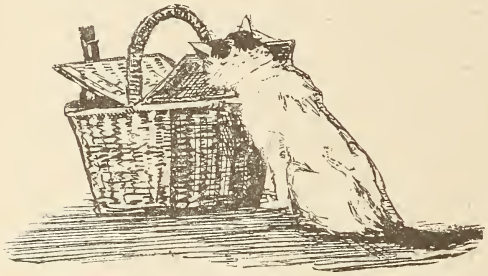
By and by up sprang a little breeze. The men dropped the rope and jumped on board, the big sail was set, and off went the *Bent-Anat* like a bird on wings.

Nothing could be pleasanter than the life on the boat. Coffee in the morning as each one pleased; at noon a substantial *déjeûner*, or lunch, and dinner at the end of the day; and as they found it hard to leave the lovely lights of approaching evening, dinner was often served on deck, the stillness of the air even allowing candles when the daylight left them. It was odd to have such short winter days, with such mild out-doors weather.

Meanwhile the different members of the party were becoming more acquainted. Mrs. Stuyvesant, as we have said, was an excellent traveller, because such a serene one; if she was not much moved to enthusiasm, neither was she greatly disturbed by discomforts. She enjoyed a good dinner, and fully appreciated the efforts of the accomplished cook. She appeared to the Horners so unlike their own mother, on account of her insipid relations with her own sons, who did what seemed right in their own eyes, without any deference to her wish or comfort, that at first they underrated

her real sweetness of disposition; but afterwards Philip, especially, devoted himself to her. As for the boys, thus far they appeared to be impracticable. Bessie formed a plan of taking them in hand and bringing them into subjection; but they were like two eels slipping through her fingers. They took no interest whatever in any employment which would keep them still for a moment. If it were a book, their eyes were roving in every direction except the paper before them; pictures decoyed them for a moment, but their charm was brief. Games were useless, for they had not patience enough to learn any.

Having, therefore, soon exhausted the resources of the upper deck, they went to seek society at the other end of the boat, among the sailors; and the rest of the party breathed freely for awhile. But their tormentors were soon returned upon their hands, for they made so much trouble among the sheep and live stock on board, that a respectful request was brought by Antonio, that they should not be allowed forward. Their reputation for mischief was only equalled by a cat belonging to the reïs. This was for the first day or two, after which several stern reprimands, and perhaps severe discipline, from their father, who finally exerted himself in this direction, brought Ernest and Augustine into some sort of subjection, or at least led them to the plan of keeping out of the way, — a course of conduct welcomed by the others, — and thus peace was established on the *Bent-Anat*.



THAT CAT.

After several days of genuine dahabieh life, our travellers were told that there was a fair chance of reaching Minieh that evening. The wind had been favorable all day, but towards sunset it went down, as is quite usual, and it was nine o'clock before they approached the town and were moored close under one of the palaces



THE DOM PALM.

of the Khedive, the name by which the sovereign of Egypt is called.

The next day instead of their peaceful voyage, the Horners had a lively excursion through the market-place of a little Arab town, squalid and dirty; like Cairo in its Oriental character, but without any of its sparkle and richness. The Bazaar consisted of two or three lanes a little wider than the rest; the market was held in a space of waste ground outside the town. The same cupboards for shops, the same gaudy stuffs, saddles, and rugs as they had seen in the Mouski, except that all here was shabby and dingy; the group of women, the donkeys, and camels, and dogs, and flies, were the same, and such a noise and jam that they could hardly hear each other's voices as they walked about under the guardianship of Hassan, which they would hardly have ventured to leave in the confusion of the crowd.

The change to terra firma after the confinement on board the boat, was pleasant, and they passed the morning walking about. At Minieh they found the first Dôm palm they had seen, an odd, crooked kind of growth, as if an apple-tree should undertake to have palm-leaves, bearing big, brown, shiny nuts looking like doughnuts and tasting for all the world like old gingerbread.

At Minieh they were to meet the Professor and his wife, for by telegraph they had been able to keep them informed of the progress of the dahabieh; and the railroad requires less than a day for the distance,— over a hundred miles,— which it had taken them nearly a week to accomplish on the river. The train arrived early in the evening, and Mr. Horner and Hassan, who were awaiting it at the station, brought the guests in triumph to the boat.

This new accession to the party brought great rejoicing. Madame von Lessli was introduced to her little apartment in the stern of the dahabieh, with which she was delighted, only expressing the fear that they were going to crowd the others. Protests from all soon re-assured her; they had found thus far the dimensions of their rooms ample for comfort. A very merry dinner celebrated the arrival, and the real Nile voyage was now first to begin. The next day they would undoubtedly reach Beni Hassan, and make their

first expedition to see the monuments they had been talking so much about.

After lunch, as they were sitting on deck with books and work, the little Ali came up to Bessie, and pointing forward up the river, said in a low tone,



ALI.

"See that white sail, Miss Bess, far, far off?"

"Which one, Ali?" she asked.

"Him by Dom Palem — there jest round corner. Him *Syren*."

"The *Syren!* the *Syren!*" exclaimed Bessie, springing to her feet.

Ali was an intelligent Arab boy, very active and useful on all occasions. They were all in excitement at once. The bend in the river lost them the glimpse of the sail for a few moments, but soon it was visible again, and taking turns at the powerful field-glass on board, which Philip rapidly adjusted, they could plainly see Bessie's friends, Mr. Ford, Mrs. Ford, and her sister, sitting placidly, like themselves, at work on the deck of their boat under the awning. Mr. Ford was evidently reading aloud.

"Oh! cannot we catch them, Hassan?" cried Bessie.

"Him stop Beni Hassan," replied the dragoman. "We tie up along side *Syren*."

And so they did. The *Syren* arrived a little before sunset, the *Bent-Anat* an hour or two after. The passengers on board the first

were all on deck watching the approach of the larger boat. Mutual salutes were fired, and every handkerchief was waved.

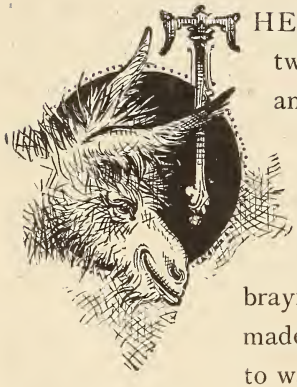
"Cannot I go and speak to them right off?" asked Bessie.

There was one little difficulty, that between the boat and the shore there was nothing but thick deep mud. One of the sailors, a stalwart Arab, at a sign from Hassan, seized Bessie around the knees, and, wading through the mud, deposited her on terra firma. A plank from the *Syren* was already in place, and Bessie was soon greeting her English friends, to whom she carried an invitation to dine on board the *Bent-Anat*, which was readily accepted. These interchanges of hospitality from boat to boat, make one of the most agreeable features of Nile travel.



CHAPTER XIII.

BENI-HASSAN.



THERE was commotion on shore around the two dahabiehs. Early in the morning donkeys and donkey-boys began to arrive upon the scene, and while the two sets of travellers were taking coffee upon their decks, a crowd of miscellaneous ingredients assembled. The gabbling and shouting of the Arabs, the braying of the donkeys, and screams of children, made a tremendous din. It was a strange scene to watch; but every one was hurrying to get ready for the start. The side-saddles from the boats were brought out and fastened on the donkeys for the ladies. Hassan had chosen the swiftest for Bessie, and a very docile one for Mrs. Stuyvesant. Ernest and Augustine were wild with joy, and each was in forty places at once. The Fords were going also to Beni-Hassan, so that the group made a formidable procession when mounted and ready, — the ladies on their little donkeys, white umbrellas up, and two or three attendants each; little girls tagging along on foot, carrying water jars, and the whole village of Beni-Hassan assisting at the spectacle.

"Hassan," said Mr. Stuyvesant, as he mounted his noble donkey, "I cannot have the whole village following us like this; you must do something about it."

"Why are not these boys at school?" said Mrs. Stuyvesant in a plaintive voice; "but I suppose they have not any to go to."

There are very good schools in Egypt, both native and foreign.



AN EASTERN SCHOOL.

Those supported by the government were founded by Mohammed Ali. In the primary schools are taught the reading and writing of Arabic, arithmetic, and French, and some other foreign languages. It would be hard to suppose, however, that the youths of the village of Beni-Hassan had any such advantages to exchange for the pleasure of following a cortège of tourists.

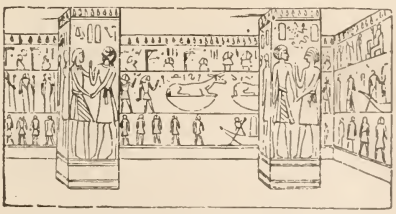
Meanwhile Hassan turned upon the crowd, waved his staff and shouted out something that sounded very much like:

"La! la! warragy-warragy rag-bag," with such vigor that they turned and fled, just as a flock of birds may be driven off a tempting heap of crumbs by the wave of a threatening hand. The crowd was diminished, but not demolished, for enough crept slyly back to make a respectable following in numbers, if disreputable in their uniforms of filth and rags.



OSIRTASEN I.

The grottoes of Beni-Hassan are excavated in the rock at the side of the hills that overhang the Nile; they are of very early date (3000 B. C.), for they bear the name of Osirtasen I. of the eleventh dynasty, in whose reign they were begun. They are tunnelled into the side of the hills, the roofs supported by plain columns which are looked upon as the model from which the Doric column was afterwards copied. The walls of these dark tombs are covered with colored drawings, the works of various ages, in which the traveller sees, by the light of the torch in his hand, the trades, games, and all the employments of life, painted as if on purpose to show to all the habits of this early people, and to teach the lesson that three or four thousand years make less change in manners than we fancy.



PICTURED TOMB AT BENI-HASSAN.

These pictures on the walls delighted all, young and old. Even Ernest and Augustine were detained by them, and listened intently to the enthusiastic explanations of the learned Professor. No representation of them in cuts can give any

idea of their charm, for the size is lost, and the color. The profile figures are for the most part of a dark-red color upon a light background; bright-blue, yellow, and green were freely used, and the effect is still very decorative, in spite of the long time these paintings have survived, and in spite of the idiocy of travellers, who seem to think that the more venerable the spot, the better adapted it is for writing their own names on, in foolish, defacing scrawls.

Professor Lessli showed the rest that it used to be the custom of these simple artists to write over the top of an object the name of whatever they meant to depict; like, "this is an ox," "this is a tree," etc. Mary remarked that she feared the impressionist school of our time might have to adopt the same plan, to make their works understood.

It was at Beni-Hassan that the young Horners first received an insight into the nature of hieroglyphics. For thousands of years, nobody knows how long, carved writing by means of figures of men, animals, and other natural objects, had existed. The first great change in the art was to use these figures for the *names* of the objects, instead of the objects themselves, which gave them a power of representing a sound or spoken syllable. Then the carvers found that twenty or thirty of these sounds came into use much oftener than the rest, and thus they built up a sort of alphabet, of which each letter is a picture of some natural object. To spell words with letters which are pictures of things, seems to us a kind of punning; as for instance, *cat-a-comb;* but it is nothing less than writing in hieroglyphics. That these pictorial letters with time should have turned into the simple characters which make the modern types of the printer, is a more scientific explanation



FROM THE TOMBS OF BENI-HASSAN.

of the origin of the alphabet than their invention by Cadmus.

The charm of Egyptian sight-seeing is its combination of learning and leisure, of study and fun. With tired feet and puzzled brains, our party was rejoiced to be summoned to a shady part of the hillside, where, on the sand, a luxurious lunch had been spread by that part of their retinue whose business it was to attend to the wants of the flesh. Hassan was there to preside, and so was the Fords' dragoman; Antonio waited on table, with Luigi from the *Syren*; and at a respectful distance were gathered the donkey-boys and water-carriers, and the delegation from the village, who watched in silence the progress of the meal. Cold chicken, tongue, hard boiled eggs, and all kinds of good things, came out of the hamper, and hot coffee finished the repast, which every Arab knows how to prepare at a moment's notice. Every one had a fine appetite, and all were in good spirits. It was a large party when they were thus all gathered together,— fourteen in all,— some of whom had never met until that day; but nothing tends more to rapid intimacy than expeditions like these.

The English additions from the *Syren* were "awfully nice," and Bessie felt very proud of having introduced them. Mr. and Mrs. Ford were a young married couple. Miss Mackaye appeared to be older than her sister; she was a delicate, shy little person, a little nearsighted, and a little stiff at first, but very genial afterwards.

The Professor was all excitement and animation, and full of the wish to impart all he knew and thought about the wonderful relics of the past they were studying. Frau von Lessli was a dear little old lady; that is, she seemed ancient to the Stuyvesant boys, and like their grandmamma to the Horners. She wore a little cap, and spectacles which she was always losing, and her step was a little infirm. Her real age was not much over fifty, which, when the Horners reach themselves they will consider quite youthful. They came to calling her "Madame," and watched over her with tenderness and respect. She talked no English, and so was generally silent during the rapid play of conversation when all were assembled, though she understood most of it; she talked French fluently, as did every

one in the party, and she and Philip, when occasion served, had long talks in German, in which he is supposed to have confided to her the very depths of his being.

This was the first and last expedition off the dahabieh undertaken by Mrs. Stuyvesant. She went this time to give it a trial, and she enjoyed it pretty well; but she confessed she did not like a donkey, and it tired her to keep her head bent up to look at the wall-pictures. This opinion she expressed just as luncheon was coming to an end.

"You know," she said, "there is always plenty to do on the boat, and I shall enjoy having you come back to tell me about it."

They were loitering over oranges and bananas, when a strange noise arose in the neighborhood; a quarrel between two of the donkeys, who began to he-haw at each other, and induce a general stamping and kicking among all the beasts. One of them broke loose. Ernest and Augustine dropped their napkins, and with a shout rushed in pursuit, in company with the whole flock of "rag-bags," which was the name generally applied to the natives. The chase was not long; a donkey is not the fleetest of steeds. Meanwhile the more ardent tourists went back to the tombs and the inspection of walls. Mr. Ford and Mr. Stuyvesant settled themselves to their cigars and a chat upon European politics. Mrs. Stuyvesant composed herself to a nap, and Madame to her knitting, with the same result. Mary found a place to make a pretty sketch of the bright-green borders of the Nile, with the belt of sand beyond, and the low line of hills in the distance. To her surprise, after awhile, Ernest, the elder of the two boys, came and threw himself down by her side.

"Oh my, if I am not hot!" he exclaimed; "that donkey gave us a chase."

"Well, stay here and get cool," replied Mary; "only do not kick my water-bottle over. Take care!"

It was too late; the bottle was over, and the water trickling down through the sand.

Ernest ran to get her some more from a small brown girl with a blue night-gown on, who stood round all day holding a stone *goulch*, or jug.

"Now, I will be quiet," he said, when he came back, "and not bother you."

He was, and watched the putting in of wet washes with deep interest. In an hour or so the little sketch was finished, giving a pretty impression of the scene.

"I wish I could do that!" exclaimed the boy.

"Well, I will teach you if you like," said Mary. It was the first tangible sign of any thing progressive in either of the boys; one which she generously accepted then and there; and handing over her brush and color box, she pulled him through a very tolerable first attempt. After this he took it up with a good deal of perseverance, which proved a great blessing to the party, for it kept him quiet, at least. He tried faces and figures with some success.



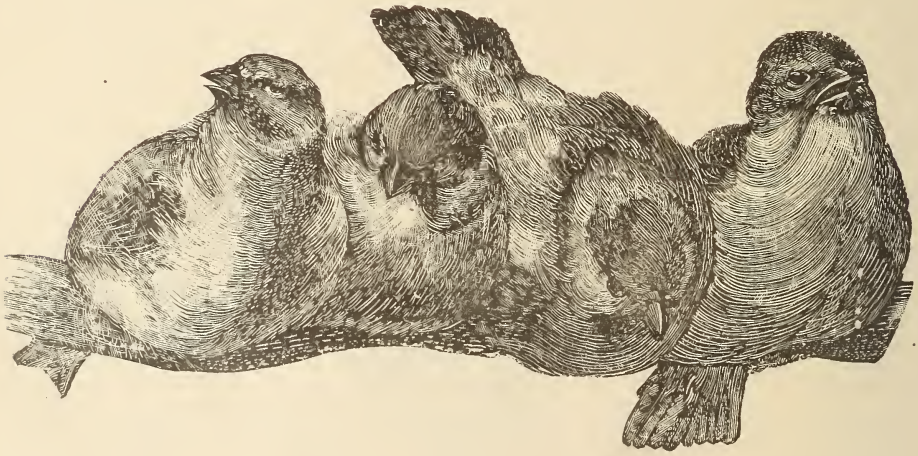
ERNEST'S EFFORT.

CHAPTER XIV.

DENDERAH.

AFTER this, for several days the *Bent-Anat* and her consort, the *Syren*, made what speed they could, without other stops than the nightly ones when they were tied up to the bank, and could interchange speech, often all dining together in the large saloon of the *Bent-Anat*, or lunching on the deck of the smaller *Syren*. The skies were always cloudless, the days warm, and the evenings exquisite.

They were always on the lookout for birds, most of which were



FAT LITTLE BIRDS.

new and strange. Sometimes a flight of wild geese trailed across the sky at sunset; and once through the telescope they watched a society of vultures perched in a row quite at their ease, not suspecting they were undergoing an interview. Herons stood on one leg and dozed

in the sun. Fat English sparrows pervade the world, the Nile valley as well as Madison Square.

One day, on turning an abrupt bend to the eastward, the wind struck both boats full on the beam and drove them both on shore where they stuck fast in the mud. These mishaps take place occasionally on the Nile. There ensues a great deal of screaming and yelling; but the reïs and sailors always invent a way out of the trouble, which in this case consisted of all hands stepping down into the shallow river, and pulling by main strength the great bulk of the boat into the channel. This caused a delay of twenty-four hours, in a spot where there was nothing especial to look at. The travellers strolled by the margin of the river, searching for botanical and other specimens. The crops raised on the Nile are chiefly different kinds of beans with pretty papilionacious blossoms. Some one met a beetle of the very sort of the ancient scarab, who has given his shape to the cartouches of the kings.



SACRED SCARAB.



CARTOUCHE.

This beetle from time immemorial lays its eggs by the river's bank; encloses them in a ball of moist clay, which he rolls to a safe place above the reach of the river, where he buries it in the sand, and then dies content. The ancient Egyptians regarded this little black scarab, not only as an emblem of the creative and preserving power, but of the immortality of the soul; and they multiplied its portraits everywhere, in carving and painting. It was worn by the living, and buried with the dead.

Little imitations of the scarab, bearing the cartouche of a king, are

sold by handfuls by the Arabs to travellers, under the pretence that they are ancient. Some may be so still, as the tombs and even the ground have been full of similar traces of the past; but there is



ASYOUT.

a regular trade in the manufacture of such modern relics. We must not stop with the Horners at Asyout, the capital of Middle Egypt, or linger with them at all the places they touched, but hurry up the Nile while favoring winds allow against the rising river.

The reïs and Hassan would have liked to stop not at all; but to have pressed on as fast as possible to the first cataract, and thus make sure of their voyage. Professor von Lessli, on the other hand, could not bear to pass unnoticed the smallest temple, or anciently-carved rock or face. Between these two there was every variety of extreme. The plan of taking the monuments in somewhat chronological order, was broken in upon by stopping for the temple at Denderah, not built until the time of the Ptolemies, 300 B. C., and bearing upon its latest ovals the name and style of Nero. The fact of its comparatively recent date renders its walls, compact with inscriptions and pictures, more full of information and history than the earlier buildings; in this respect Bessie described it as being like the Römer, at Frankfort.



NERO'S CARTOUCHE.

"If the portraits there were modern," she remarked, "they reminded you to think of ancient things."

The temple of Denderah consists of a portico supported by immense columns, with human heads for capitals, always representing Goddess Hathor, all elaborately carved, but now sadly mutilated. The numerous inner chambers are also carved thickly with pictures in bas-relief. With the help of Professor von Lessli it was quite possible to trace the meaning of many of these carvings. They looked at the sculptures like children at a picture-book, who have not learned to read, but understand the story by the illustrations.

Time has not injured in the least these carvings; but man has done his utmost to destroy all the masterpieces of Egypt; from the earliest time, the conqueror has sought to efface the triumphs of his predecessor, yet much remains. Among those that have escaped, is the famous bas-relief of Cleopatra, on the back of the temple, now protected, by a bank of rubbish, from the Goths of the nineteenth century. There are photographs which represent it faithfully, however. Cleopatra is depicted with a head-dress that gives the attributes of three goddesses, Mant, Hathor and Isis. The hair is dressed in a quantity of little fine braids, just like those now worn by the young

Egyptian women who do not take the trouble to "do" it very often.

Hathor, the goddess to whom the temple at Denderah is dedicated, is represented in various ways, but generally with horns, and a disk on her head, and in her two hands the sceptre and the "sign of life."



Passing from the portico through the dim light of corridors, the Horners found themselves in halls perfectly dark except for the flaring candles carried by the guides. It was strange, and somewhat awful; and the air smelt musty, as if it had been shut up there with ghosts for centuries. In some of these dark cells the faces and figures are intact; and in some places the original color remains quite fresh. The complexion of the goddesses is painted of a light-buff; the skin of the king is dark-red; that of the great god Osiris, blue. On the walls of the staircase leading to the roof, are wonderful carved figures, mounting, apparently, with each step.

They were glad to come out upon the flat roof and breathe the fresh air, and to shake off the mysterious sense of gloom and shadow belonging to the crypts they had left.

Here they found upon the very platform that covered the ancient temple, the crumbled ruins of a modern Arab village, built of the mud of the river; for the modern *fellahin* love so to build their towns, often quite covering up the monuments, in their desire to secure a firm foundation out of the reach of the high Nile. Such has been the fate of several temples besides Denderah, and in each instance the temple covered in, and overlaid by the mud huts of twenty centuries, has been thus preserved until our own day. At Denderah, even the town has perished of itself. At Edfou and Esne, the temples have been only lately unearthed and brought to light.

Our party lingered so long, that when they came down from the huge roof it was growing dark. The sun was down, and even the after-glow was fading. Their donkeys trotted along steadily, and in silence they approached the river bank, and were glad enough to see in the distance a bobbing line of lanterns, which proved to be in the hands of some of the sailors sent out to guide them through



LO ABDIL.

the darkness back to the boat. They were growing very fond of the faithful brown creatures, who worked so hard to serve them, and smiled so cordially when any thing kind was said, or done, to them. A row of white teeth illumines a brown face with great effect in a smile. Little Ali was a great favorite, and Boabdil the helmsman was a picturesque creature.

It was only a small detachment which had visited Denderah that day, for the *Syren*, lighter and swifter than the *Bent-Anat*, had spread its wings and passed them, moving up the river without stopping.

The Fords were impatient to reach Luxor, where there would be letters. The two parties were pledged to meet there, whatever happened, and eat their Christmas dinner together. Only the three gentlemen, therefore, with Philip, Mary, and Bessie, spent the day at the temple and lunched in its shadow. The married ladies and Emily passed the time quietly on the boat, while the two boys went off in the sandal, or small boat, with two of the sailors, to shoot birds. They had a wonderful day, and brought back game enough for several dinners.

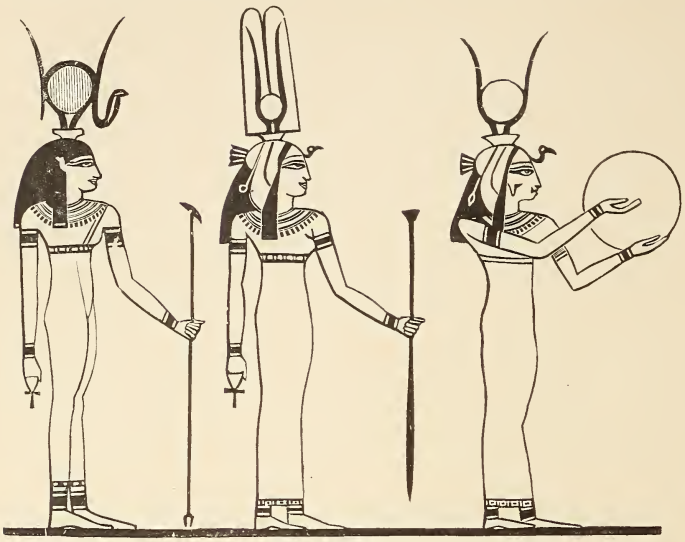
During the pleasant dinner on deck, lighted by candles which did not flicker in the still night air, the Professor gave an animated account of the wonders of Denderah, for the benefit of the ladies. Bessie was rather silent. When she and Mary were going to bed, pretty soon after, — for they were tired after so long a day, — she said :

"I must come at more about this business of their gods and goddesses. I shall get up early to-morrow, and read up."

So when the others came on deck, one by one, in the morning, they found Bessie absorbed in *Rawlinson*, with a pile of other books on the divan beside her, an empty coffee-cup near by, and her second orange in her hand.

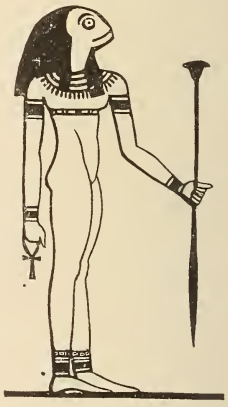
The Egyptians were profoundly religious. The great temple of each city was the centre of its life. They believed, it is thought, in one God, a pure spirit, perfect in every respect, all-wise, almighty, supremely good. Their many gods, they worshipped as personified

attributes of this great Being; as we sometimes speak of worshipping God "through nature." They erected a temple to Ra, the sun; not as if Ra was a sun deity with a distinct existence, but the supreme God acting in the sun, making his light shine to cheer and bless the earth. There were many of these gods and goddesses, each easily recognized by the symbols with which they are represented.



ATHOR.

Ammon was worshipped in the form of a man walking or sitting upon a throne, and crowned with a head-dress made of a pair of tall, stiff feathers, standing side by side, sometimes plain, sometimes varied by four or five broad black bars. It is a great compliment to place a king between two gods; thus Rameses the Second is represented between Horus, with the hawk's head, and Set, with square-topped ears. Hak, a goddess of tombs, has the head of a frog.



HAK.

Sabak is the crocodile-headed god. As the crocodile was the only animal that attacked man in Egypt, it was natural that he should be either hated, as at some temples, or else as elsewhere, honored and reverenced. Generally speaking, however, Sabak and his sacred animal were held in horror and detestation.

Some of them appear to correspond with the gods and goddesses

of the Greek mythology; and Athor has been called the Venus of the Egyptians. Strictly speaking, she represents the lower hemisphere, from which the sun rose in the morning, and in which she sank at evening.

Cows were sacred to her, and she is sometimes represented as a spotted cow herself, bearing on its head her disk and horns.



FORMS OF ATHOR.

CHAPTER XV.

LUXOR.



NILE BANK.

NOW came many days of steady sailing, for Luxor must be reached before Christmas Day. The *Syren* was far ahead of them,—out of sight. A small private steamer swept past one morning, which they had heard about, and knew to contain a party of American gentlemen. The regular steamer, with Cook's tourists, was up the river long ago, and perhaps turning round to come down by this time.

Matters had settled into routine on the *Bent-Anat*. Mr. Horner enjoyed the life wonderfully.

"Papa, I wish mamma could see you!" cried Mary. "You are growing too fat!"

He was at that moment lying on a divan on the upper deck, making little curls of smoke with his cigarette, and conspicuously doing nothing, though he held a novel in his hand.

"I wish we could see her!" he replied. "We shall have letters at Luxor. I believe, though, I am growing too lazy," and he strolled over to the telescope, which Philip was working over, to adjust it for Augustine and Ernest to see the distant shore.

The two boys had taken a fatal fancy for Philip, which, it must be confessed, he did not altogether reciprocate. They would have been always at his heels if he would have allowed it; but he was sometimes pretty rough with them; their fondness for him was thus

chastened by a certain fear which kept them in good order, and they obeyed him with a promptitude that amazed their mamma.

"The boys have so much improved," she said more than once.



THROUGH THE GLASS.

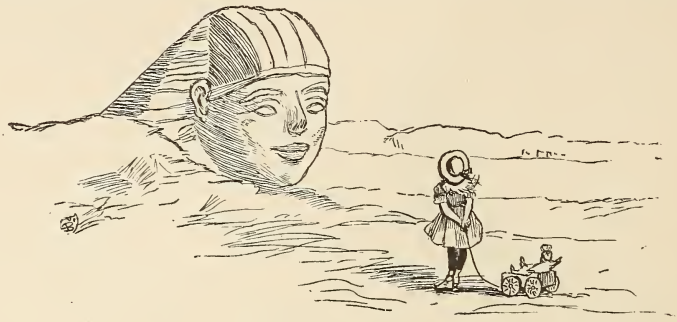
"I can't think how it is. The climate of Paris must have been too exciting for them."

Mary gave over entirely to Ernest a little box of paints, a tolerable brush, and one of her beloved little sketch-books. At this last Bessie remonstrated:

"Mary, you are silly to do that! You will want to use that little book as soon as you have filled up this one you are painting in now."

"Well, no matter," said Mary. "It is better for me to use my big block more."

Ernest had early escaped from the trammels of his teacher in art, and perpetrated wonderful pictures of camels, palm-trees, and ruins, a good deal out of his head, and without much attention to



ERNEST S SPHINX.

the facts. There was a certain cleverness in what he did, which delighted his mamma. At any rate, it kept him occupied, off and on; but he used a great deal of gamboge.

Augustine devoted himself to the live stock on board, less to their enjoyment than his own. Whenever the boat stopped at a town or village, a supply of sheep, hens, and chickens, was laid in; these took up a temporary residence in the fore part of the lower deck, awaiting their doom; meanwhile, Augustine fed them constantly with whatever he could lay his hands on. The cook thought his wish was to fatten them for eating. There was a big brown sheep which they all called Mary's little lamb, because it ran up the crossing-plank after her on its first arrival. One day when Augustine was poking the poor beast, and teasing it with mock offers of food, the clumsy animal suddenly kicked over the side of its pen and sprang upon him. The boy fled, even to the upper deck, the lamb in full pursuit, only captured by the combined efforts of Philip and Antonio, who was setting the table in the saloon.

The next day as he was serving a dish of cotelettes *de mouton à l'Anglais,* Antonio murmured to Bessie respectfully, that they were a part of Miss Mary's lamb.

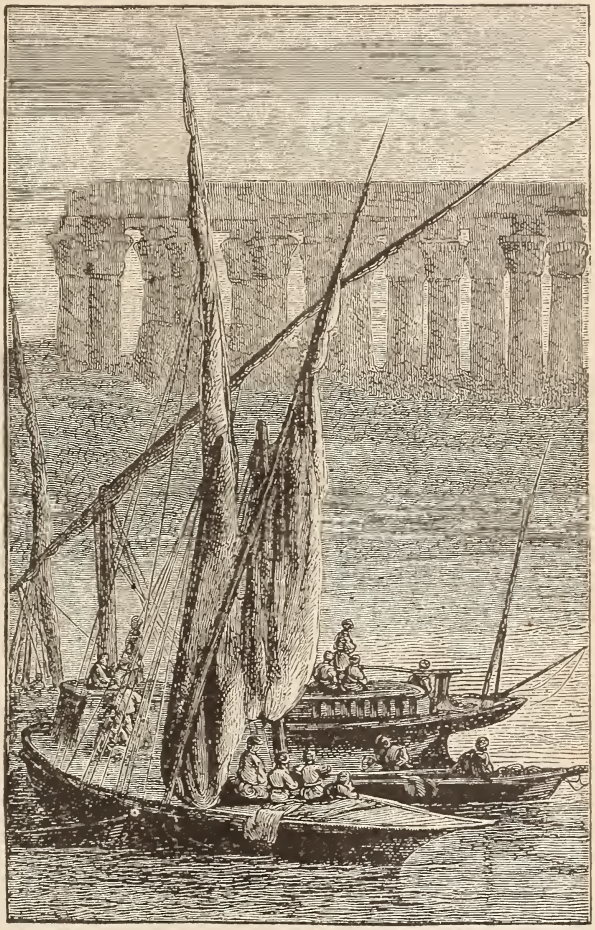
"I'm glad of it; give me another piece!" cried Augustine, sticking his fork vindictively into the cutlet.

Coming first, as usual, on deck, the third morning after leaving Denderah, Bessie was met by Hassan, who, with his most beaming smile, said:

"Good-morning, Miss Bess! Luxor coming!"

She ran to the side and looked about eagerly, but could see nothing; evidently something was in the air, however, for the sailors were in an unusual bustle, sweeping and setting to rights. It was a warm, hazy morning, with vague mountains only hinted at through the mist.

By the time that the family had all assembled, the mist was lifted, and on the left was to be seen a rich plain scattered with palms; on the right, a range of limestone mountains, but still no sign of the wonders of Karnak; nothing that looked like a temple, to show that they were drawing near the grandest ruins in the world.



A CROWD OF MASTS.

Presently came in sight, however, one of the propylons, then soon a crowd of masts showed they were really arrived at their destination. Guns were fired, flags were run up, the sailors made music on their strange instruments, — all was excitement as the *Bent-*

Anat moved up to her position among the many dahabiehs at their moorings before Luxor.

Luxor is a large modern village built upon a small part of the site of ancient THEBES, the great capital of ancient Egypt. It was an immense city, covering large spaces on both sides of the river: its quays, public and private buildings, are long gone to decay; but five large groups of ruins of sacred temples, remain. Of these the so-called Karnak is on the same side as Luxor; on the other side, nearly opposite, are the famous sitting Colossi, and the three other great ruins.

Thus there are here assembled more points of interest than elsewhere at any one place on the Nile. It is well to devote as long a time as possible to the study of the monuments of Thebes, and the change from the floating life on the river to fixed headquarters, is very pleasant. Luxor is close upon the bank, and its temple rises up a grand pile in the middle of the modern village, with the twin towers of the great propylon, and in front of them, two great carved giants, battered and buried up to the chin, the only feature left them. A few yards in front, stands one solitary obelisk, bereft of its mate, which wears its life out in the fast life of the Place de la Concorde, at Paris. From Luxor runs an avenue of sphinxes, which used to connect it with the temple at Karnak, to which, however, the grand entrance fronts the river.

But all thoughts of Karnak were postponed to another day. "Letters! letters!" cried every one, and they waited impatiently till these should be brought, going no farther away from the boat than a stone's throw, to view the front of the old temple, with its obelisk.

"Only think!" said Mary, "how different it looks from the French one. How little we thought when we were standing there in the Place de la Concorde, that we should see the mate so soon."

"The French one was a kind of magnet to draw us here," said Bessie; "don't you know, that made us more curious about the Egyptian things in the Louvre?"

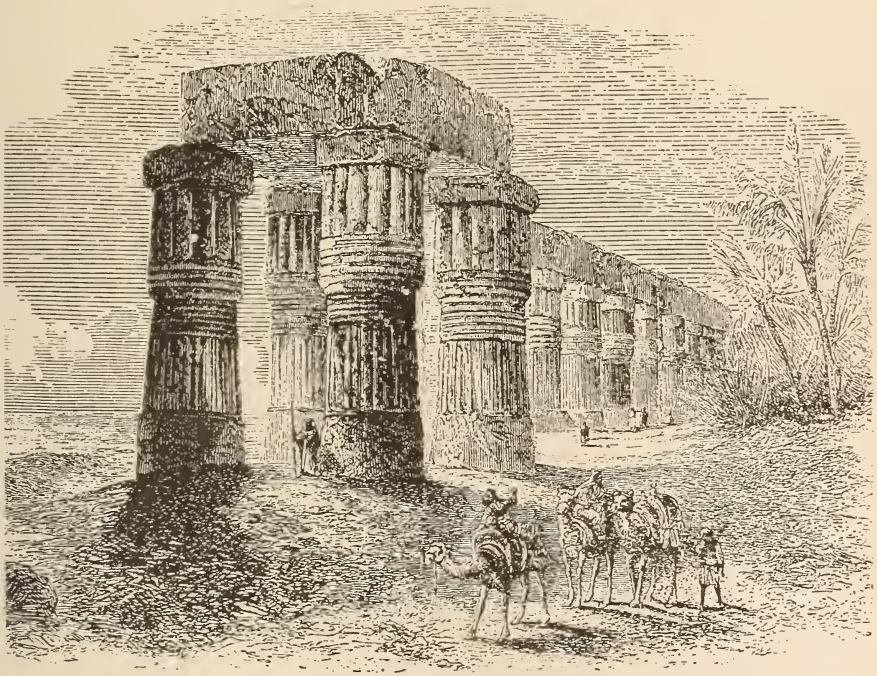
"Yes; and Rameses," added Philip; "and we all said we must come and see Rameses at home.

"Oh dear!" sighed Mary, "it was aunt Gus who said that."

"Here comes papa with letters!"

And Mr. Horner approached with a large handful. Letters for everybody, from everybody; letters from mamma, and aunt Dut, and Tommy. Yes! and one from Mr. Hervey to Mr. Horner, with an envelope marked "*private*," at which, after looking long, he put in his pocket.

This was little noticed by the others, who began to open their letters even as they walked back through the dusty village to the boat. Bessie read as she went, until she fairly fell over a Luxor



COLUMNS OF TEMPLE AT LUXOR.

dog who was asleep in the middle of the road. Philip picked her up, and helped her brush her dress, while the dog ran off howling. She postponed the rest of her correspondence till she reached her favorite corner of the divan on deck.

There was long silence on the dahabieh. Some of the party were above, some below, some in their cabins, all devouring the news from home. After a time, a rush took place; each one seeking the other, to compare notes.

"Grandmamma is a great deal better!" says one.

"Uncle Horatio and all his family are in Keene!"

"Tommy has had the measles!"

"Aunt Augusta has been staying with mamma!"

"Mr. Hervey came up to Keene in October!"

Such were a part of the exclamations of the Horners while the Stuyvesants were opening their letters, and the Professor and Madame were closeted with theirs in their sanctum below.

Then there was a general reading aloud. Mrs. Horner's letters to Mary were meant for the family at large, and made a complete journal of her doings from the first of October. Miss Lejeune wrote lively accounts of her visit to Keene, and of charming drives with Mr. Hervey in the beautiful neighborhood, which is at its best in October, when the foliage of maple and oak is glowing with Persian splendor, and the brilliant sunsets of autumn enhance the landscape. She also sang the praises of baked apples and cream, and of roast potatoes, after long drives in the crisp and sparkling air. Last, but not least, came Tommy's letter to Bessie, which was postponed to be read at lunch, for the benefit of the whole assembled party.

The whole day was full of novelties. A note came from the Fords, inviting everybody to dine on the *Syren* that evening, all the passengers having started early for the day at Karnak, with the message left behind. There was a run of visitors all day long: Americans from the steamer, who ventured to claim acquaintance on the strength of the mutual Stars and Stripes; a French gentleman with his family, whom Mr. Stuyvesant recognized as an old acquaintance at the Bourse. Every new face brought fresh greetings, cordiality, and enthusiasm. Nothing so warms the heart to social politeness and real Christian good-feeling, as these chance meetings of a common race in an alien land.

Among all the gay faces, Mr. Horner's was the most beaming.

"How happy papa seems!" said his children to each other. "What can have come over him! He's perfectly jolly."

"It must be his letters from mamma!"

But of the letter marked private, from Mr. Hervey, their papa said never a word.



WATERING ANIMALS IN THE NILE.

CHAPTER XVI.

RAMESES THE SECOND.



CARTOUCHE OF RAMESES II.

THE towers of Luxor are covered with elaborate sculptures of gods and men, horses and chariots, battles and victories. The king in his chariot fights his enemies, or sits enthroned above them. Armies march across the walls; the vanquished fly. The priests burn incense before him.

This king is Rameses the Second, the same as Sesostris, and Osymandyas; best known in history as Rameses the Great. Like Charlemagne in later times, and Louis XIV. in modern history, he is the nucleus of the splendor which hangs still around the Egyptian ruins.

The interest in Rameses the Second is a live, personal one, while the other kings have no vitality behind their names. The Horners had already learned his cartouche, and now began to recognize his features and attributes. To go through Egypt without some knowledge of this great monarch, would be a grave mistake.

Rameses the Second was the son of Seti I., the second Pharaoh of the nineteenth dynasty, which prevailed some three thousand years later than the fourth dynasty of Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid. It must be remembered that the word "Pharaoh" means "king," and is not the proper name of one monarch. All the kings of Egypt were Pharaohs, as all the rulers of our country are presidents. Rameses succeeded to the throne very young, and immediately became famous for his battles, one of which is depicted on the towers at Luxor, and described in a poem by Pentaour

in good preservation, written upon papyrus. He carried war into the land of Canaan, and took the fortresses of Ascalon and Jerusalem, as well as other strong places. He married a princess of Kheta, a land which he had conquered. The names of two more of his queens are found on the monuments; so it is probable that he had a good many wives. His family is recorded in one place as amounting to one hundred and seventy children, of whom one hundred and eleven were princes; but this was but a small family for a great king in those days.



RAMESES SLAYING HIS ENEMIES IN HONOR OF THE GOD AMMON, WHO ENCOURAGES HIM BY HIS GESTURES.

Rameses lived at peace with his neighbors during the later years of his life, and, like Louis XIV., it became his passion to build. He founded new cities, dug canals, erected gorgeous and costly temples with statues, obelisks, and inscriptions. His public works were far beyond all that had been done before in Egypt. Of these immense structures only huge fragments have survived; but these are the wonder of the world.

These monuments were all built by slaves and the captives of war, and among them, undoubtedly, were the Hebrews condemned "to make bricks without straw," in the Bible narrative; for it is now considered that the second Rameses was the Pharaoh of the captivity, and that his son and successor named Menephthah, was the Pharaoh of the exodus. The Bible and the monuments confirm each other on these points, and all new research adds fresh proof.

Rameses II. reigned over his great kingdom for the space of sixty-

seven years. For a long time there has been much discussion about his tomb; and only the most recent discoveries have brought to light, in a lonely spot opposite Luxor, hidden behind a lime-



RAMESES BETWEEN TWO GODS.

stone cliff, a gallery containing some thirty-six mummies, including more than twenty kings and queens, among which is that of Rameses the Second. It has been taken, with the rest, also of great interest, to the Boulak Museum of Antiquities, where Bessie saw it later, in excellent preservation, the hand alone gone, doubtless stolen years ago, for the sake of the rings upon it.

These royal mummies were removed from their natural resting-places and concealed by a later king, to protect them from marauding Arabs, who, even at an early date, rifled such tombs. And this is all we know of the great hero of ancient Egypt; and, slight as it is, it is wonderful to know so much. We may invest him with every heroic attribute, without, however, adoring him to the



PROPYLON AT KARNAK.

degree which his people seem to have done. Even his wives are represented in the performance of acts of religious homage before him.

The interest which they had gained in this great king by previous reading, prepared the Horners to enjoy seeing the capital of his realm; for Thebes was in its greatest glory, and the art of Egypt at its highest point during his time. Their first day was devoted to a short inspection of the ruins of Thebes, at Karnak, by Philip and his sisters, who could not wait for the grand excursion thither which was contemplated for the whole united force of the different parties. Mounted on three donkeys, and with only a moderate number of guides and donkey-boys, they rode through the village and across a barren plain, catching glimpses of tall propylons in the distance, until they found themselves in an avenue composed of a double line of sphinxes, but alas! so shattered that every one was headless.

"What a shame to destroy them!" cried Mary.

"How much more respectable, though," said Bessie, "they look than those smooth modern creatures about the Tuileries!"

And now they found themselves in such a confused mass of huge ruins, such a wealth of fallen magnificence, that they were all bewildered, and knew not where to turn. Desolation, grandeur, solitude, all impressed them so deeply that they cared not to speak, or even seek to discover by maps and plans, any key to the disorder around them. They found themselves in the first court, where, in the midst of a large quadrangle open to the sky, stands one solitary column, the last of a central avenue of twelve, some of which lie just as they fell, undermined by the inundating river.

They moved on and walked about, bewildered and silent, half dazed by the hugeness and utter confusion of the place. Afterwards they studied the facts and figures about the size of the columns and the ground plan of the original edifice, until their minds received a fair idea of its extent; but they never lost the first impression of desolate solemnity then received.

At last they found themselves upon the flat roof of one part of the propylon, and there lingered, thoughtful and more quiet than usual, and looking off to the river across the green plain.

"Is it not nice," said Bessie, "to be off by ourselves for once?"

"Yes," said Philip; "but I keep expecting to see one of the



RUINS AT KARNAK.

boys after us. Sometimes I get so tired of them I feel like throwing them overboard."

"How they have settled down, though," said Mary. "I thought at first they would lead us a life!"

Even as she was speaking, the solemn silence of the spot was broken by most unghostly sounds,— Arabic and English mingled in scolding and laughing; through the opening of the stairway upon their roof, appeared two small heads.

"Halloo! here they are!" cried Augustine, while Ernest, turning to his pursuing Arab, called out "Empsheh! Empsheh! Get out! we don't want you any more!"

"Backsheesh, backsheesh!" screamed the Arab in return.

"Back to the donkeys! I tell you," said Ernest.

"What is the row?" called Philip, coming to the rescue.

"Oh, nothing," explained the two, talking together. "Only we got Hassan to engage us these donkeys, and they are afraid to leave us for fear they should not get paid; and we thought it would be good fun to hide from them, so we have led them a pretty dance all over the place."

"You were lucky not to get lost," said Philip.

"Lost! we have not known where we were for ages!" said Ernest. "Just now we saw your guides down below, and they showed us up here."

They sat down on a hewn stone and wiped their brows. The excited Arabs seemed appeased, and retired to a distance.

"Is not this an immense place?" said Augustine "Rather out of repair, though!"

"What's the use of such a lot of rubbish?" cried Ernest. "I say, I think we are having too much of these ruins."

"O Ernest!" exclaimed Mary. "You'll be sorry one of these days if you do not look at things now just as hard as you can, so as to remember them."

"Bother!" he replied. "They are all just alike. It must have been fun to knock off the heads of those goats."

"Goats! they are sphinxes!" said Bessie wrathfully.

"Are they? well, it's all the same. Look here, Bessie, I know just what we are going to have for dinner to-morrow."

"Horrid boy! to mention dinner on top of the propylon of Karnak."

Their solemn hour was vanished, however, and they made haste to descend and to horse, or rather to donkey. And they had a wild gallop at the top of their speed back to Luxor.

The dinner mentioned by Ernest was no slight affair; for it

was the Christmas dinner, and a large party was invited to it, on board the *Bent-Anat*. The Fords were coming. One or two French gentlemen were coming, and one or two from the American steamboat; and whom should they meet as they were near their boat, but Cockywax!

"Mr. Buffers!" exclaimed Mary.

"Miss Horner! Can it be? is it possible?" said that embarrassed, amazed, and delighted youth.

He had just arrived, coming down the river, and had no notion of who was at Luxor. He was instantly secured as another guest for their Christmas dinner.



MR. BUFFERS.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOMMY'S LETTER.



JANE.

"KEENE, N. H., *Nov.* 15.

DEAR BESSIE: — I have had the measles. It was not very bad, only I had nothing to eat. Doctor Mitchell is a splendid man. He lets me have ice-cream now every day. I suppose you are on the Nile now. Give my love to Mr. Stuyvesant. I like Keene very well, but not so much as Paris.

There is more snow here. Uncle Horatio has come, and aunt Martha, she is his wife. I never saw her before. Her nose is the same as that German princess we saw in Berlin. They are going to live here, I expect, for they brought seven trunks and two canaries in a cage. Eliza does not like them very well. She says mamma is nicer. Jane thinks they are not much.

"Jane is the cook. She makes griddles. Grandmamma can walk about some, and so I read aloud to her, which makes

her go to sleep directly. Aunt Gus was here, and Mr. Hervey came too, and everybody came to see them, and had tea-parties with four kinds of cake. And they had Mrs. Jarley's wax works, and aunt Gus was Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Hervey was the only gentleman except me.

"That was before I had the measles. Mr. Hervey wished we were in Norway riding in a carriole. Then he went away. Doctor Mitchell says I must not use my eyes too much.

Yours truly,

THOMAS HORNER, ESQ."

"P. S. Uncle Horatio has two children. They are grown up. At least, I believe so. Perhaps they will come here to live. They are not now."

"Mary," said Bessie, when they were going to bed that evening, "if uncle Horatio and all the family are with grandmamma, I do not see why mamma need stay there any longer."

"I thought of that," said Mary. "You know before we left, aunt Martha wrote that she could not possibly go to Keene."

"Just like her!" exclaimed Bessie; "old spoil-sport! and now, when poor mamma has stayed behind, she sails in herself."

Aunt Martha was not a favorite with the Horners. She was their uncle's second wife, and there was an impression that he was hen-pecked.

There were two children, boys, much older than the Horners, who had never shown much sympathy for their cousins, and were distrusted by them accordingly.

"I wonder what mamma will do," said Mary; "the letters do not tell about her plans."

"I wish she were here!" groaned Bessie; "and I hate to think of a Christmas dinner without Tommy!"

Here Bessie slipped out of her cabin to confer with Hassan, who was to manage to smuggle a well-filled stocking into the bed of each of the Stuyvesant boys, and Philip's, and introduce similar



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

ones into the cabins of the gentlemen. She herself managed those she had prepared for the ladies of the party, for the next day was Christmas,— Christmas on the Nile!

The stockings caused great merriment; and Bessie, the author of the fun, was not neglected; for Philip had stuffed into her stocking the mummy of a cat, which bore, in its faded yellow wrappings, some semblance still to the animal whose bones had been thus wound up a thousand years ago. Apples, nuts, cheap relics of modern manufacture, fell out of the stockings, and the *Bent-Anat* resounded with laughter and shouts of "Merry Christmas!"



GUESTS ARRIVING.

The guests arrived. The dinner was a stupendous effort on the part of the cook and Antonio, who had decorated the table in a manner worthy of the occasion. In the centre rose an edifice of sugar, meant to represent the Capitol at Washington, over which the Stars and Stripes waved in tiny flags. Course followed course, in which the turkey, — beloved of our nation, — figured, and later, the English plum-pudding, blazing with blue flame, and stuck all over with almonds.

Twenty people sat down at the long table which was spread on deck and lighted at each end with tall candles, whose many lights burned steadily in the still air. How unlike a wintry Christmas night at home, perhaps with snow and sleet!

Beside their own party, there were the Fords and Mrs. Ford's sister, and the Popes from the private steamer which was on its way

down the river. Among these was young Mr. Buffers, who had the supreme happiness of sitting next to Mary. He renewed his allegiance at once, and she was pleased to see him again.

"You seem to be always travelling, Mr. Buffers," she said.

"Not any more than you, nor so much," he replied; "for you have been all the way to America since we met."

"That's true!" said Mary, laughing. "I did not think of that. What have you been doing?"

"In London all the time, but it is very dull in London, you know, for a young fellow like me. I do not care for society, you know, because, do you know, you are the only person that I can talk with, very well, you know?"

"Really!" said Mary, a little embarrassed.

She was glad when a little tap turned the general attention to Mr. Stuyvesant, who rose to make a "speech."

Mr. Stuyvesant's speech will not be reported. It was not very witty, but it was well received, and the general ease and hilarity were great. So much talking was going on that the two boys were quite unobserved, and both ate so much plum-pudding and ice-cream, that they were ill the next day, and unable to join the party for Karnak, which was to include everybody. This was of the less consequence, that they had, as we know, had their own private excursion thither the day before; and perhaps their absence would not be much regretted.

After the long dinner was over, the table removed, the party broke up into little groups. The sunset was over, and as yet the new moon had not made its appearance; but there was twilight enough to shed a soft light on the deck. All was still upon the bank, and the river glided by silently. Mary and Bessie sat with Miss Mackaye near the edge of the boat, and chatted quietly. They all tried to imagine how one of these great temples may have looked in its prime, unmutilated, and with the lotus growing at its foot. Then the girls talked about their mother, and Tommy, and why they had not come, and a little about their previous travelling on the Continent.

She was a gentle little woman, or rather, a little gentlewoman, who took much interest in their American ideas and manners.

"This reminds me somehow of Heidelberg, Bessie," said Mary. "Do you remember it?"



MRS. POPE.

"Don't I?" said Bessie; "but aunt Gus was with us then, and Mr. Hervey."

"Mr. Hervey?" asked Miss Mackaye. "An American gentleman with a dark beard?"

"Yes!" exclaimed both the girls. "Do you know him?"

"We saw him frequently in London, last season," replied Miss Mackaye. "He had some business matters to attend to with Mr. Ford, and he dined with us several times."

"How strange!" said Bessie. "Did not he tell you about us?"

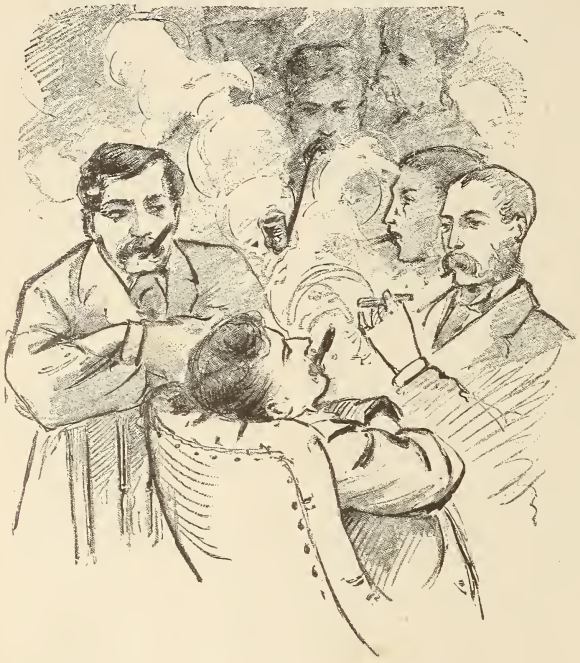
"He said he had just left a delightful party at Heidelberg. I remember now, perfectly, but he did not mention your names."

"Nor yours to us," said Mary; "though he told us about his London friends on the homeward voyage. But I do not remember his telling their names."

"Boston people never do;" remarked Bessie. This made a new tie between the Fords and the Horners. They could now tell each other little anecdotes of Mr. Hervey's good nature and prowess

in travelling, and all united in praising the absent, mutual friend.

Meanwhile Madame von Lessli and Philip were having one of their long talks; Mrs. Stuyvesant had gone down to the saloon, where she was nodding over a book. Miss Emily was comparing her opinion of the restaurants of Paris with those of the two French gentlemen, while the other gentlemen were having, as they smoked, a deep discussion upon the finances of Egypt.



A DEEP DISCUSSION.

The present condition of Egypt was not a cheerful one. Its nominal ruler was Mohammed Tewfik, a young man whose father was compelled to resign the government some years ago, by the Sultan of Turkey acting under the orders of England,— for Egypt is but a province of Turkey, and its ruler, who is called the Khedive, a viceroy under the Sultan. The ex-Khedive, Ismail Pacha, father to the present one, succeeded to the rule of Egypt in 1863. He was a man of undoubted energy, with a European education, and his intention was to elevate the condition of his country. He began a series of reforms such as no previous governor of Egypt had ever contemplated; introduced railways, telegraphs, lighthouses, and harbor works, and did much to improve the laws and education of the people. Unfortunately these schemes could not be carried out without money, and it was thus that Ismail made shipwreck. He squeezed the unfortunate natives, — called *fellahin* — to

the uttermost farthing; collected taxes upon things which did not exist, and when even this failed to extort all the money he wanted for his vast enterprises, he borrowed immense sums in England and France, which he could never pay, nor even keep up the enormous interest demanded of him. He became a complete bankrupt; the result was the assumption by England and France of the government of Egypt on behalf of the bondholders of the two nations. He was removed from office because he made so many difficulties in the settlement of his affairs, for his young son was expected to be, as he has proved, more tractable. The taxes were now devoted to the payment of the interest of the national debt; it is to be hoped that under the protectorate of France and England, a brighter future is in store for Egypt.



"BACKSHEESH."

The *fellahin*, or peasants, of Egypt, have been a most oppressed race, making all the wealth of their country by their industry, which has been enormously taxed. The modern Egyptian is the same as those depicted on the oldest wall-pictures, doing just the same tasks that he does to-day, and looking just the same.



Figs. 1. Man returning after carrying the bricks.
Figs. 7, 9, 11, 13. Digging and mixing the clay or mud.
15, 16. Fetching water from the tank, k.
Figs. 2, 6. Taskmasters.
8, 12. Placing bricks with a wooden mould, d, k.
At e the bricks (100s) are said to be made at Thebes.
Figs. 4, 5. Men carrying bricks.

Foreign captives employed in making bricks at Thebes.

FOREIGN CAPTIVES.

It is a fine race physically, with simple tastes, very devoted to its religion, which enjoins cleanliness and temperance, but oppressed through ages of Turkish misrule. The party broke up rather late in



LIGHTING THEM TO THEIR BOATS.

the evening, the gentlemen escorting their guests to the plank across the muddy river edge, to the shore where dusky Arabs with huge square lanterns were waiting to light them to their respective boats.

As Mary and Bessie went down the steps leading from the deck, Mary said:

"How gay papa seems to-night! he has not been so lively since we left home!"

"I know it," said Bessie; "just listen! That is a real 'nice-papa' laugh."

This was the term with which, as little children, they had described their father's most genial mood.

As they passed through the narrow passage between the cabins, they met a strong smell of peppermint, and Mrs. Stuyvesant coming from that containing her sons.

"I can't think what ails the boys!" she said. "Both of them are restless and in pain. They must have eaten something at dinner which disagreed with them. Poor things!"

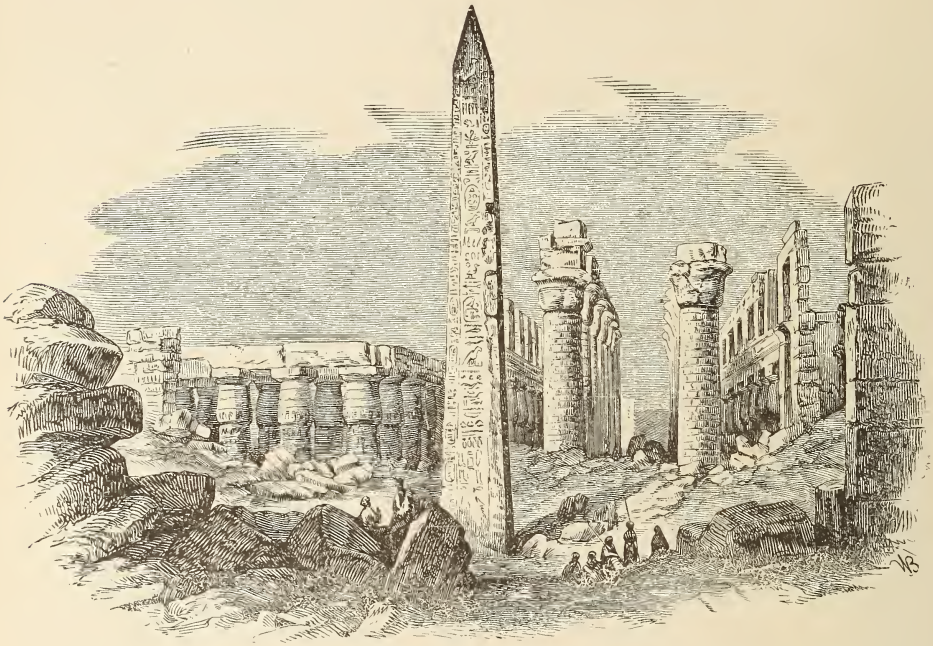
CHAPTER XVIII.

KARNAK.

THE morning of the day after Christmas all was liveliness on the shore at Luxor. Donkeys and horses were waiting. Hassan and Ali, and the other dragomans, were hurrying about with last preparations, for almost everybody was to spend the whole day at Karnak, and provisions were to be carried for the different parties. Everybody was to go, for Karnak is a thing not to be missed. Only Ernest and Augustine were left behind. They were not yet out of their beds when the note of departure came, and merely called from their pillows "We've seen it!"

The young Horners had received a general impression of this wonder of the world, in their first cursory excursion; but now with competent guides who explained every thing as they went, they gained a better idea of the ground plan of the vast structure. Through the avenue of sphinxes, as before, they came to the great propylon at the west end, facing the river, from the top of which they had viewed the sunset two nights before. Passing through this gateway, they reached a large, open court with a covered corridor on either side, and a double line of columns down the centre, of which, alas! only one remains standing. Through another great propylon they came to the Grand Hall, considered the largest and most magnificent of all the Egyptian monuments; a forest, as it seemed to our party, of gigantic pillars. At the end of this, is another propylon, much ruined, and beyond is a narrow, open court, where are two red obelisks, which, although they are seventy-five feet high, appear small in their position. One is thrown down and broken, but the other still stands.

Then they passed through another propylon, another court, and came to the great obelisk of Queen Hatasoo, the largest in the world; but after this, every one of the party, except Professor von Lessli, found his head in a whirl of confusion. The walls and pillars are so dilapidated, and the courts are so filled with broken blocks and fallen columns, that it was difficult to follow the architectural plan, especially as they were turned aside often to look at inscriptions on the walls, cartouches of kings, which



HATASOO'S OBELISK.

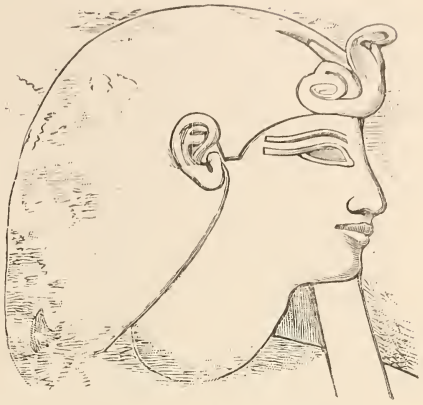
are a key to the date of construction, and the carving on capitals and columns.

The principal historical pictures are sculptured on the outside of the Great Hall. They were began by Seti, and finished by his son, Rameses the Great, and represent in detail the great battles of these warriors. One set commemorates the victorious campaign against Palestine, of Sheshonk I., who is the Shishak of the Bible; and Mary and Bessie regarded with awe the long column of hiero-



RAMESES SLAYING CAPTIVES.

glyphics on a certain wall which the Professor assured them was the veritable poem of Pentaour, recounting the deeds of Rameses the Great.



QUEEN HATASOO.

They lingered over the name of the great Queen Hatasoo, in one of the chambers, for she is an interesting figure among the traditions of this ancient race.

Thothmes I., of the eighteenth dynasty (B. C. 1600), had a daughter called Hashops, or Hatasoo; at his death his son Thothmes II. reigned; but his sister Hatasoo had so great an influence over this young king, that he let her assume the royal title, and take a leading part in the government. She was the strong-minded female of her age. She is suspected of sacrificing every thing to her love of power; even the early death of her royal brother is laid at her door; and after he was dead, she had his name, wherever she could, cut off of the monuments, and her own put in its place. She then assumed the whole power, wore men's clothes, in which she is often represented, and allowed her younger brother, though she suffered him to live, no better place than her footstool.



CARTOUCHE OF THOTHMES II.



CARTOUCHE OF THOTHMES I.

However, she erected many buildings, and her obelisks at Karnak are equal to any others known. She set up statues of herself, and erected a monument to her favorite architect, Semnut, which is now in the Berlin Museum.

After fifteen years, when her little brother was grown up, she had to recognize him, and he was taken into partnership. It was now his turn; he erased her name from the monuments, and may

have done worse. "But whether Thothmes drove his sister by force from the throne, or whether she slept in Osiris, we cannot tell, because the monuments are silent," says Brugsch.

These tantalizing fragments of the lives of people who walked the earth so long ago, are like glimpses of starlight through the rifts in a cloudy sky. What we see, we see clearly; but the veil elsewhere is impenetrable. Queen Hatasoo was probably not more than forty years old when she died.

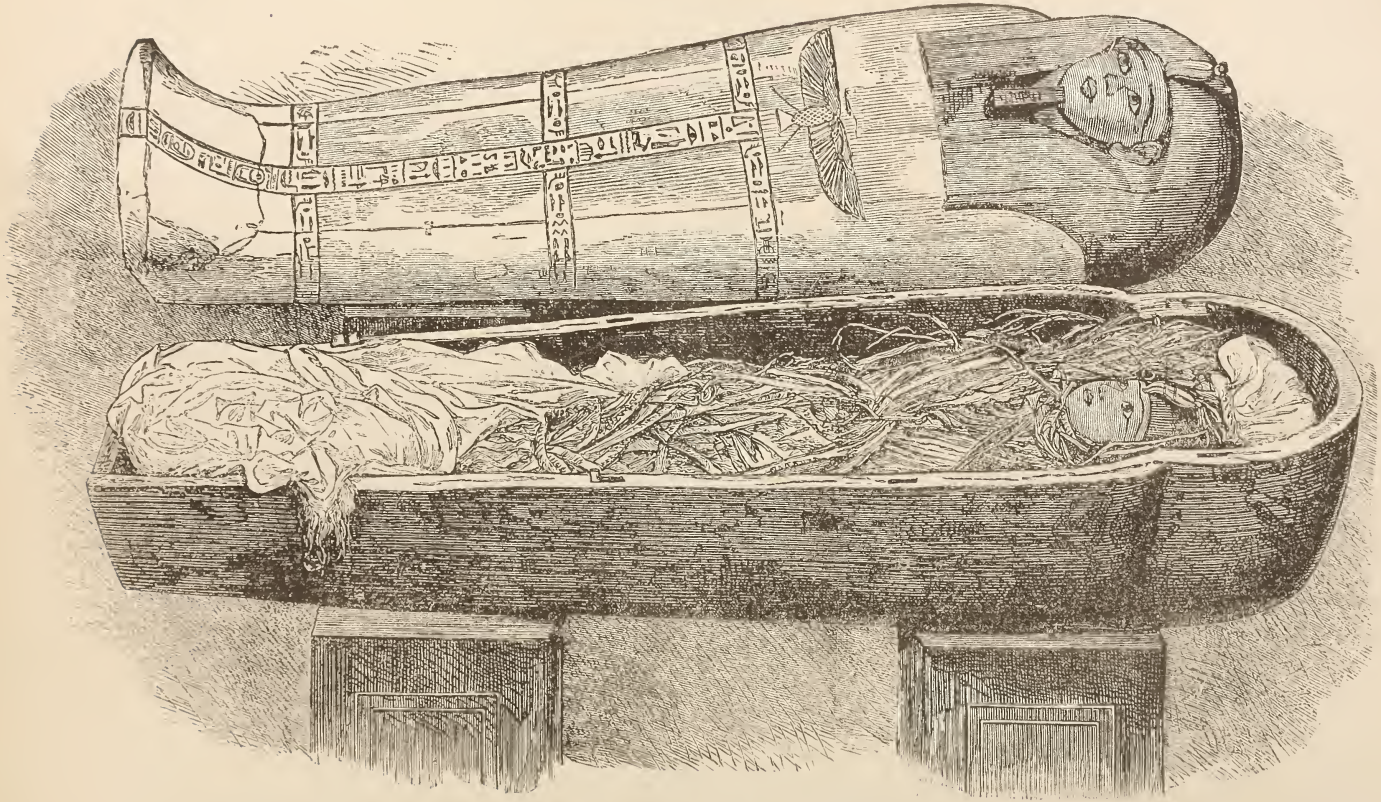
One of the latest additions to our knowledge of the Egyptians is the discovery of the mummy-case of Thothmes II., the brother so oppressed by Queen Hatasoo. It is in the museum at Boulak, where the Horners looked at it with live interest when they came back to Cairo. The ground color of it is white, the face yellow, the head deep black. The face is excellently modelled, and the expression is smiling and life-like.

Hatasoo soon became an intimate acquaintance of the Horners. They discussed her crimes, and recognized her cartouche wherever they saw it; second only in interest to the Great Rameses, whose reign was several generations later. The "little brother," Thothmes III., became the most famous of his name, and was the greatest of Egyptian conquerors, although he has not received, in modern times, the romantic halo which is given to Rameses the Great.

It was a long, exciting, and fatiguing day at Karnak. The expedition, which, on starting, made a long procession, dwindled and scattered; for some went back to their boats after a few hours, others later, but most of our particular friends not only lunched, but dined on the spot.

Turkey rugs were spread at the foot of one of the huge pillars of the Great Hall, and cushions supported the tired heads of the ladies. After a dinner of the usual courses, brought hot from Luxor, coffee was served, and the gentlemen smoked while the others idly reclined, looking up at the sky beyond the graceful capitals, where lovely birds floated in the sunlight.

They stayed until after dark, which almost immediately followed



A KING OF THE EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY.

sunset, to see the effect of rockets and blue lights sent off the Hall of Columns. It was weird and impressive. Bats and birds startled from their hiding-places, swept away with rustling wings. Then silence and darkness fell, and the tired travellers rode slowly back through the grassy fields to the boat.



GREAT HALL AT KARNAK.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Ford's sister to Mrs. Stuyvesant, who was 'most dead,' as she declared herself, "that we are thinking of saying good-by to-night?"

"Good-by!" exclaimed every one.

"Are you not going to stay with us for the other side of the river?" cried Bessie, dismayed.

"Is it not a pity? My brother finds among his letters one which bids us hasten our trip very much. He now wants to be in Cairo much earlier than we had intended; so we think of flying on this good wind to the first cataract, and return at once."

"And not go on into Nubia?"

"No; this changes all our plans. But we had been thinking of it a little before; for my sister seems not so very much benefitted by the climate."

Moans and lamentations from Bessie, genuine regrets from all, followed this announcement; however, they were all so tired that a brief farewell must suffice. The next morning when Bessie, the early bird, came on deck, the white wings of the *Syren* were far,

far away up the river, and this was the last they saw of her at that time.

The entire Nile excursion includes the Second Cataract in Nubia; and the Grotto of Aboo-Simbel is considered by those who reach it, the greatest wonder of the whole. The *Syren* was to have penetrated so far before; but the Fords had thus changed their plans. The Horner-Stuyvesant party had no intention of passing beyond Philæ and the first cataract. The *Bent-Anat* was too large; and their maxim of travel was to do a little thoroughly, instead of hurrying over much.

When Bessie told Philip that Mr. Hervey knew the Fords, he exclaimed:

"How funny! How strange!" and he forthwith performed a somerset on the divan, which overturned a tumbler of water close by, and caused Ernest, who was painting near it, to introduce a large streak of indigo in the middle of his sky.

"When we went to get the letters," explained Phil, as soon as he was sitting up again, with his hair sticking out in rays all over his head, "I sorted the great bundle of them, and handed them round. There was one for Mr. Ford that *I know* was in Mr. Hervey's handwriting!"



SAID BESSIE TO PHILIP.

CHAPTER XIX.

BIBAN-EL-MOLOOK.

THE next morning our party crossed the river for "a delightful day," as Mary called it, "at the Tombs of the Kings." This is her account of it in her letter to her friend and correspondent at home :

"It is a very long donkey-ride, through marvellous wastes of sand.



A RAG-BAG.

The tombs are excavated downward out of the rock, into the heart of the mountain. Did not Belzoni have fun finding them! The walls inside are covered with paintings still very bright in color. We

had each a candle to grope about with. There was one awful place leading into the very bowels of the earth, and smelling very considerably of mummy. No mummies there now. When we came out we had a funny time with a crowd of 'rag-bags,' who came round with 'antiquities,' as they called them. We all sat down on the yellow sand, exhausted with the climb up the steep steps of 'Number 17;' these creatures assembled with their bags, or baskets, and squatted before us, gradually hitching up closer, till finally their glowering eyes and grinning teeth were right in our faces; then silently they produced their treasures,—a mummy-hand with a ring on it, a piece of mummy-case (worthless!), scarabei, and so on.

"Hassan standing in the middle of them, did the bargaining.

"'Well, Hassan,' says Mr. Stuyvesant, 'you may ask him what he will take for this hawk, with nothing but the feet and tail left.'

"Hassan, to the Arab: 'Warragy-warragy, wag-wag.' Arab demands five pounds. Hassan throws the thing contemptuously in his face, saying, 'La! la!' (No, no.) 'I'll give you two piastres.' So the man surrenders the hawk, and takes two piastres, which is more than it is worth. Eight piastres make an English shilling. After this we lunched at the mouth of a tomb, and some napped while I made a dreary sketch. It is a desolate enough spot, without a spear of grass. The new Maspero opening, from which they have taken the mummies of Rameses, etc., is somewhere about here.

"It was a fatiguing day, but lovely dropping down to the river on our gentle little donkeys, in the magnificent sunset. We have one every night,—all different, all beautiful."

It will be seen that Mary was more attracted by the scenery, and the actual surroundings of their life, than the antiquities. Bessie, on the other hand, put all her young wits into the effort of comprehending the sequence of the old dynasties, to the great delight of the German professor. She accompanied him everywhere, and if her brain refused to follow the leading of his, she did not flinch, but bravely endeavored to grasp the whole.

Philip was not so thorough. He had a quick mind, and began by thinking he was going to see through the hieroglyphics at a



SCENE OF THE RECENT DISCOVERY.

glance. Finding out soon his mistake, he concluded that "it did not pay," and when the wall-readings began, after a casual glance at the general effect, he would slip off, to see what the boys were doing.



PALACE OF RAMESES III., MEDINET-ABOU.

This was a good excuse, if excuse had been needed; but no one dreamed of forcing the boy to take a precocious interest in a difficult subject.

There are twenty-five of these tombs now open, but they are not all equally interesting. They are known by their numbers; and No. 17, commonly called Belzoni's, is the best preserved. It is the tomb of Seti I., the father of our friend Rameses the Second. The intention of its builders, as in all the tombs, was to wholly conceal

the actual receptacle of the mummy, on account of the importance they attached to preserving the embalmed body until the return of the soul. Staircases, passages, and outer chambers, come between the daylight and the innermost hall, which, when reached, must have been an astonishment and delight to Belzoni.

The four pillars, and the whole of the walls, are decorated with highly finished sculptures so brightly painted that their colors seem like the work of yesterday; in some places they are in an unfinished state, the sculptors not having yet begun to cut into the stone the black outline left by the draughtsman. These pictures represent the king making offerings to different gods, or standing in the presence of various divinities receiving him after death. A fine group represents the introduction of the king by Horus, into the presence of Osiris and Athor.

No engraving of these sculptured paintings gives a good idea of them; their charm is due to their great size, and the rich colors they still retain; the skin of the figures being of a deep-red tint, and the other objects the brightest blue, green, or yellow.

Mary's letter went on:

"*Saturday:*— Donkeys again to Medinet Haboo, part of which was built by our old friend Hatasoo; but the great temple was later, by the third Rameses; the courtyard and pillars are still magnificent. We came back through the broad, grassy plain, where stand, or rather sit, the great Colossi. I like them the best of every thing we have seen. They sit so comfortably, with their hands on their knees, looking forth across the valley. We have seen them constantly, in the distance, ever since we have been here; but were now near for the first time. They are enormous, and how impressive their long shadows slanting across the plain!"

These two gigantic statues both represent Amunoph III. of the eighteenth dynasty, a descendant of the Thotmes family, and thus grand-nephew, we may say, of Hatasoo. He was a great builder, and added many marvels to the Egyptian architecture. These statues are the most remarkable of all his works, carved, each of them, out of a single block of solid red sandstone. Their height is nearly

sixty-one feet now, and with the tall crowns they used to wear, is supposed to have been nearly seventy feet.

One of them used to be called the Vocal Memnon, because it emitted a sound as the sun rose; and people flocked to listen to the wonder. But this was no part of its original structure. It is



THE TWO MEMNONS.

thought to have been first given forth after the shock of an earthquake, B. C. 27, and to have ceased on the repairing of the image, some two hundred years later. The noises may have been the result

of the rays of the morning sun upon the air shut up in the crevices of the stones.

These statues, doubtless, stood at the entrance of a temple built by Amunoph III., of which hardly any thing remains. Now, there comes no sound forth from their grave lips, and the twin giants, as they lift their majestic heads against the sky, turning their solemn gaze to the east, seem watching in a stern repose over the centuries that are dead.

While the party from the *Bent-Anat* were looking at these grand old creatures, and fancying the ancient splendor of which they were a part, an incident occurred which Mary wisely did not put into her letter.

Philip and Augustine, prowling around the base of the Vocal Memnon, thought they saw a way up; it is, in fact, common for the Arabs to ascend, in order to reproduce, by striking a stone, what they call its music. Like two cats, the boys climbed, Philip first, Augustine following, and they soon found themselves standing upon the knees of Hatasoo's grand-nephew. A shout of triumph drew up to them the attention of the group below, which looked diminutive indeed, while to it the two boys appeared like dwarfs perched upon the hand of the giant.

"Take care, Philip!" cried his father, alarmed; and, "Look out, Augustine!" cried the other parent; but Hassan laughed, and said: "Him all safe. Mast. Philip wise boy."

The boys were, indeed, not inclined to any rash feat, for the height was of a nature to make them giddy in head and steady in mind. Augustine sat down quite meekly on the thumb of Memnon, and wondered about getting down. Now Ernest, who had remained below, no sooner saw their eminence than he wished to share it. He ran round behind the statue and began to scramble up another way. The two boys leaned over, calling out:

"Not that side, Ernest! Come round here!"

Meanwhile Hassan, and one of the guides from below cried: "Come down, come down! wrong place, master!"

Confused by so much counter advice, he made a mis-step, fell



ANCIENT SPLENDOR.

backwards, and came tumbling to the ground, followed by loose bits of stone. Hassan caught him. The other boys made all speed to descend by their safer route.

Ernest stood up, pale, with a scratch on his face, from which ran down a little blood.

"Are you hurt?" cried the anxious father.

"No, sir," replied he bravely, and stepped forward; but he found at the first movement that his ankle was twisted.

Luckily, his mother was not there, having remained behind as usual. Two Arabs made an easy seat, by which they carried the poor boy to the shore in their arms. The little party returned sadly through the fields to the boat which awaited them.

Ernest behaved extremely well, and made no sound, though his foot was painful. As Philip walked behind with his father, he said:

"It is too bad. I have been afraid all along some accident would happen."

"The boys cannot go everywhere that you can, you see, Philip, and so you must be a little careful."

"I am careful!" cried Philip hotly; "and I must say it is not fair if I've got to be tied by the leg on account of those fellows."

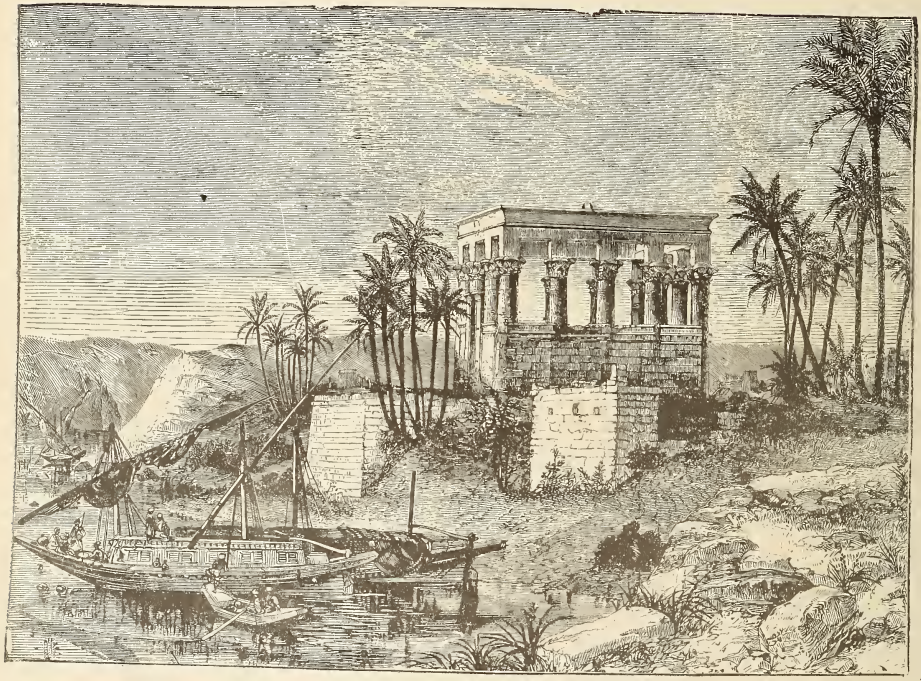
"You are quite right!" exclaimed Mr. Horner, struck by the justice of the complaint; "and you have done well, too, Philip. We must try to give you more freedom in the future."

Touched by his father's kindness, Philip softened at once, and hastened to say that he was perfectly willing to "boss the boys" to any extent.

CHAPTER XX.

PHILÆ.

AFTER a week at Luxor, full of arduous, though interesting days of sight-seeing, the *Bent-Anat* again spread her broad sail and set forth up the river towards Assouan, over a hundred



ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

miles beyond Thebes. She was to make no stop of any importance. The rest of the temples they wished to see, were to be visited coming down the river. This worked well for Ernest, as he was

laid up with his ankle, which, however, was not seriously injured; bandages of cold water, with proper quiet, reduced the swelling in the course of a few days. During this period every one became fond of him, he behaved so well, and fretted so little at his enforced confinement. Like many active boys who hate to read, he found he liked much to listen to reading; and while he amused himself in drawing impossible palm-trees, cutting out pictures with scissors, Mary and Bessie, by turns, read aloud from books they were interested in themselves, and sometimes from such as might especially interest him. In this way he and even Augustine became a little learned in the battles of Rameses, and had a faint notion of the poem of Peutaour.

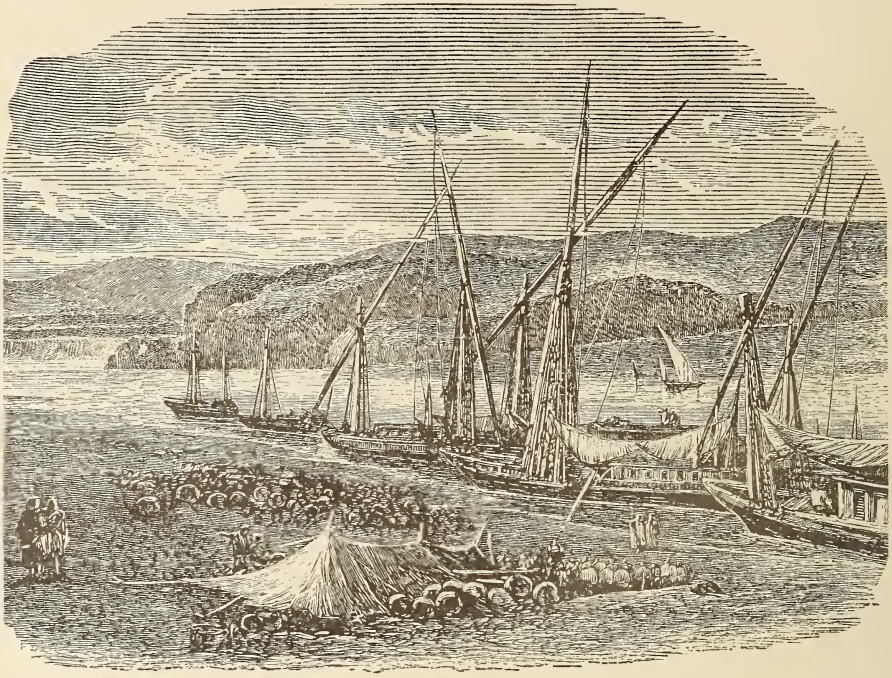
Thus the time slipped by swiftly, and not one of the dwellers on the *Bent-Anat* could believe that over two months of Nile-life had elapsed before they reached the green island of Elephantine, which lies opposite to Assouan. This was the end of their voyage, the remainder being to retrace their steps over the same track.

Assouan is the frontier town of Egypt, which ends here, where Nubia begins. Close to it is the First Cataract of the Nile, often described in terms that would apply to Niagara, but really nothing more than a series of rapids, where the stream forces an intricate passage between black rocks that choke the bed. It looks like many a broad, brawling piece of our American rivers. To a Penobscot lumberman, accustomed to poling up stream in a birch canoe, and shooting down the rapids, the ascent of the First Cataract would seem but child's play.

When the *Bent-Anat* arrived at the bank of Assouan, the scene on shore was a lively one. Camels were scattered about on the sandy floor, laden or unladen; worn-out hulks of boats, like wrecks upon a beach, lay high up in the sand, falling to pieces; strange figures in turbans moved about or squatted in rows on the ground, perhaps with something to sell, which they handed out languidly, if any one looked in their direction, although they were too indifferent to press the bargain.

The things offered for sale at Assouan are no longer antiquities,

but wonderful things from Nubia; symbols of a rude and barbarous race, — ostrich eggs and ostrich feathers, ivory bracelets, gold nose-rings. Among them was the complete costume of a Nubian lady, which consists merely of a girdle of long fringe cut of narrow



ASSOUAN.

strips of leather, the top ornamented with shells and old brass buttons. Mary was somewhat inclined to buy one of these as a souvenir of Nubia, but Hassan warned her that the thing was soaked in castor oil, to soften and darken the leather, which gave it a perfume dear to the wearer, but undesirable in a purchase. The Nubians eat castor oil as butter; the women dress their hair and anoint their bodies with it; it pervades the very air which they breathe.

Among the dahabiehs that lay moored like their own at Assouan, were none that they had seen at Luxor. Most of these had preceded them on the river, and were by this time beyond the First Cataract on their way to the Second. Bessie looked in vain for the

Syren. It was not to be seen; and Hassan by and by reported that it had left the day before, its prow turned homeward.

"How could we have missed it?" she asked.

"Perhaps him sail night," remarked Hassan; "Monday night wind good *Syren*, bad *Bent-Anat*." Bessie had to console herself



ON THE BANK AT ASSOUAN.

with the sights of Assouan, the chief of which is an obelisk, in one of the granite quarries, which has never been wholly cut away from the rock. It was half-buried in drifted sand. Had it been finished, it would have been the largest obelisk in the world, even larger than that of Queen Hatasoo at Karnak, which came also from Assouan, perhaps from the very same quarry. It can never be

known why it was thus left incomplete, nor guessed what royal name was to have been its trade-mark. It may be older than Rameses the Great, or more modern than Cleopatra. Its secret is safe.

The great excursion from Assouan is the visit to Philæ, a beautiful island five miles from it. Piles of rocks frame it, as it is approached upon the river, with palm-trees, colonnades and pylons, rising out of the water. The great temple is inferior, in dimensions, to the immense ones of Karnak; but in beauty it is unrivalled. It was built in the time of the Ptolemies, long after the glories of the house of Rameses had passed away; it is still in tolerable preservation, and retains much of its color. It owes its charm in a great measure to its picturesque position on the little island.

Mary wrote:

"We went across the river in a little dahabieh; such yelling of



CATARACT.

the native sailors! and as we crossed the river was alive with enviable little Nubians floating about on logs, and crying 'Back-

sheesh!' They roll up their simple clothing into a *wob*, which they wear on their heads, and then career about in the stream on long dôm-palm trunks, which are very corky and floating. We passed a lovely day at Philæ, and then came back down the Cataract in a little dahabieh. This is the great thing to do: the native sailors make a tremendous time over it, telling their beads, howling, as if they were sure to go to the bottom. The boat swoops over the foam, a few waves break on the deck, and we swing round at the foot of the fall. The sailors dance for joy and seize their long oars to pole off the rocks; it was a wild scene, and a din such as you never heard."



NUBIANS IN THE NILE.

While at Assouan, Bessie succeeded in carrying out her wish to mount a camel.

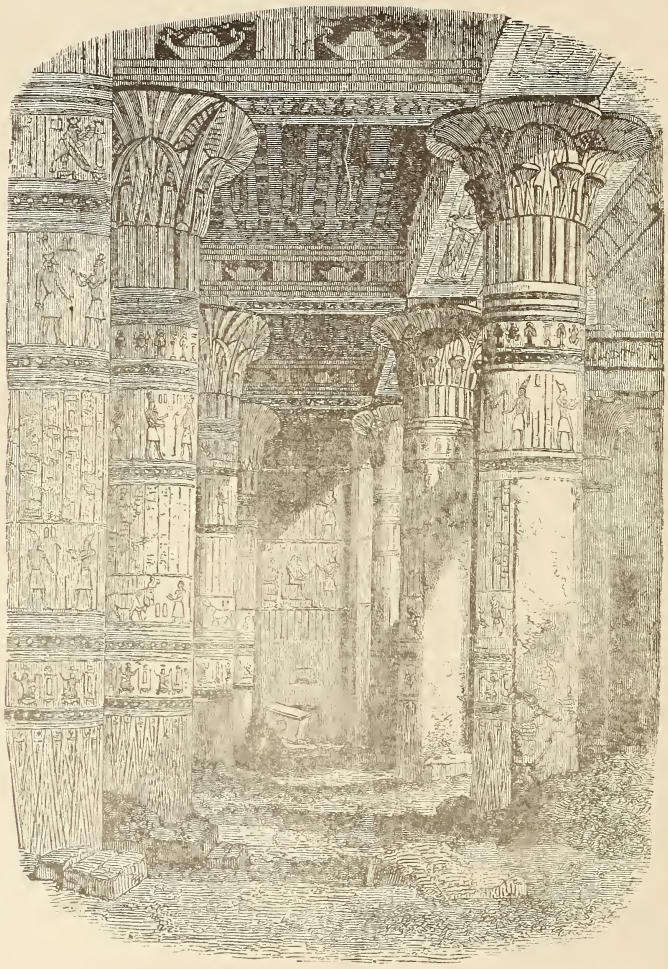
"I never can go home," she said, "without being able to say I have been upon a camel."

So Hassan conferred with a camel driver, and one of the ungainly beasts, be-tasselled and decorated, was brought up to the shore near the boat.

The camel was induced to kneel, and Bessie mounted his back, much as she would a donkey; for the creature was so high, even with his legs doubled under him, that she had to step from Hassan's knee to the saddle,—if saddle it might be called,—a sort of carpet thrown over long poles, and a wooden hump. When she was up, the beast began to rise, and to growl at the same time. She felt herself going higher and higher, as if he were opening like a jack-knife, and it seemed to her as if he had a dozen joints to unbend instead of the number that ordinary animals possess. She looked

down from her height upon the group of her friends, and courageously gave the word to start.

The long stride of the immense creature swayed her back and



PORTICO AT PHILÆ.

forward; her seat was extremely uncertain; but she kept a brave heart, and with Hassan on one side, and the camel-driver on the other, she stalked off into the desert. It was all well enough while the animal went slow; but when her escorts wished to show off his paces, it was fearful. She was tossed up high in the saddle,

and could barely hold on with both hands. The cross camel turned his long neck and eyed her, as if to say, "You won't stay there long, anyhow!"

They seemed to be flying like the wind, and now the wind took her hat; she put up her hand to grasp it; the camel (intentionally, Bessie says) made a sudden swerve, and off she came!

Fortunately her skirt caught as she fell, so that she touched the ground but lightly. The animal instantly stopped. Hassan was picking her up, and the whole party were about her immediately, for the thing happened at but a short distance from the starting point.

"My child! my dear Bessie, are you hurt?" exclaimed Mr. Horner, as he bent over her with a pale face.

She opened her eyes, beheld the great camel standing over her, laughed, and said, "Not in the least; only a little stunned."

"Camel good beast; him never hurt anybody," remarked Hassan re-assuringly.

In fact, Bessie was not hurt in the least; the sand was soft,



A CROUCHING CAMEL.

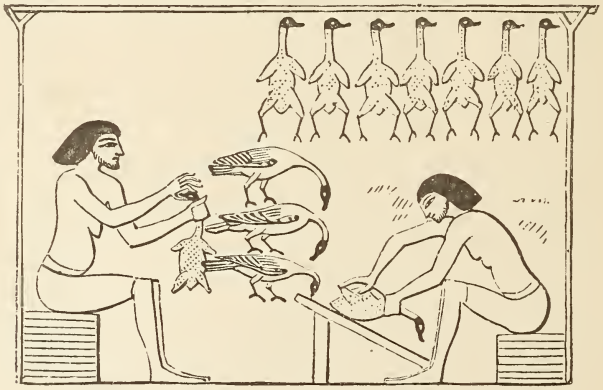
and the pace had not been so swift as it appeared to her in her trouble. She took it very cheerfully, and said that now she had had quite enough camel.

"Bessie," said Philip confidentially, afterwards, "don't you really think you were a fool not to hold on?"

"I just wish you had been there!" she replied indignantly, and walked away.

And now the *Bent-Anat* was ready for the return voyage, and they bade farewell to Nubia, and turned their faces northward; not without wondering what had become of all the companions who had made their party so gay at Thebes.

Buffers and his steamer went no further than Luxor; doubtless by this time they had reached Cairo, and he might be on his way back to Italy, by Brindisi. Several boats had preceded them to Assouan, and were hastening on the north wind through Nubia to Aboo-Simbel. But where, where was the *Syren?*



WALL-PICTURE OF A POULTERER'S SHOP.

CHAPTER XXI.

EDFOO.

LONG did the Horners remember Edfoo, the most important stopping-place on the return, which possesses the monument unrivalled as a perfect specimen of an Egyptian Temple. It is only since 1864 that it has been accessible; up to that time its terraces and walls were covered with the mud-huts of the villagers, and the inside filled with rubbish up to the roof. To clear it out, was one of the first works of Mariette Bey, a learned French explorer, appointed by the late Khedive of Egypt to direct the excavations. It was built as late as the time of the Ptolemies, and therefore has not the merit of extreme antiquity, but has been so preserved, by the very neglect which covered it, as to give the best possible idea of the architectural plan upon which all Egyptian temples were built. In studying it, the Horners grasped the meaning of the terms pylor, propylon, etc.; terms obscured in the other temples they had seen, by the ruinous condition into which they have fallen.

The Egyptian temple was not a place of worship like a church, but a monument erected by some king in honor of one or more divinities to whom he wished to pay homage, either in return for benefits conferred, or in hope of future favors. The king himself is always the principal subject of the sculptures on the walls. The temples were all built on one general plan, which it is easy to follow at Edfoo; viz.: A grand gate of entrance, called a pylon, with pyramidal towers on each side of it, called propylons; this whole front, gate and all, is often spoken of as the propylon. This led through rows of sphinxes to a series of halls or sanctu-

aries, one behind the other, thus making a long building, narrow, in proportion to its length. Sometimes the entrance was prolonged by several pylons. Before the gateways were obelisks or statues of the king.

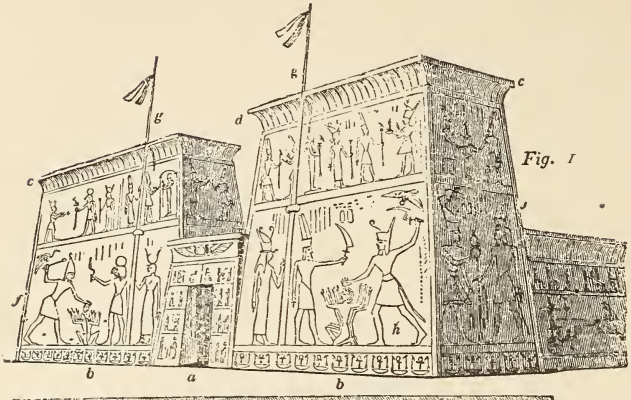


Fig. 1

The *Bent-Anat* made good headway on her homeward course toward Edfoo, but was forced to tie up one evening at the bank several hours distant from that village, for fear of arriving too long after dark. The river was now falling so much, that it

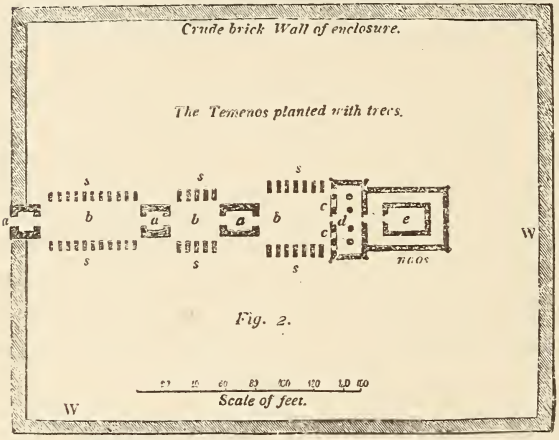


Fig. 2.

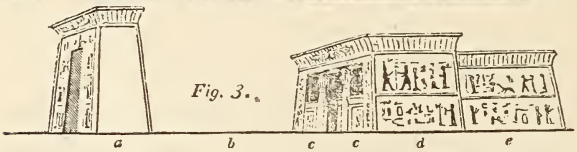


Fig. 3.

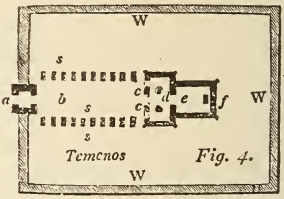


Fig. 4.

EGYPTIAN TEMPLES. (PLAN.)

Fig. 2 is a simple form of a temple, consisting of (*b b b*) the Dromos of sphinxes, *s s s*; three propylons or pylons, *a a a*; the *pronaos* or portico, *d*; and the *adytum* (*sekos*) or sanctuary, *e*, which was either isolated, or occupied the whole of the naos, as in *fig.* 4. *c c* are screens, reaching half way up the columns, as seen in *fig.* 3. In the adytum (*e fig.* 4,) is an altar, *f*. W, W, the wall of the enclosure.

Fig. 1 shows the pyramidial towers (*b*), with the pylon (*a*) between them, and the lines *d d* curving over towards each other, with the colossal figures commonly sculptured on them. *h h*, the colossal figures; *g g*, the flag-staffs; *f*, a torus that runs up the wall, and under the cornice; *c*, fillet of the cornice.

was necessary to exercise caution, to avoid being caught on the

sand-banks likely to appear unexpectedly, in the always-changing channel of the river. In fact, the next morning, when, with the glass, they were trying to make out some signs of their destination in the distance, Philip, looking through it, spied a dahabieh stuck fast in the mud of the river about a mile above Edfoo.

"Do not allow us to get caught that way, Hassan," said Mr. Horner; "we have no time to lose on sand-banks. Tell the reïs to be very careful."

The *Bent-Anat* was so large as to be obliged to keep well out in the stream. As they approached, all watched with curiosity the stranded boat whose name they were likely to recognize; for the craft afloat on the Nile become as well known to each other as the names of the inhabitants of a small country town. Little did they expect, however, to descry, as they did, the pretty pennon and painted title of their consort, the *Syren.*

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when they drew near the stranded boat. A "sandal," or small boat, was immediately launched, and Bessie, with Hassan, was rowed across by two sailors, the *Bent-Anat* keeping still well out in the stream. Edfoo was so near that there would be no difficulty for the smaller boat in getting back, even if the current bore down the larger one. To Bessie's disappointment, she found none of her friends on board. She might have thought that they would naturally avail themselves of the delay to be set ashore, and fortunate it was for the Fords that they were near any thing to fill up the time so important as the temple of Edfoo. She found the sailors were busy occupied in preparing to haul the dahabieh out into the current by main force, having received directions to be all ready, if possible, to start the next morning. Having discovered in very brief time these facts, Bessie and her escorts made all haste to regain the *Bent-Anat.*

"Only think," said Bessie, recounting her adventures to the rest, as soon as she was on deck again, "the boat was all deserted except by that stupid Fanny, the maid they engaged in Alexandria! She talks a dozen languages, and understands none. I do wonder they saddled themselves with her."

"Mrs. Ford said she was a perfect treasure for washing and ironing," said Mrs. Stuyvesant.

"Just think!" said Bessie, "she is making a regular carouse of it now. The saloon is turned into a laundry, and she is drying pocket handkerchiefs and napkins all over the deck. I asked her all sorts of questions, and she only said 'Don't know; don't know.'"

"Did you try her in German?" asked Mary.

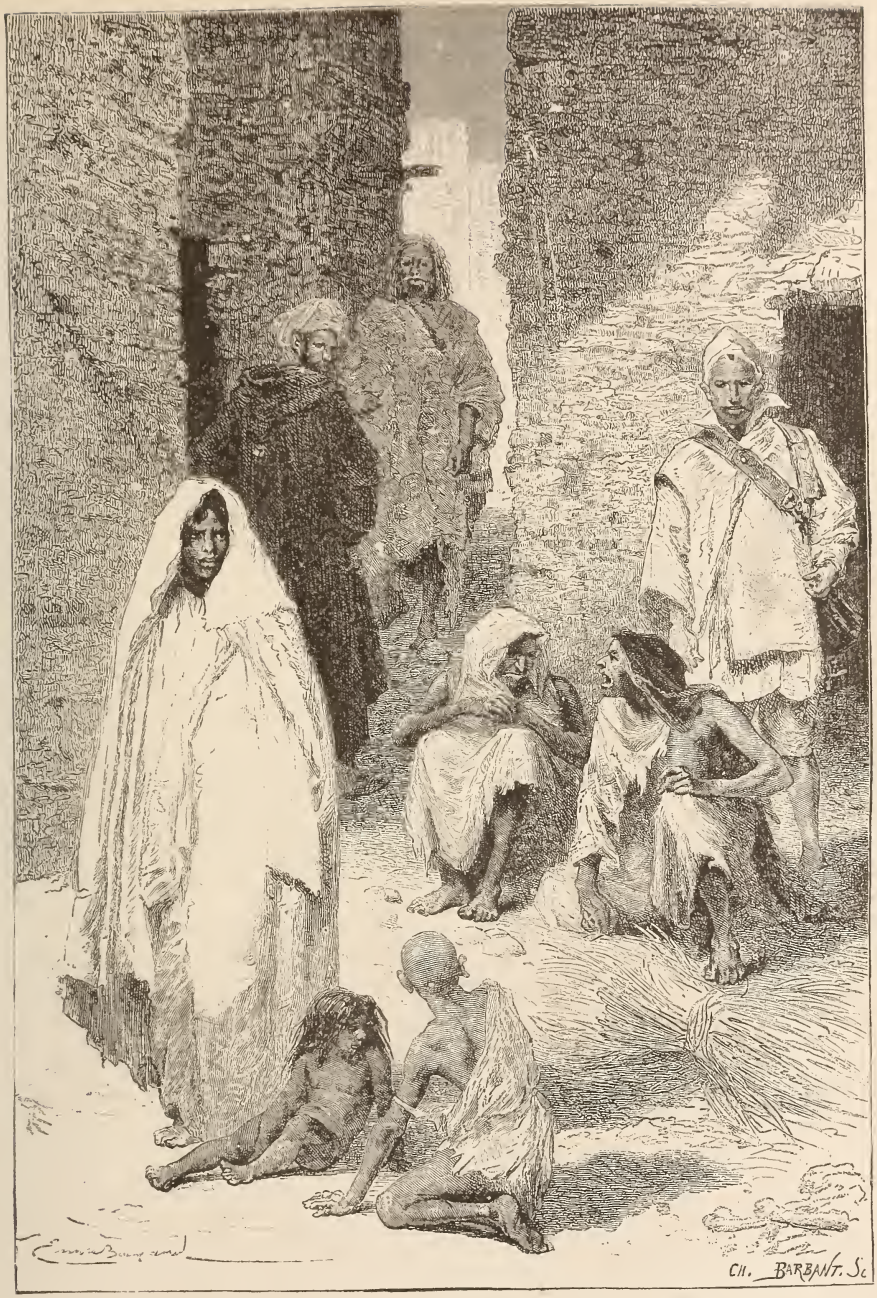
"No; but I do not believe she knows any German that we know any thing about. She says she comes from Try-east." (Trieste).

"Well, I hope she will not try west," said Philip.

This conversation went on as the proud *Bent-Anat* was sweeping down to Edfoo; without mishap, she was moored to the bank, where she was the only lodger. It was too early for the Second Cataract parties, and too late for most of those who visited only the first, on account of the long stoppage our friends had made at various points. Only the poor *Syren* was languishing on the bank above. But Bessie and her party esteemed the detention a lucky one, for they owed to it a new meeting with the pleasant English family, whom they now fully expected to find at the temple.

Accordingly, they made haste to go ashore. Ernest had altogether recovered the use of his foot; as this was probably the last grand expedition of the winter, every one rallied for it, and donkeys were once more put in requisition to convey the whole party. The village is about half a mile from the river-bank, and the temple in the middle of it. Sure enough, they found Miss Mackaye composedly sketching the vista of the corridors from the front entrance; while Mr. and Mrs. Ford, guide-book in hand, were making out the meaning of the pictured walls.

Later, in spite of what followed, the Horners looked back upon the day at Edfoo as one of the pleasantest of the Nile experience. The Professor was full of animation, pointing out the importance of the inscriptions, which are of priceless value to the student of Egyptian history. The uncovering of this temple was like finding an encyclopædia containing lists of cities and temples, fasts and feasts, priests and priestesses, all throwing light on the manners of the people,



EDFOO.

and filling gaps in the knowledge previously possessed, of their religious beliefs.

After examining the courts below, they all climbed to the top of the huge propylon, a long pull of over two hundred stone steps built into the walls. From the top, they looked down upon the whole village. Hundreds of mud huts thatched with palm leaves, and with little roofless court-yards attached, lay below them, and in these little courts they could see every thing the people were doing, all diminished by the distance till they looked like brown dwarfs. The women were cooking, the children quarrelling, dogs basking in the sun, hens scratching and pecking. Beyond the village were barley-fields and cotton-patches, bounded on one side by the river, and on the other by the desert ; in the distance, soft and hazy, stretched the hills about Thebes. Close at hand below them lay the temple ; they could look down upon the pavement of the court, and across to the pillars of the portico. It was almost a bird's-eye view, giving the complete plan of the structure.



FELLAH FATHER.

And thus they spent the whole day until they watched the sunset from the propylon. The hours flew fast, and they lingered long after it grew dark under the influence of the soft air and the bright starlight. While they were thus sitting in groups talking quietly, Philip put his hand on his father's arm and said :

" What is that, father ? See that light ! " Even while he spoke a dim

glow about two miles off, which looked like the premonition of a rising moon, burst into a bright glare, from which shot up flames. It was perceived almost at the same time, by people below in the village: a hubbub instantly arose there; dogs barked; the whole population turned out towards the river. It was evidently a conflagration of some sort, perhaps a burning boat. Yes! suddenly the conviction burst upon every one that it was, it must be, the *Syren!*

All was now haste and confusion. To leave the temple was the leading wish. How Philip got down the stairs, he little knew; his first desire was to hasten to the spot; then he reflected he must not desert the party. A hurried consultation resulted in a division of forces; the ladies were all conveyed to the *Bent-Anat*, while with what speed they could make, the gentlemen, one after another, sped to the scene of conflagration. Before any of them could get there, Hassan had arrived, and, with the Fords' dragoman, had done all he could to save the property on board. Fortunately, not a human being was on the *Syren* at the time it caught fire. All the sailors, and even the foolish Fanny, had gone to a native *fantasia*, or musical entertainment, in the village. In perfect solitude, unwatched by any human being, at the edge of the broad, smooth river, the burning boat blazed and crackled, the flames leaping and dancing with that devouring, rolling sound which no one who has once witnessed a conflagration, can ever forget.



EGYPTIAN GIRL.

The fire had gained so much headway that there was nothing to be done. The appalled group of spectators on the bank, which included the whole village, as well as the persons most interested, watched the devouring flames as they burned fiercely to the water's edge, then dully and unwillingly yielded to the opposite element, and went out, leaving nothing but blackness and ruin.

The night was perfectly still. The wood and other light material

of which the boat was made, gave food to the hungry element without obstruction. The devastation was complete.

Undoubtedly it was in the charcoal-stove, with which Fanny had been heating her irons, that the fire originated. But this could not be proved, and the poor distracted woman, who lost all her own clothes and little effects in the flames, was never accused of being the cause. It was so long that the fire had been under way before any one reached the spot, that very little was saved. Destitute of every thing they had brought with them on the voyage, the Fords now stood by the blackened embers of their boat.



CHAPTER XXII.

LAST NILE DAYS.



FANNY.

IT is needless to say that the hospitable *Bent-Anat* gave shelter to the unfortunate sufferers of the *Syren*. The native sailors, to be sure, drew their pointed hoods on their heads and slept anywhere. Hassan took care of all their rank and file, who made with the other sailors at their end of the dahabieh, a kind of festivity of the occasion, each reciting his part in the strange scene. Little there was to tell of great deeds; for the work of destruction had been as brief as thorough.

At the other end of the boat, hasty couches were made upon the divans of the deck, for all the gentlemen, who surrendered their cabins to Mrs. Ford and her sister, as well as to Fanny, who "took on" more than any one. Her wails and sobs lasted so long, that only a sharp reprimand from Mrs. Stuyvesant put an end to them.

"Fanny!" said she, putting her head into the cabin where the unfortunate maid was sobbing and groaning on the bed, "I should think you would be ashamed to lie whining here when your mistress is in such grief."

Silence in that quarter ensued for the night.

Mrs. Ford was calm and perfectly self-possessed, but her sister, whose health was delicate, struggled in vain against the nervous excitement so naturally following the catastrophe. The two sufferers remained together in the double cabin which had readily been given up to them; but sleep refused to visit their pillows. Late in the evening, Mary softly asked admission; she had a small tray in her hands, on which was a little tea-pot and cups, and entering, she said:

"Mrs. Ford, do not laugh at my prescription. This is some hop-tea which I have made for you. Mamma always carries hops with her, in case we are any of us nervous; and she gave some to me to bring. It is very simple, and I am sure it will make you sleep."

The poor worried ladies, docile from fatigue, accepted the not unpleasantly bitter draught, and Mary was relieved when she came back half an hour later, to find perfect quiet and refreshing sleep prevailing in the little cabin. She administered her hop-tea all round to those who would take it, with the same results.

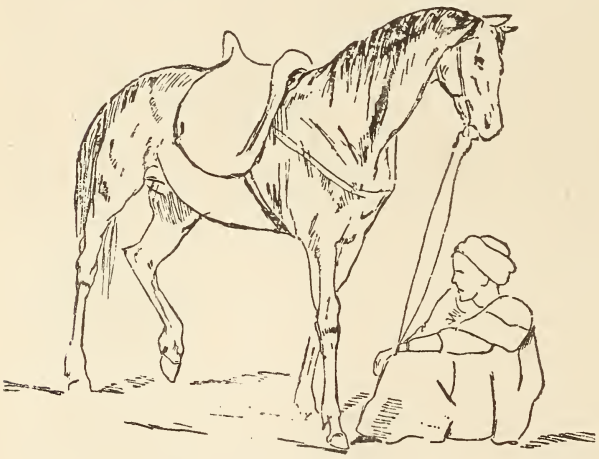
A grand consultation was held on deck the next morning among the gentlemen, Philip also listening and eager, while Mary and Bessie hovered about, in order to offer all sorts of self-sacrifices for the general comfort. Meanwhile, below, Mrs. Stuyvesant, where real kindness now came out effectively, was assuring the English ladies that she and Emily had brought twice as many things as they needed, which Emily abundantly proved by bringing at once an armful of brushes and toilet articles of all sorts, with under-linen and wraps enough to furnish a burnt-out boarding-school.

It was plain that the *Bent-Anat* could not accommodate all her present occupants for even the shortest time that the return to Cairo would occupy. Unfortunately, as has been said, there were no other boats then at Edfoo, the steamers having gone back before, and the dahabiehs being on their way up the river toward the Second Cataract. But there are now other resources on the

Nile; and our party were prepared to acknowledge that the telegraph and the rail of the nineteenth century, though they may mar the harmony of the Egyptian landscape, add, in emergencies like this, to the routine of life. From Asyout to Cairo there are regularly running trains. It was found that by taking a native boat to Luxor, it would be easy to reach Asyout, by a fairly made road, either on horseback or camels.

This idea began by Mr. Horner's saying that it would suit him remarkably well to reach Cairo sooner than would be possible in the *Bent-Anat.* Philip looked at his father in amazement. What Yankee mosquito had stung his parent, whose one travelling motto was, "There is no hurry!" Mr. Ford hastened to add that, he, too, as they knew, felt some haste about his arrival there; for a business friend was already, perhaps, awaiting him.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Stuyvesant; "that disposes of two of us. There must be some way to press on to Cairo by land. I will stay by the ship and look after the ladies; and Philip, you will help me in that arduous task," he added.



MR. HORNER'S PREFERENCE.

But Philip had other ideas. His mind was early inflamed by the idea of riding on a camel from Thebes to Asyout. He kept quiet for the moment, but afterwards, securing his father's private ear, pointed out to him how much better it would be for him to go too, and how evident it was that his room was better than his company on board the *Bent-Anat.*

Thus it was finally arranged, though Mr. Horner and Mr. Ford preferred horses to Philip's camel. But he was indulged in his

wish, and found the motion more agreeable than Bessie did. A brown Berber accompanied him, whose English was limited to as few expressions as Philip's Arabic. He could say "Good-morning!" to which Philip was able to reply, "Taib ketir." Even this did not reduce the party enough for perfect comfort, but a suggestion of the kind-hearted Madame von Lessli made every thing possible.



NILE BOAT.

The Professor was put in Philip's vacant cabin; Mary and Bessie found ample space in the round room at the stern, which had been the exclusive domain of the Lesslis', but which the girls now shared with madame. This left their double cabin for Mrs. Ford and her sister. And thus freighted with a company much larger than is usual on a Nile boat, the *Bent-Anat* once more set forth down the river, leaving the two gentlemen and Philip waiting for a native boat for which Mr. Ford's dragoman, who was engaged to stay with them, was bargaining.

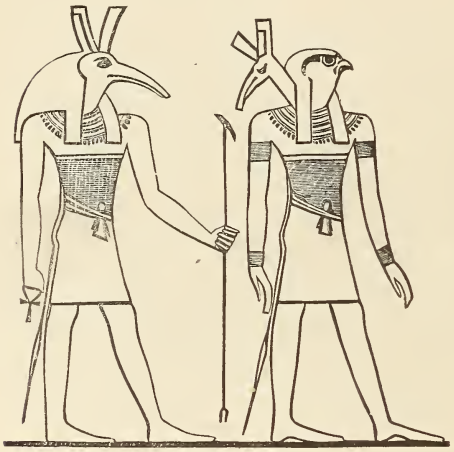
It was not without misgivings that Mr. Horner left his two little girls thus without any natural protector.

"I wish you were coming with us," said Philip to Bessie; "but I suppose you would not care to take to a camel again."

"Not much!" replied Bessie. "It is horrid to part with you, Phil, but I mean to stick to the Professor. There are several things I have not found out yet."

The boys clamored to be allowed to go with their friend Philip; but he did not show the same ardor for their companionship, and Mr. Stuyvesant stopped all discussion at once by a decided negative.

Bessie did stick to the Professor, and these two, whenever there was a chance, stole an excursion to a ruin or a quarry which the others saw not. He was already delighted when his young pupil could read for herself the most familiar symbols upon the sculptured walls, like the *uas*, or sceptre, and the *ankh*, or sign of life, which are represented in the hands of the gods, and always imply godlike attributes. She soon knew how to recognize the different gods as they are represented: Horus, the hawk-headed, as the youthful or Rising Sun; and the wicked Set, who murdered his brother the great Osiris, by a deed which was afterwards avenged by Horus, the son of the latter. Yet Set had his worshippers, who called him the lord of the world; the great "ruler of heaven." He is represented with a human figure, but a strange, monstrous head, half-way between a bird and a quadruped, with square ears, a bill like a stork, and a wig.



FORMS OF SET.

Tum is the type of the setting sun, as it rests upon the western horizon. His ordinary color is red, but he is sometimes painted green. Bessie's personal favorite among these divinities, was the cat-headed goddess Pasht.

The *Bent-Anat* was rapidly drawing near the end of her course, and might on a certain day be expected to reach Cairo before sunset. The pyramids were in sight. A telegram from the nearest station



GROUP OF FELLAHIN.

had been forwarded to this effect to Shepheard's Hotel; and the party who had been enjoying for four months the life of the Nile, were assembled for their last morning, with the added members of the party, upon the pleasant deck. The tables had somewhat a swept and garnished air, for the little trifles belonging to each had already

been packed; but nothing could take away the air of cosiness and comfort which was now associated with the spot where they had passed so many happy hours.

"Bessie, what are you thinking about?" asked Emily Stuyvesant, after she had watched Bessie's absorbed attitude a few moments.


KHUFU.

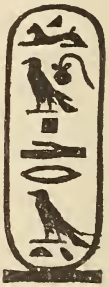

OSIRTASEN I.


THOTMES I.


THOTMES II.


RAMESES II.


HER-HOR.


CLEOPATRA.

"I was thinking over my dynasties," replied Bessie very simply.

"Do you remember," said Mary, "Colonel Leigh's advice to you about them?"

"Oh dear, yes!" replied Bessie. "I wish he could know how well I have got them now in my head, though I am only quite sure of a few, and there are many that I know nothing about. But these dates I know; that is, in a general way, for there are several different systems. This is Mariette's:

B. C. 4000. Khufu, the Pyramid Man; fourth dynasty.

B. C. 3000. Osirtasen I., at Beni-Hassan.

B. C. 1700. Thotmes and Hatasoo, and the rest of the eighteenth dynasty.

B. C. 1400. Rameses the Second, and his relatives of the nineteenth dynasty.

B. C. 1000. Her-Hor, the Priest-king, whose family sepulchre has been just found, and Queen Notem-Maut, of the twenty-first dynasty, after which I know nothing much till B. C. 30, Cleopatra; thirty-fourth dynasty."

She was saying these things over to herself, without expecting the others to listen; but Emily said, "They look so much alike on the walls, I do not see how you can help getting them all mixed up, gods and kings, and all that."

Bessie threw her a glance of silent contempt, and walked away.



ONE OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SURPRISE.

SO one beautiful afternoon early in March, Philip and his father were waiting at Boulak for the arrival of the *Bent-Anat*, whose huge sail they had long been watching in the distance. Thanks to Philip's fleet and soft-footed camel, and the more modern and fleeter slave of the nineteenth century, the steam-engine,



ARABS.

they had already been more than a week in Cairo. Mr. Horner walked about with restless energy; as for Philip, he was in the highest excitement.

"Here she comes at last! hurrah! hurrah!" he cried. Their excitement was in strange contrast to the indifference of the Arabs squatting about. Their friends on the dahabieh were crowding to



SELLING BREAD.

OFFERING WATER TO TRAVELLERS.

BEDOUIN GIRLS.

the edge, waving their handkerchiefs in greeting. As the boat came close to the shore, a carriage drove up, from which sprang Mr. Ford, who demanded, "Not too late?"

"No; they are just arrived!" cried Philip.

Great was the rejoicing at this safe and happy meeting; but Philip did not even yet seem satisfied.

"Hurry, hurry, girls!" he said. "Never mind your traps! Hassan will take care of them. Come along to the carriage!"

"But we must say good-by to Madame von Lessli."

"No matter for her. You'll see her later."

Ernest and Augustine were clinging to Philip in their joy at seeing him again, but he scarcely took any notice of them. In a very short time the Horners were whirled away from all their late companions, on the road to Cairo.

"And now, surprise *one*," said Philip. "May I tell, papa?"

His father nodded.

"We are not going back to Shepheard's. We have taken a little apartment on the other side of the Esbekiah."

"How jolly! how splendid!" exclaimed the girls. "But what is surprise *two?*"

"Well," said Philip, "you will see somebody there you will like to see very much."

"Mr. Her—!" exclaimed Bessie, jumping at this conclusion on account of the letter in his handwriting, which Philip had seen at Luxor.

But Mr. Horner, laughing, interrupted her, and said:

"We have promised not to answer any questions or guesses; so let us change the conversation."

"Yes," said Philip. "We will talk about the camel. Bessie, which do you like best, that front and backward motion, or the up and down?"

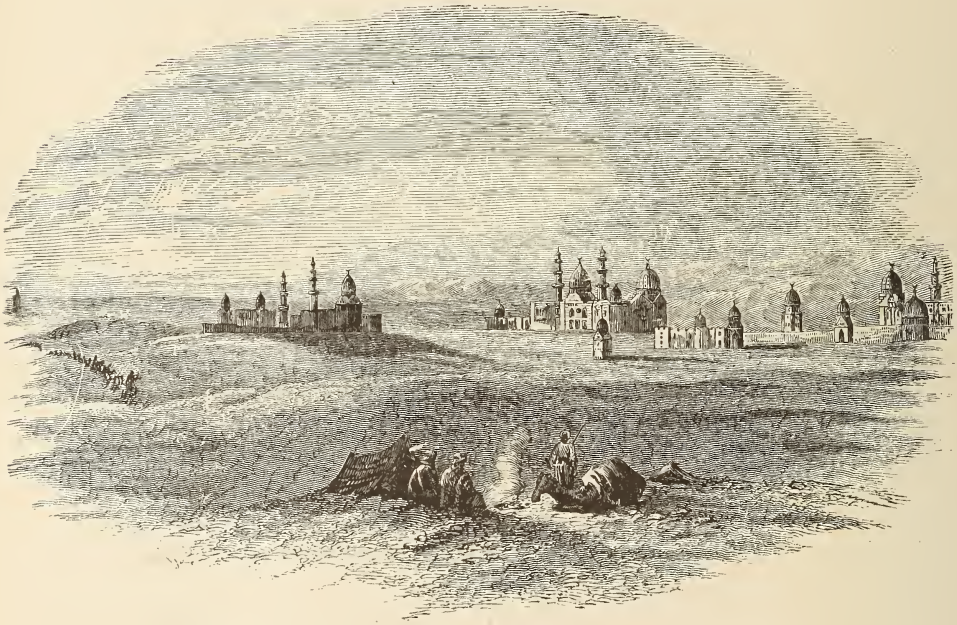
"I like least the sideways motion," she replied; "for that was what pitched me off; but, oh dear, how slow these horses are!"

She leaned forward and said a few Arabic words she had picked up, to the driver, at which he grinned and cracked his whip

Soon the carriage was whirling over the road at a rate which made the dust fly. They drew up before a small hotel, close upon the street, facing the Esbekiah garden. There was a little balcony over the front door, and in that balcony, oh! could they believe it? they saw,—

Mary and Bessie sprang out, they knew not how. In a moment they were folded in the arms of their dear mother, and,—yes, it was she,—Miss Augusta Lejeune; while Tommy himself, the veritable boy, yelled, turned somersets, and climbed all over his father, who stood, with Philip, watching the success of surprise number two.

Much was to be explained; but first they withdrew into their



DISTANT MOSQUES.

apartment, where the girls looked round with delight. A little salon, prettily furnished in French style, with light chintz, mirrors and gilt ornaments, even the inevitable clock and candlesticks on the mantelpiece, opening by broad windows upon a charming balcony. Doors on either side led to sleeping rooms, and

FROM THE CITADEL.

above, they were assured, were equally pleasant ones to accommodate their whole party.

"How nice! we are only ourselves now, without any outsiders!" exclaimed Mary, looking round at the dear faces; at Miss Lejeune, who, bright and animated, already seemed to take back her important place in the party; at Mrs. Horner, whose eyes kept filling with tears as she looked once more upon her children, and at Tommy, who had assumed a new air of dignity and importance.

"Why, Tommy!" she exclaimed, "how much bigger you are than the Stuyvesant boys!"

"I always was," replied Tommy proudly. "Mr. Hervey says" —

"Mr. Hervey!" exclaimed the newcomers. Philip had grasped Tommy's head in both hands to stop the word, but it was too late; no matter, for at the same moment, steps were heard running lightly up the stairs, and Mr. Hervey entered.

"Am I too late?" he exclaimed. "I was detained by Mr. Ford. Yes! they are here, Mary! Bessie!"

"The very thing I was wishing!" cried Bessie; "for now our own dear party is really complete!"

"Explain! explain!" said Mary; "is this the *Arabian Nights*? have you a travelling carpet, or am I dreaming?"



THE JOLLY LANDLORD.

"Let us come and dine," said Mrs. Horner, "and postpone explanations."

These apartments were in a small hotel kept by a Frenchman, himself an unrivalled *maitre de cuisine*. As they discussed his excellent *menu*, all was explained, as follows: When uncle Horatio announced his attention of settling in Keene for the rest of the winter, Mrs. Horner felt that her occupation was gone, especially as her mother's

health was remarkably restored. She wrote thus to Miss Lejeune, who was thoroughly vexed that the Horatio Seatons should have made up their minds so late that the Horners' winter was completely broken up. She seated herself at once to answer the letter, expressing these sentiments.

"I wish," she added, "that we had not been in such a hurry; for after all, I could have gone myself perfectly well. My shares have gone up, and there is plenty of money, but,

"'Too late, too late, we cannot enter now!'"

Miss Lejeune sent off the letter, and was brooding over the situation and her little fire, one evening at dusk, when she was surprised by the entrance of Mr Hervey.

"How delightful!" she said; "what brings you to New York?"

"An idea!" replied Mr. Hervey, "and the wish that you should lend yourself to it. Ford, the man I went to London to see, is in Egypt. The affairs that we manage in common have become complicated, and it is quite desirable that I should talk them over with him. Nothing would suit me better than to make a run to Cairo, where he is to be in a month or so. Now it occurs to me" —

"Of course, it occurs to you, and to me also, that you will take Mrs. Horner and Tommy with you. It is a shame that they were left behind! Where is my letter? It is just gone. We will write another."

"Yes, another, saying that if they will go, you will too."

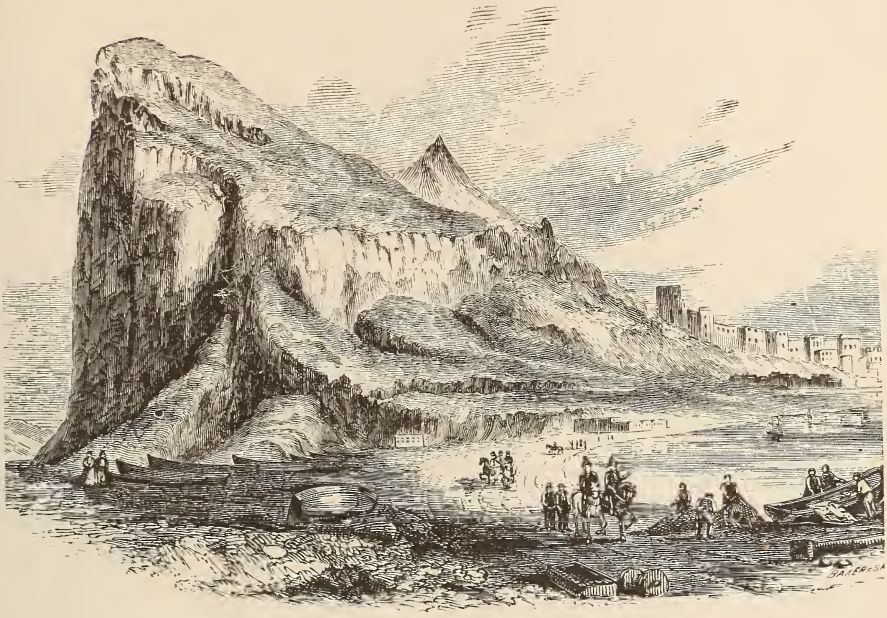
Miss Lejeune, paused as she stood before her davenport, pen in hand; she smiled.

"I did not think of that," she said, then looked down, hesitated, then directly added, "but I will, of course."

The letter was sent; what was more, Mr. Hervey thought it best to go to Keene himself, to add personal persuasion. The result was the happy meeting lately described.

The little party took a steamer for Gibraltar, and while there actually slipped over to Morocco for a day or two.

"We wished to be even with the rest of you," said Miss Lejeune, "so that when you talk of ancient temples, we can respond with



GIBRALTAR.

our Moorish Court. We longed to see more of Spain, however. Only think of being within three hours of the Alhambra!"

"And then you came across the Mediterranean direct?" asked Mary.

"Yes; we waited, you see, for the P. and O. steamer from Southampton."

"And so that really was a letter from Mr. Hervey, that Philip gave to Mr. Ford."

"Yes!" cried Philip; "and papa had a letter from him too, and from mamma, and that was what made him so jolly."

"How mean, mamma, to conceal it from us!" said Bessie, taking her hand as she spoke, for she was sitting next her.

"I know it, my dear, and I had many misgivings; for you know I hate surprises. But Mr. Hervey was bent on keeping up the mystery, and he and Tommy made us promise."

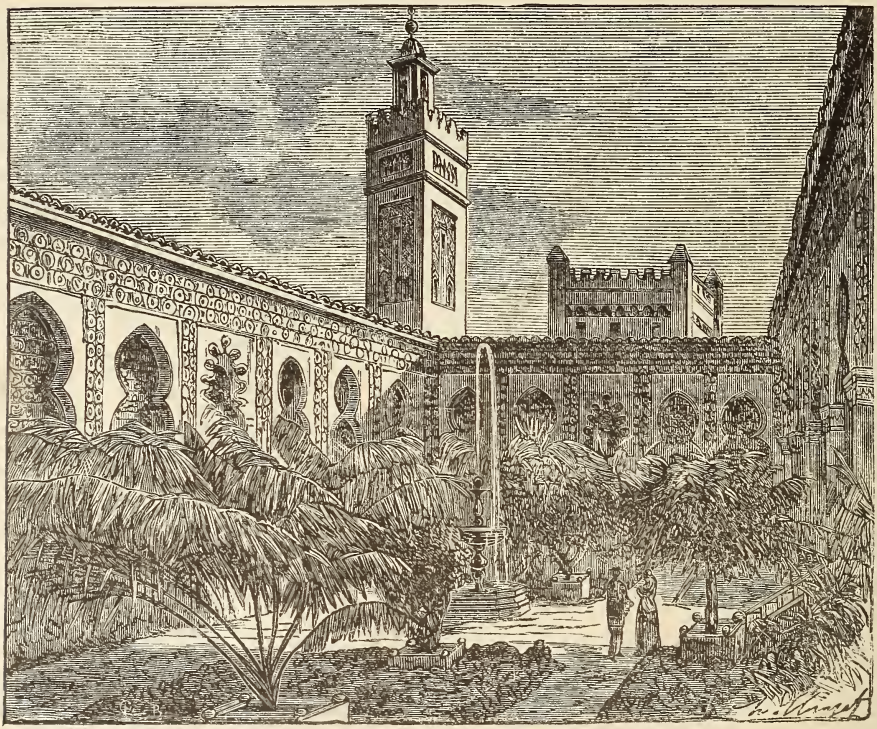
"Oh!" said Tommy, who was now pulling off the peel of his third mandarin orange, "it was half the fun to have a secret. I was in such a hurry to get here, though!"

"How long have you been here?" said Mary; "I cannot seem to understand it."

"About two weeks," replied Miss Lejeune; "and we have already been sight-seeing. What did you see in Cairo before you left?"

"The pyramids," remarked Bessie.

She glanced at Philip, to see whether he wished to dilate upon



MOORISH COURT.

that experience. Mary looked up at him also; then they all shouted with laughter.

"Is the pyramids a joke?" asked Tommy; "we have not been there yet."

"Yes; it is a sort of circus, Tommy," replied Phil, "for little boys

like you and the Stuyvesants; but we will tell you about that another time."

"I want to see Mr. Stuyvesant, worst kind," said Tommy.

"Did he know they were coming?" asked Mary of Phil.

"I will tell you about that," Philip replied; "papa kept the secret to himself until the *Syren* was burnt" —

"Wasn't that dreadful, mamma!" cried the girls.

"My dear!" interpolated Miss Lejeune.

"Then when we had that conference," he continued, "it all came out that Mr. Ford wanted to see Mr. Hervey, and so papa told me it really was *our* Mr. Hervey, and that you were all to be here on the tenth of February. I thought I should jump out of my skin, and I convinced papa that if he did not bring me, I should have to let the cat out of the bag."

"On the whole," said Bessie, "I am glad we did not know; we should have been so impatient."

And she hugged her mother again.

"But where is papa?"

"He went back to Shepheard's," said Mr. Hervey; "I saw him there."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAIRO AGAIN.

THE happy Horners, restored to each other, and their party reduced to its original limits, found so much to talk about that they hardly cared to step outside their pleasant salon; Mary and Bessie, after the contracted quarters of the *Bent-Anat*, found their large and convenient room very agreeable. But their thoughts were constantly reverting to their Nile trip, and to the kind friends with whom it was made, and with whom they had become so intimate. The rest of the *Bent-Anat* people were all at Shepheard's, but the two parties met constantly, and combined to make expeditions to see the wonders of Cairo.

A large delegation visited together the citadel, whence the Nile travellers looked wistfully along the green belt which marks the course of the river.

"Whoever has tasted the water of the Nile, will return again to drink of it," says the Oriental proverb; and they were already homesick for the dahabieh.

There they were shown the spot of the fatal leap of the last of the Mamelukes.

The Mamelukes were a body of soldiery who ruled Egypt for several centuries. They were introduced into the country by a certain Sultan, to be his bodyguard, in the thirteenth century, a set of Asiatic captives purchased from the wild chief Genghis Khan. They rose to such power as to control the whole country and choose their own commanders from among themselves; and, strange to say, this sort of rule lasted until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

It was this long line of Mameluke Sultans who adorned Cairo with beautiful mosques, and under their rule, literature and art flourished.

When Egypt became a province of the Ottoman Empire, an at-



EL KAIT BEY.

tempt was made to conciliate the Mamelukes, and twenty-four of their chiefs, or beys, were appointed governors of provinces; but they were always quarrelling among themselves, and with every one else. Napoleon defeated sixty thousand of them at the battle of the Pyramids; but at the end of the French occupation, Mahomet Ali,

who now came upon the scene, found them still ripe for revolt. There was a constant struggle between him and them for supremacy, amounting to civil war. Treacherous massacres, horrible butchery, ensued. Finally, by professions of friendship, Mahomet Ali beguiled four hundred and seventy of the chiefs into the citadel, and then closed the gates, and ordered his soldiers to fire upon them. Very few escaped. One is said to have leaped his horse from the high ramparts, where the place is still shown, and to have alighted uninjured, though the horse was killed by the fall. He fled, and made his way to Syria. This attack was the signal for an indiscriminate slaughter of the Mamelukes throughout Egypt; and thus the last of them were destroyed, and Mahomet Ali's power secured. The treachery and cruelty thus practised upon them, excites a sort of sympathy for the beys, not, however, justified by their own ferocious characters.



MOSQUE IN THE CITADEL.

The citadel was built by Saladin, in the twelfth century. It is in itself a small town, and contains many objects worth seeing; but the mosque of Mahomet Ali has not the pure Oriental character of the older mosques of Cairo; we must regret the old palace of Saladin, which was pulled down in 1829, to make room for it, and which contained a hall supported upon columns of rose granite. From the platform outside the mosque is a grand view of the city.

The mosque of the Sultan Hassan, in front of the citadel, is the finest in Cairo; this, and several other ruined mosques, form

the chief monuments of artistic interest within the walls, as beautiful specimens of Arab architecture.

The fundamental idea of a mosque is always an open court sur-



CALL TO PRAYER.

rounded by a carved cloister with double rows of columns supporting pointed arches, or else vaulted roofs. One of these cloisters, deeper than the rest, is the sanctuary, with a raised floor, where the worshippers of Mahomet prostrate themselves at Friday prayers, with their faces turned toward the Mihrab (niche) in the centre of the east wall, framed with rich carving and inscriptions. This marks the direction of Mecca, the sacred city of their religion.

Near it is a pulpit, and the platform where the Koran is read aloud. Often the tomb of the founder is near the sanctuary, with a dome over it; minarets rise from the corners of the cloister, or elsewhere: these are slender towers with balconies, and a winding staircase inside, by which the priest mounts to chant the famous *muezzin* call to prayer.

Inside the mosques are beautiful horseshoe, or painted arches; a frieze of Kufic letters; some verse out of the Koran runs over them. Colored glass gives a dim light that is very beautiful, and at night colored lamps hang from the ceiling.



POOR RELATIONS.

Mr. Hervey, Miss Lejeune, and Mary, were the members of our party who most faithfully studied the mosques, led to it by their devotion to art and architecture. The minaret and dome of the mosque of Kait Bey, the nineteenth Sultan of the Mamelukes, who is buried there, are very elegant and graceful.

Bessie and her Professor spent hours in the Museum of Antiquities, at Boulak, now especially interesting for its recent accessions. There can be no doubt that the vault in which these various mummies and funereal treasures were found, was the family sepulchre of the priest-kings of the twenty-first dynasty. This dynasty was founded by Her-Hor, high-priest of Ammon, of the Great Temple of Ammon, at Thebes, who, towards the close of the twentieth dynasty, at a time the throne of the last Rames-

sides was tottering to its foundations, either inherited the crown by right of descent, or seized it by force. According to some authorities, Queen Notem-Maut was a princess of the Rameses blood, and mother of Her-Hor; according to others, she was his wife. In any case, her name is always surrounded by the oval, or cartouche, which is the emblem of royalty; whereas, it was not till he had reigned more than five years, that Her-Hor ventured to assume this distinction.

Meanwhile, Tommy, with his old friend Mr. Stuyvesant, and sometimes joined by Philip and the two Stuyvesant boys, went the round of the amusements of the place. They saw the dancing dervishes whirling about in their mad religious dance, accompanied by hideous music; the street jugglers, and other amusing Eastern sights.

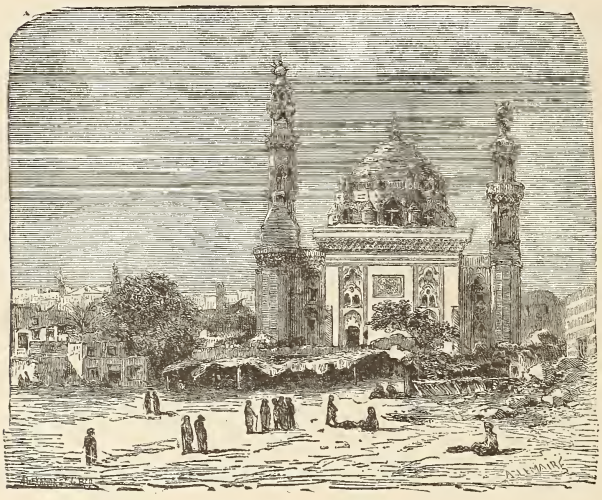
A long and interesting day was passed at the Pyramids; more successful than the hurried excursion with which the winter began. This was considered the final picnic before the little circle of Nile voyagers should break up; and some on donkeys, some in carriages, all assembled at the foot of the Grand Pyramid. Mr. and Mrs. Ford, with her sister, were there. They had decided to stay in Cairo for a while, to test the benefit of the climate. Mrs. Stuyvesant and Emily came,— kind Mrs Stuyvesant, full of praise of the Horner children, which she poured into the ears of their gratified mamma,— Miss Emily, confessing that though the Nile trip was amusing, she thought there was rather too much of it, and looking forward with pleasure to fresh dresses and a summer at Baden. Madame von Lessli was there, much pleased to meet again Miss Lejeune, whom she had first seen in Switzerland.

"Ah, my dear friend," she said in German, "I have been so happy that my man has at last his fill of Egypt. Now will we go back to our household. I shall be glad to have done once more with wandering."

Mr. Stuyvesant and Philip climbed to the top of the pyramid; Ernest and Augustine omitted the ceremony this time, but all the boys went in and round and through the inner passages, and saw all that was to be seen of this greatest of monuments.

The second pyramid, that of Khafra, is a little smaller than the first,

but remarkable for having kept some of the original casing at the top; and the third, which is less than half as big as the others, is still partly encased with polished red granite, which gives it the name of the Red Pyramid.



MOSQUE OF HASSAN.

The approach to this platform of pyramids was formerly guarded by the Sphinx, who still sits there, the symbol of Horus in the horizon; it is an immense man-headed lion, cut out of a projecting rock, whose original form may have suggested this shape. There is a sanctuary between its forepaws, believed to be older than the Great Pyramid. It is in great part buried in the sand, but its enormous head and shoulders, in spite of the mutilation of the face, have a strangely impressive aspect.

Not far from the Sphinx, indeed, in its very shadow, Hassan, who was still retained by the *Bent-Anat* party, spread and superintended their last picnic lunch together. It was gay, and yet a little sad, for the party was so soon to be broken up.

Mrs. Horner and Miss Lejeune professed to find themselves "out in the cold," when they failed to understand the allusions to things which had occurred on the Nile; but their very ignorance gave a fine opportunity for the others to fight their battles o'er again; and, all talking at once, they attempted to inform these fresh minds with the whole of Egyptian mythology and history, as well as with the amusing incidents of the trip.

After lunch, as usual, the party broke up into little groups. Plans were talked over, and different routes discussed. As Mrs. Stuyvesant

and Emily were tired of the East, that family meant to return to Europe after a short stay in Cairo. Tommy teased Mr. Stuyvesant to come with them into Palestine; for the Horners, with a new lease of life, made by the addition to their party, or rather by its restoration to its old proportions, now looked forward joyfully to a short excursion through the Holy Land. Mr. Horner had engaged Hassan to be their dragoman in the expedition, and Hassan was already busy about tents and such matters.

"Oh, do go with us, Mr. Stuyvesant!" said Tommy.

"Impossible, my boy!" replied that gentleman. "You would not come up the Nile with me, and now I must refuse you. But, Horner," he added, "I think I will take my boys as far as Port Saïd, when you go. They will like to see the Canal."

This was joyfully received. Philip was really getting so fond of his satellites, that he was sorry to part with them. The ladies were perfectly willing to be left at Shepheard's.

As the day drew to a close, and they were thinking of the return to Cairo, a tall figure with a long shadow accompanying it over the sand, was seen coming up to them almost running.

It was Buffers. "I just heard from some of your people that you were here, Miss Mary. When did you return from the river?"

"And you," she said, "how long have you been here?"

"Oh! our steamer arrived some weeks ago. I have been down to Damietta, on the Eastern branch of the Nile."

"Mamma, you remember Mr. Buffers," said Mary.

"Why, Mrs. Horner!" exclaimed that amazed youth.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CANAL.



STATION MASTER.

THE day of departure arrived, and after affectionate farewells to all their friends in Cairo, the Horner party drove to the station, bound for Suez. As usual, the station-master waved them to their places, and the stolid policeman watched over their baggage. The sailors of the *Bent-Anat*, and two or three of those belonging to the unfortunate *Syren*, who had turned up at Cairo, stood about the door of the hotel, and shook hands all round, a liberal backsheesh to each having heightened their natural emotions at parting with such kind employers. The little Ali showed much grief; Mary and Bessie had given him some picture-books, and other trifles, and Tommy pressed into his hands, at the last moment, a Japanese kite which he had brought all the way from New York, but found inconvenient in re-packing his trunk.

After all, Mr. Stuyvesant and the boys did not accompany the Horners to Port Saïd. Miss Emily had caught a heavy cold on leaving the dahabieh for the hotel, and her father did not like to leave her mother alone with her. He went to the station and saw them off.

"Dear Mr. Stuyvesant," said Mary, "we owe the whole journey to you; for if you had not put papa up to it, we should not have come this year, if ever!"

"Well, we have had a pretty good winter, have we not?" said he.

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed all. The train shrieked, and rolled out of the station.

"How long it is since we have done any railway!" exclaimed Mary.

"Only you and I, Mary," replied Bessie; "for the rest have had more of it."



POLICEMAN.

"And here we are again, just our snug old party!" said Tommy, "Mr. Hervey and all."



THE TICKET-TAKER.

It was really very wonderful. There was so much talking to do, picking up episodes that had not been described, that they let the scenery outside the windows slip by almost unnoticed; but it was not especially interesting in that part of the country, and seemed commonplace to those who had been up the Nile. But to the others, the strange figures they saw were a new and unfailing source of amusement,—after the river. They passed the ruins of Bubastis, where the cat-headed goddess Pasht once had her temple; they paused at the modern flourishing town of Zagazig, where a

market was going on, and the "rag-bags" were thronging the place; a sight with which they were now familiar.

They went directly to Suez, in order to traverse the full extent of the Suez Canal from one end to the other, but did not make a long stay there; there was, however, time for Mr. Hervey the energetic, with Mary and Tommy, to make a short trip to "Ain

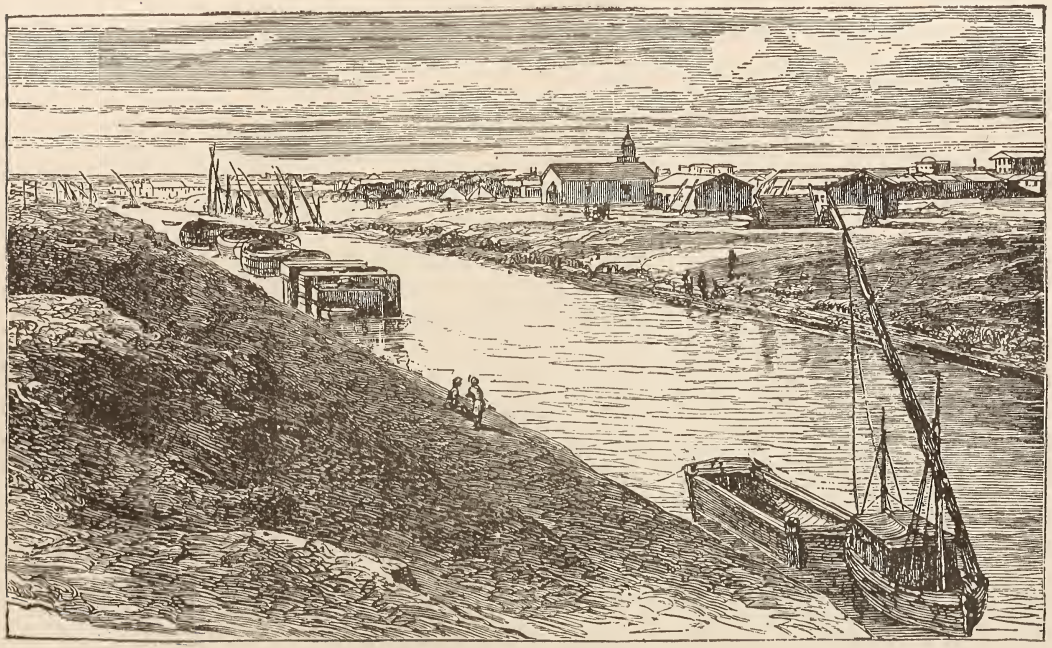


RED SEA.

Moosa," a sort of picnic place, associated by tradition with the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites, though with no good authority.

The Horners returned in a steamer to Ismaïlia, a modern town which owes its existence to the Suez Canal; a day was sufficient for a glimpse at its mushroom growth, and then they took a boat to Port Saïd, on the Mediterranean, at the upper end of the wonderful Canal which has altered the geography of two continents.

The length of the Canal is one hundred miles, its depth twenty-six feet, and its width from seventy to three hundred feet. It is a series of cuttings, to connect natural bodies of water which were found on its route, the Bitter Lakes, Lake Timsah and Lake Mensaleh. It



VIEW ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

was built at immense cost by the Suez Canal Company, under the direction of the celebrated French engineer, M. de Lesseps; with the material aid of Saïd Pacha, it was begun in 1839, by the forced



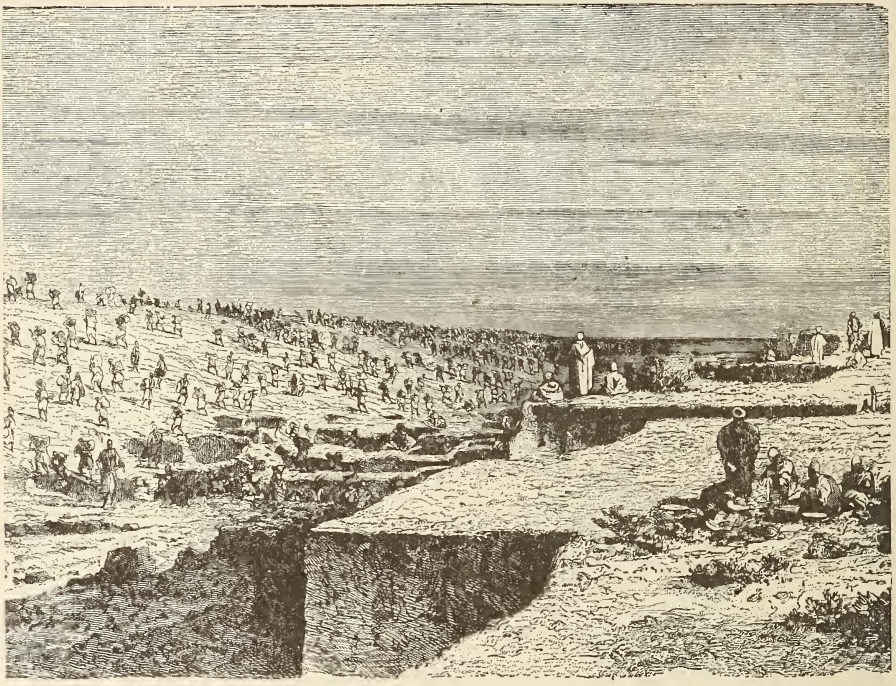
AT ZAGAZIG.

labor of thousands of Egyptian *fellahin;* but their place was supplied afterwards by a variety of ingenious machines, by which all difficulties were overcome. The Canal was opened with Oriental rejoicings, and in the presence of guests from all parts of the world, in 1869. Since that time it has proved itself an entire success,

the receipts being nearly double the working expenses of the Canal.

Port Saïd is chiefly interesting for its breakwaters, more than a mile and a half long, which enclose a harbor from which they are intended to keep out the drifting sand; constant dredging is needed to preserve the required depth, however.

The gentlemen were more interested in the constructions con-



FELLAHIN AT WORK ON THE CANAL.

nected with the Canal, than were the ladies, who did little sight-seeing at Port Saïd, but stayed quietly at the hotel. An Austrian Lloyd steamer, eighteen hours from Alexandria, which called at Port Saïd with Hassan on board, and the same excellent French cook who had provided such good dinners on the Nile, took them up, also, and they were now on their way to Jaffa. This was a smaller steamer than any they had been on since their summer trips on the Lakes of Switzerland; but unlike any of them, it was built for rough sea weather, which they were told they might well expect before reaching Jaffa the next morning. Nevertheless, with

stout hearts they established themselves comfortably on deck, and watched the receding shores of Africa.

"Perhaps that is the last we shall ever see of that country," remarked Bessie, "and now we are coming to Asia."

"Europe, Asia, and Africa," repeated Tommy; "what immense travellers we are!"

"Bessie," said her father, pinching her cheek, "has fairly done her duty by the Egyptians. She knows more than any of us."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Horner, "that they have been too much for her. She looks pale, and I think she has Rameses still on her mind."

"It is not Rameses, mamma, so much as the Ptolemies," replied Bessie simply.

"Oh, stop that, now!" exclaimed Philip; "Bessie, you are growing perfectly tiresome; you are just like a child in a book!"

Bessie looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then laughed, shook herself, and said, "I believe I am, or like Alice in *Wonderland*, — only somebody in the Queen's dream. I will stop it at once, Philip, and come out."

"Bessie is a dear, good-natured child!" exclaimed Miss Lejeune; and so she was, and wholly unaffected in her fondness for finding out things. Her interest in the Egyptian dynasties was as natural as collecting postage-stamps is to some children; in fact, Bessie had already been through that fever.



ADRIAN.

Familiar now with the leading ancient dynasties of Egypt, she wished to fit into a harmonious line of sequence the other scattered facts she knew. A little more study made clear the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great, B. C. 332, and the era of Greek rule in Egypt. After the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra, B. C. 30., it became a Roman province.

The visit of Adrian, the Roman emperor, is pleasantly described in Eber's novel, *der Kaiser;* this occurred in 122 A. D. Five hundred years later the country fell into the hands of despots. Sala-

din built the citadel in 1160; then followed the Mameluke Sultans, and so on to the time when Mahomet Ali made himself the strong power. Egypt reached its lowest point under Ismaïl, when it was so in debt that foreign powers had to take its finances in hand. From that depth it is now rising, it may be to heights of grandeur like the periods of its old fame.

The long episode of Cleopatra's career forms a part of Egyptian history as well as of that of Rome. This wonderful woman had the skill to subdue, by her personal charms, both Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony, and thus to hold in her own hands the rule of Egypt. Her life was a series of pleasures and crimes, ending in a tragedy. She was thirty-nine years old when she died, having reigned twenty-two years, during which she may be said to have been the cause, either direct or indirect, of disgrace and death to all who fell under the influence of her attractions.

"A perfectly hateful, horrid old woman!" cried Bessie.

"She must have been very fascinating, Bessie," said Mr. Hervey; "if she were alive now, perhaps she would invite us to a feast on her barge, like that dinner she gave to Antony and his generals, when she drank a pearl dissolved in vinegar."

"I should not wish to dine with a person who killed her own brother, and had her sister murdered," repeated Bessie.

"But you must remember how delightful she was," continued Mr. Hervey, to tease her; "she was not an old woman either, only thirty-nine when she died; she devoted all her beauty and sweetness and gayety to turning the heads of her lovers. She was full of wit, and she could speak and understand Greek, Egyptian, Ethiopic, Troglodytic, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac."

"I don't care," said Bessie, half-smiling, "if she had also talked Italian, Spanish, German, and American, which I suppose she did not, as they were not invented, I should still have hated her."

"Well, perhaps you are right," said Mr. Hervey, giving up the argument "We will consider it settled that she was a horrid old woman; that is, if you will agree to read Shakespeare's

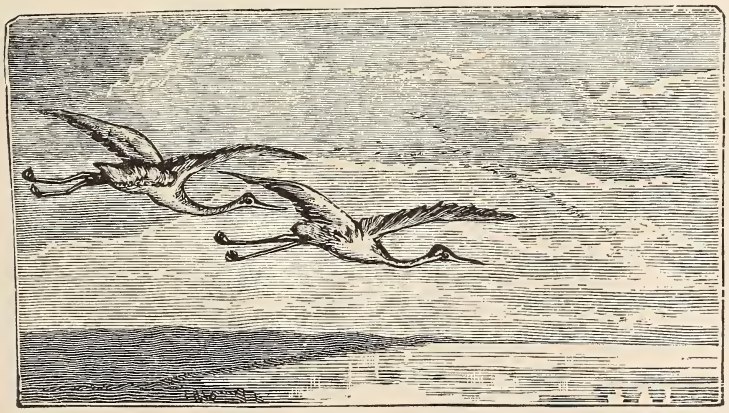
Antony and Cleopatra as soon as you come within reach of it."

The *Pluto* was a pretty little steamer, crowded with a motley mass of pilgrims of the Greek Church, on their way to Jerusalem, oddly dressed in all manner of colors.

At night the ladies and the two girls, Mary and Bessie, were all crowded into one large cabin, which had berths enough and to spare, but very little room. However, the weather was lovely, the sea as smooth as glass, in spite of all predictions to the contrary, and the table excellent.

About ten in the morning they approached the shores of another continent. Asia offers at Jaffa a rough reception, for the only excuse for a harbor is a row of sharp low rocks, like the well-worn teeth of some monster. The party, with their effects, were separated from each other and put into little boats, which, guided by skilful Arab oarsmen, bobbed and danced upon the waves, watching a chance to slip between the ugly low rocks. It seemed hopeless, but they all found themselves safe upon the pier.

"See the storks!" exclaimed Tommy, as they were sailing away from Port Saïd. "They are flying North."



LEAVING EGYPT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PALESTINE.

JAFFA, the ancient Joppa, is called by tradition the most ancient town in the world. It was at this port that the cedar and pine from Lebanon were landed for the building of Solomon's temple. Jonah embarked from Joppa; Peter the apostle, lived in the house of Simon the tanner, which is still pointed out, and from its flat roof there is a lovely view of the surrounding country and the Mediterranean. It is now a dirty Eastern town, with narrow, crooked streets going up and down hill.

A rabble of natives beset the newly-arrived travellers; but Hassan piloted them through the crowd, and to the hotel, where, however, they were to make no stay; for a troop of horses, mules, and donkeys, was already before the door, awaiting their pleasure, which was to push on at once towards Jerusalem.

As yet no railroad spoils the romance, or promotes the ease, of travelling in Syria. It must all be done on horseback; the baggage transported on mules or donkeys, and, as inns are rare, tents must be the shelter for many a night. One plan, and the most usual, is to start with the tents at Jaffa, and encamp continuously through the whole trip, which is, of course, longer or shorter, according to the decision of the tourist. The grand tour includes the whole of Galilee, with all the points of interest connected with the life of our Saviour, from Jerusalem through Galilee to Damascus.

It is, however, possible to see a great many interesting places in less time than is required for this long and costly excursion; the more moderate plan also recommends itself as less fatiguing and less exposed for ladies. This had been decided upon, therefore, in

the beginning, according to the usual standard of the Horners, of not to overdo any undertaking.

Although Miss Lejeune, who loved horseback riding, and was an excellent traveller, might have preferred the extended trip, and though the girls and Philip were of course wild for it, it was under-



NORTHERN END OF THE CANAL.

stood at first that it was not to be thought of, because too fatiguing for Mrs. Horner, and too expensive for all. The young people were promised enough of tent life to give them a fair taste of it. Meanwhile, there was plenty of novelty to satisfy them, even if they were to sleep in a house, in the long procession of mules and muleteers preceding them, laden with the baggage, which, although it had been reduced to its smallest compass, seemed cumbrous piled up on the backs of pack-animals.

It was a scene of confusion before the hotel while they were all mounting their somewhat sorry steeds. Two well-stuffed side-saddles

belonged to them, but Mary and Bessie had to put up with inferior ones; it was agreed that they should be changed around from time to time. Better horses, too, were promised for future excursions, but these were now the best to be had.

"Me on a horse!" groaned Mrs. Horner; "who would dream of such a sight! I hope he is very gentle. Hassan, did you select the meekest one for me?"

Hassan grinned. The animal with a drooping head and languid attitude, looked not at all likely to run away with his burden.

Tommy was perched up on his horse, and half way up the narrow street, steep as a flight of steps, before any one else.

"Tommy! Tommy!" called his mamma. "He will be lost. Oh, dear! I am afraid we are undertaking too much this time. This horse is so very tall!"

"Mamma, dear, will you just be calm?" urged Philip, smoothing down her skirts and adjusting her stirrup. "All you have to do, is to hold on. This beast of yours is as quiet as a cow, and I will keep close to you all the way. See aunt Dut! she is as brave as a lion."

Hassan led Mrs. Horner's horse up the street. She held her reins anxiously, and looked steadily between the ears of the animal. They passed through the crowd of spectators single file, until they came out of the closely built town upon the flat plain immediately outside of it.

For several miles out of Jaffa the road was through orange groves, protected by cactus hedges; blossoms and fruit both there in perfection, and the perfume pervading the air. After that it stretched along through a flat plain, covered with the most charming flowers. The profuse rains of the early spring bring up a growth of verdure, over which every kind of blossom is sprinkled. They saw in places thousands of flowers without a name, — red, blue, white, and yellow, — so thick that their green leaves were lost among them. It was like a Persian carpet for rich profusion of tints, with the huge red anemones, wholly different in their gaudy splendors from the timid little one that ventures forth early in the



JAFFA FROM THE SEA.

American spring, although the same botanically; cyclamen, in big tufts, and poppies in profusion; Mary was enchanted.

"I mean," she said enthusiastically, "to paint nothing but flowers in Syria."

They wanted to jump from their horses for every new blossom. Hassan was very obliging about picking specimens, but his taste was not select.

"That one, Hassan! that little purple thing with the wings!"



TOWER OF RAMLEH.

cried Mary, pointing with her whip. Whereupon Hassan carefully selected a coarse yellow sunflower to hand up to her.

Finding their course would be slow if they stopped to point out, and gather, every new flower they saw, the party pressed forward to the resting-place for that night, Ramleh, the town where Richard Cœur de Lion, and everybody else since, have reposed on the way to Jerusalem.

It is something of a town, with streets and modern houses; its chief architectural attraction is a beautiful tower just outside its limits. Tradition has ascribed the building of this town to the Empress Helena, and it has been added that there was a Christian convent there, and a church of the Knights Templars; but this supposition is now abandoned. The tower is Saracenic, with an Arabic inscription, of a date corresponding to A. D. 1310. Whatever its history, it is a picturesque ruin, and, from the top, the view of the plain is very pretty. Ramleh was a post of importance during the war of the Crusades, and was the headquarters of Richard. In the truce between him and Saladin, it was agreed that half of Ramleh should remain in the hands of the Christians.



CRESCENT AND CROSS.

The young Horners pleased themselves with imagining the scenes of their favorite *Talisman* enacted on the broad plain upon which they looked down from the town.

"Do you suppose, mamma," said Tommy, "that Scott came here to see how it looked before he wrote about it?"

"No, Tommy," said his mother. "People did not travel to get local color in the time of Sir Walter Scott. It was not so easy as now to go to remote lands. It is wonderful that his descriptions of scenery are so good, when he drew for them upon his fancy or invention."

"He must have read accounts of the East, while he was working up the historical facts for his novel," remarked Mr. Horner.

"For my part," said Miss Lejeune, "my impressions of scenes are so firmly founded on Scott's account of them, that I believe I should think the real places were wrong, if they did not come up to his descriptions of them."

"Indeed!" cried Philip, "then they must be altered to suit you and Sir Walter Scott. Are you sure you like this town, aunt Dut? If not, we will pull it down, and have it rebuilt *á la Talisman.*"

"Don't be alarmed, Philip," said Mr. Hervey, coming to the rescue, "we shall not see any thing which glaringly contradicts the inspirations of Scott."

"Do you go so far, Hervey, as to allow him inspiration?" asked Mr. Horner with a smile.

"Well," replied Mr. Hervey, "there is so much writing without any trace of inspiration in the world, that I am ready to give that honor to a style of narrative which, like Scott's, draws so much from the imagination or invention of the author."

The night at Ramleh was spent at the Russian Hospice. The party passed through a courtyard and up a flight of steps in the open air, to a broad, flat roof, with a row of little rooms built at one end, all opening upon it. A separate door led into each of the rooms, one of which was a sort of parlor, the rest sleeping-rooms. Hassan hastened to release some chickens which had travelled with them from Jaffa, on the side of a mule, with their heads hanging down, and to prepare them to be cooked and eaten. It was late before they had dined. The starlight was lovely over their heads

as they passed to their rooms, candles in hand. They slept soundly in their strange little beds, and woke early to hear birds flapping about in the ruined tower close at hand. Early in the morning, after coffee, their slight travelling matters were put up and fastened again upon the pack-animals, and they were once more on their horses, for a longer day's ride than the previous one. Mrs. Horner was more reconciled to her horse; she had learned that he was not addicted to mad plunges, or bursts of speed. On the contrary, his pace was so dignified that she often found herself straggling along behind the party.

"Where's mamma?" Philip would say at these times. "Hassan, suppose you go back and whip her up!"

It was a charming experience. The horses all moved slowly, single file, or in pairs, their riders absorbed in watching the flowers, and little lizards that ran in and out. Once three gazelles bounded over a hill not far off. At noon they lunched under a fig-tree; rested an hour, filled their hands with cyclamen, and a pink flower that might have been the Rose of Sharon.

The last part of the journey is very steep; the road zigzags up and down, and grows wearisome, especially as the traveller is by this time fairly tired of his seat in the saddle. Constant hope led them to expect the sight of their distant goal many a time, to be disappointed, but at last, after a long, slow climb towards the top of a hill, when they had been riding along in silence, thinking, it must be confessed, of their sore and aching limbs, and longing for rest, and dinner, and beds, there came a shout from the forward guide, and lo! they all saw stretched before them, — JERUSALEM!

CHAPTER XXVII.

JERUSALEM.

FINALLY, when the last rocky barrier was passed, we reached an open plain, with only great blocks of mysterious buildings on either side; here and there figures on foot and horseback moved tranquilly, as if the vision we saw was to them too familiar for surprise or emotion, — the vision of a discrowned queen sitting mute upon her sad throne of lonely limestone, — Jerusalem."

Thus writes the author of *Syrian Sunshine*, a book which had much to do with the ardent desire of the Horner family to extend their trip into Palestine.

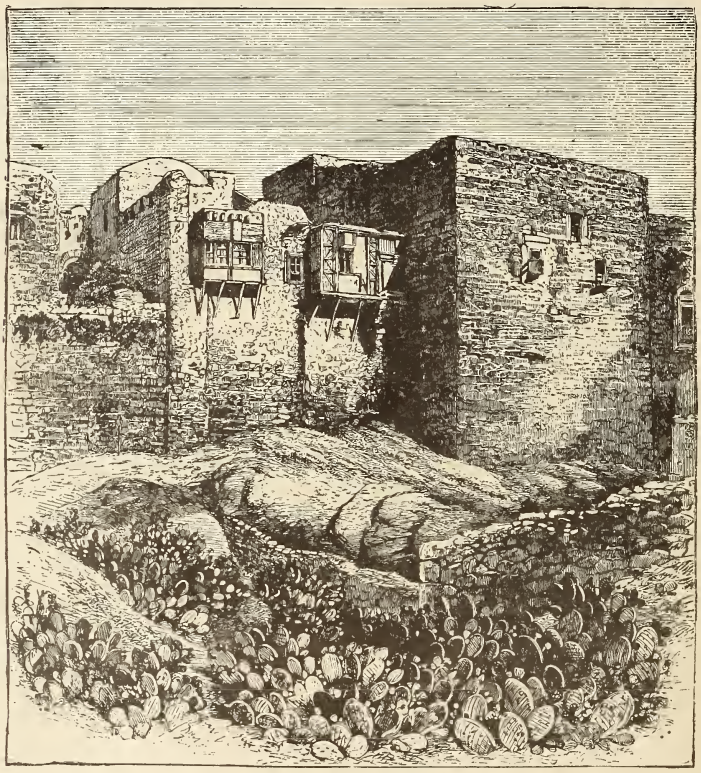
Whatever notion may have brought the traveller thus far, he must here experience a deep emotion unlike that produced by the sight of any other city in the world. No other spot is so surrounded by sacred associations. To see with earthly eyes the place towards which the devout thought of the Christian world turns, is the realization of a dream.

The Horners, in a long file, entered the city under the rounded arch of the Damascus Gate, the hoofs of their animals clattering upon the rough stone pavement. Their hotel was near at hand. The ladies were lifted off their horses, very tired, and climbed up some whitewashed steps to the courtyard of the hotel.

This courtyard was a square, open space, paved, and ornamented with a few plants, around which the house was built, two stories high. The rooms on the first floor were the dining-room, and other such places; open stairways led up to a balcony, a piazza running all round the square, with doors which opened into the separate rooms. Above was the flat roof common to Eastern houses,

also accessible by a flight of steps from the balcony. Thus early in their experience the Horners were made to understand how the bed of the sick man could be lowered down from the roof, in the Gospel story.

Their rooms were low and pleasant, with windows looking upon the light and sunny courtyard. From the roof they looked over



WALL OF JERUSALEM.

a mass of flat roofs and swelling domes, and the notched battlement of the city wall.

The Horners spent a week in Jerusalem, viewing, in a reverent spirit, the places ascribed by tradition to scenes in the life of our Saviour. Guide-books and travellers give a great deal of time and mind to discussing the probable truth, or rather the improbability, of the localities being genuine. It seemed wiser, and far pleasanter

to our party, to absorb themselves in what they saw, without questioning for the moment its reality. It was easy, in the midst of such scenes, to put themselves in an attitude of belief; criticism might come later. One fact is real: there stands Jerusalem; it is the city where nearly nineteen hundred years ago the scenes were enacted which created the Christian Church. This is so solid and vital, that quibbles about details seem jarring and out of place; important to the advancement of scientific truths, but unnecessary for the emotional tourist. There is everywhere in Jerusalem, nevertheless, a painful mixture of superstition with reality; it is hard to keep the balance. Philip was inclined to demur at the bold statements of the garrulous valet-de-place, who accompanied them on their first excursions, until Miss Lejeune said: "Let us try, Phil dear, to believe as much as we can about these places, and not to put ourselves in a critical and objecting mood."



VIA DOLOROSA.

They were then walking through the Via Dolorosa, from Pilate's house to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The streets are very narrow, on irregular levels; they have no sidewalks, and are badly paved with cobble-stones, if at all. The feet of all the party became tired and sore during their stay, for there is no driving to be done; vehicles are unseen, and one walks everywhere within the walls.

They reached the entrance of the church by a narrow, crooked street, and descended a flight of steps to an open court, of which the façade of the church occupies one end. The first thing they saw after entering, was the row of Turkish guards stationed there to preserve peace among the rival sects of Christians that frequent

the sacred building. The interior decorations are similar to those of the Roman Catholic cathedrals they had seen in Europe. As they had not been to Rome to see St. Peter's, they could not compare it with that. It is too much broken up to be very impressive in effect, being divided among the Latin, Armenian, and Greek Christian sects, each of which has its own portion of the sacred enclosure.

Their first visit of inspection was but a superficial one; they became afterwards more familiar with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, by the Holy Week ceremonies they attended in it.

A painted arch and rounded gate near by, reminded Philip of the Knights of St. John, for this was the hospital they instituted at their foundation.

In the afternoon the whole party walked to the top of the Mount of Olives, stopping at the Garden of Gethsemane, which is now enclosed and cared for by Franciscan monks, who have laid it out in a garden with formal beds, from which they gathered wall-flowers and lavender blossoms for Mary. The garden contains aged olive trees.

"Miss Lejeune," said Mr. Hervey, "do you remember the trees in Perugino's picture of the agony in the Garden?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed; "one would think he had studied them from these."

The walks outside of Jerusalem are very charming, through paths worn only by the feet of men and animals. They passed a long time on the Mount, looking across at the city, and when they were quiet, Miss Lejeune, who had her Bible in her pocket, read to them,—

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

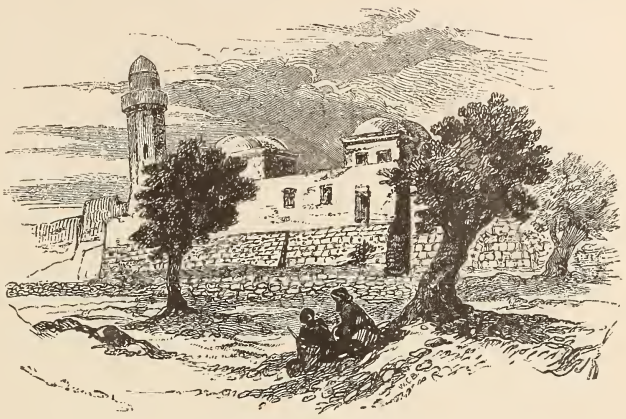
There is a mosque with a tower on the Mount, from the top of which is pointed out the Dead Sea, and the hills from which Moses



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

viewed the promised land. The guide shows also a place where the Crusaders fought one of their worst battles.

"What a confusion of ideas!" exclaimed Mrs. Horner; "Christian, Jewish, Moslem!" Coming home they crossed the dry bed of the brook Kedron, and also gathered red anemones there.



SUMMIT, MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Mary never returned from these walks without a handful of little flowers, which, however tired she might be, she hastened to paint, thus preserving a floral diary; among them was a little blue blossom, said to be the tares that come up with the wheat. The lily of Siloam, the star of Bethlehem,—all these names, which before had been shut up between the covers of her New Testament, now assumed a living meaning.

The next day, with permits from the American Consul, they visited the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the temple. Many of the stones used in its construction are believed to have formed a part of the original Temple of Solomon, columns of the purest marble, porphyry and serpentine. Excavations to the depth of eighty feet below the present city, have resulted in the discovery of the original masonry, the stones bearing upon them the marks of the Phœnician workmen.

"Do not tell Bessie about that," begged Philip, "she will want to go down and look for Rameses on the walls."

The place is now wholly Mohammedan; full of traditions of the Prophet, and rich decorations in arabesque and mosaic.

Bessie and Philip, with Mr. Hervey, walked around the city from the Jaffa Gate back to their hotel, or near it, on top of the

walls, on a narrow, grass-grown path between the battlements. It was very interesting. Away from the city were spread the hills and valleys dotted with places familiarly named; within the town, they looked down upon flat roofs where women were at work, monks moving about, and cats sunning themselves.

Mary wrote in one of her Jerusalem letters:

"We then set forth to see the sacred procession come out from St. Stephen's Gate. As to whither they proceed, we cannot clearly tell; some say to the tomb of Moses, but as that is equally

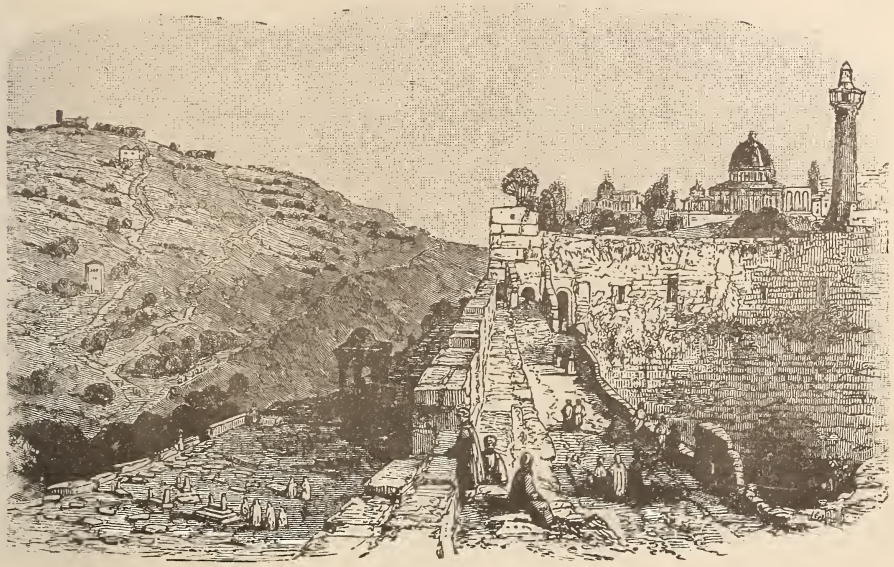


MOSQUE OF OMAR.

unknown, it does not settle the question. Anyhow, we saw them come out of the Gate, go down the hill, and return again, a strange row of Moslems, with turbans and banners, and one man that danced a kind of fandango to a thrumming instrument, waltzing and turning all at the same time as he advanced in the ranks. The most curious part of such things is the crowd; children dressed in their best,—little yellow gowns, with striped sashes. The women do not cover their faces as much as those we saw in Egypt; if they do

have nose-pieces, the cotton is thinner than those dark-blue ones.

"Afterwards we went to the Jews' wailing-place, outside the Temple, a piece of real old wall where the Jews go and weep



UPON THE WALL.

every Friday, because they are excluded from their sacred place. The stones are worn by their tears for ages. The weather was pretty bad and the place muddy. There was only one conscientious old Jew wailing along regularly from one end to the other, the Book of Lamentations in his hand."

Jerusalem was crowded with visitors at this time, for Holy Week was approaching, which is the very height of the season. Worshippers of the several faiths represented in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, assemble for the ceremonies held there; and other travellers are attracted from curiosity, and because the period after the early rains, and before the extreme heat of summer, is the best for Syria.

Many parties were camping in their own tents outside the walls. Mr. Hervey met several Boston acquaintances, and Miss Lejeune and the Horners occasionally recognized, in their walks, familiar

American faces. At their hotel, there assembled every evening, at the table d'hôte, a pleasant set of travellers, who became intimate at once; two French savants and an artist of note travelling together on their way to Palmyra, and some agreeable people from Cincinnati, who did credit to America by their intelligence and cultivation.

"Would not Mrs. Chevenix enjoy this!" said Mary.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETHANY.

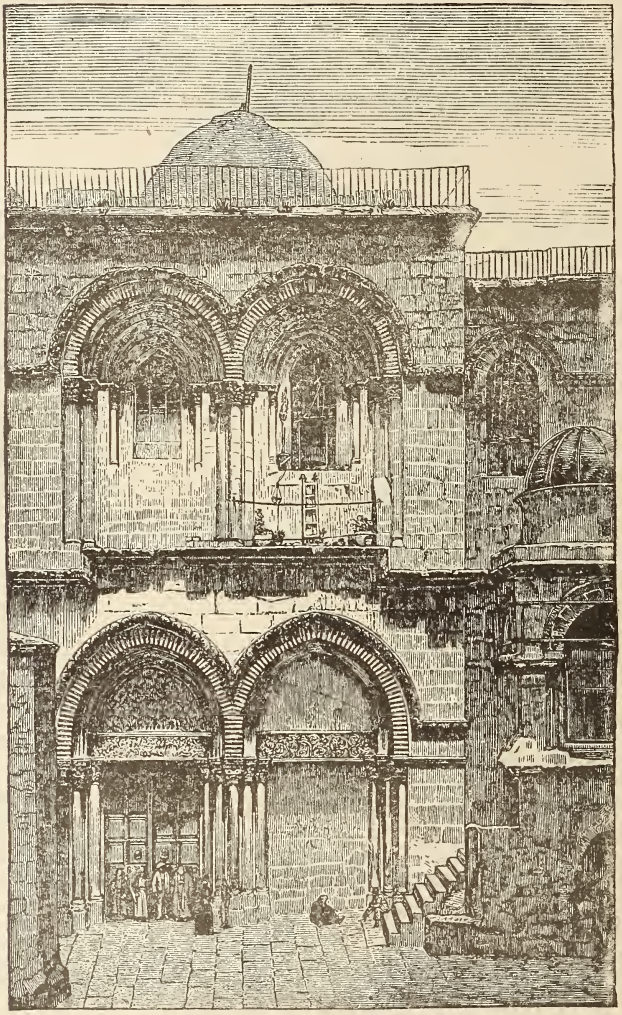
THE Sunday after their arrival was Palm Sunday, and Bessie and her father were the heroic ones who rose at half-past four in the morning to see the ceremony at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Miss Lejeune declined the invitation, and so did Mary, who retained, as almost the only trace of that delicate health which had started her family upon their travels, a dislike for early rising. Poor papa did not much like it, but Bessie wanted to go. Tommy had expressed a wish to be called; but after one yawn, he fell back into bed again, and Bessie did not urge him, for fear he might get lost in the crowd.

Escorted by a gentleman attached to the American Consulate, and his sister, who had lived a long time in Jerusalem, they walked through damp and rainy streets. The early start was necessary, on account of the dense crowd, although places had been reserved for them.

Two separate services went on at the same time, the Greek and Latin, in their two chapels, which opened upon each other, each gorgeously lighted with many candles; a low gate between the two shut out the Greeks from the Latins. The Horners went to see the Latin ceremony, but through the open space they could hear the music and smell the incense of the Greek one. In another part of the great edifice, the Armenian service was going on at the same time.

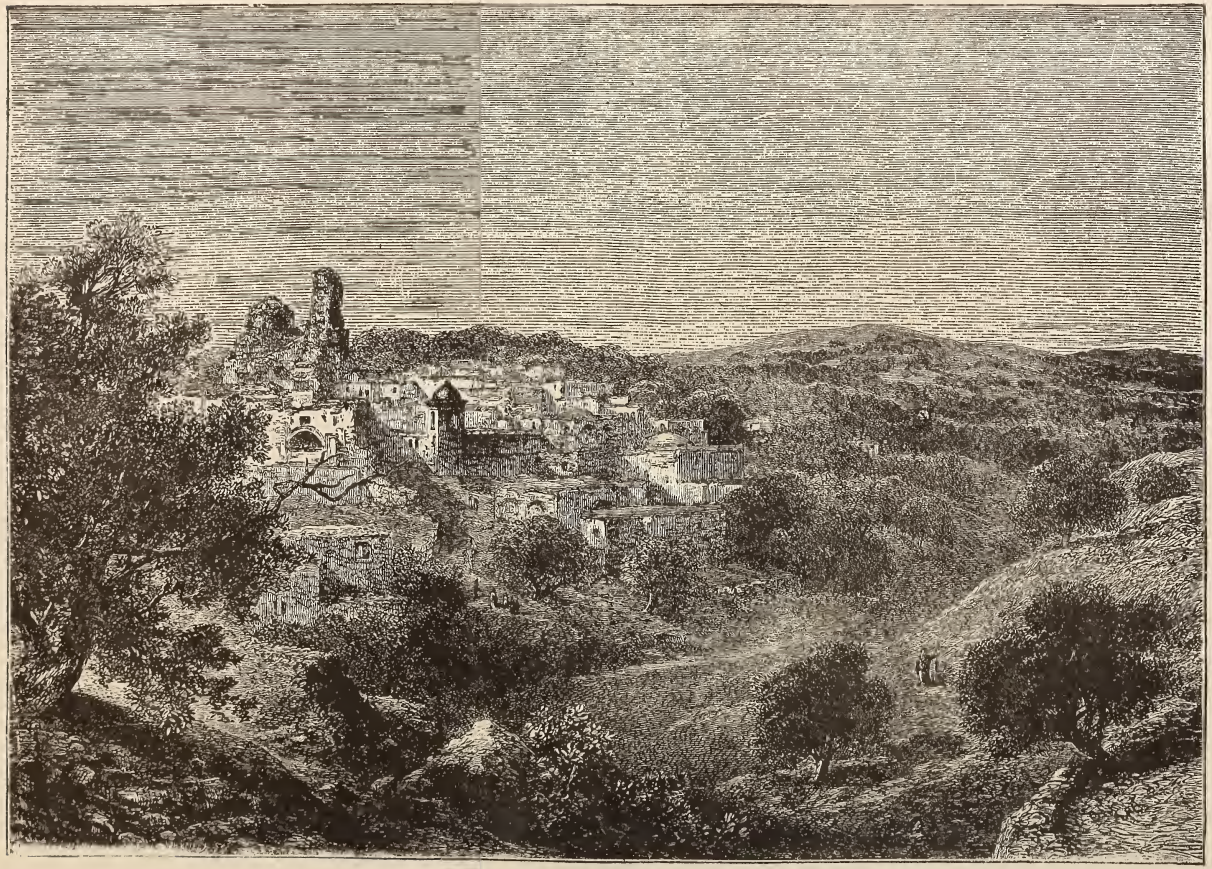
The chants and performances of the Latin ceremonial were incomprehensible to Bessie; the patriarch blessed the palms and presented them to all those who chose to advance and receive them. Bessie noticed a person from their hotel, universally called the "strong-minded

woman in green," among the first to approach and receive one, although she was not a Catholic, and had no other motive than curiosity and the love of accumulation. Several princesses received highly



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

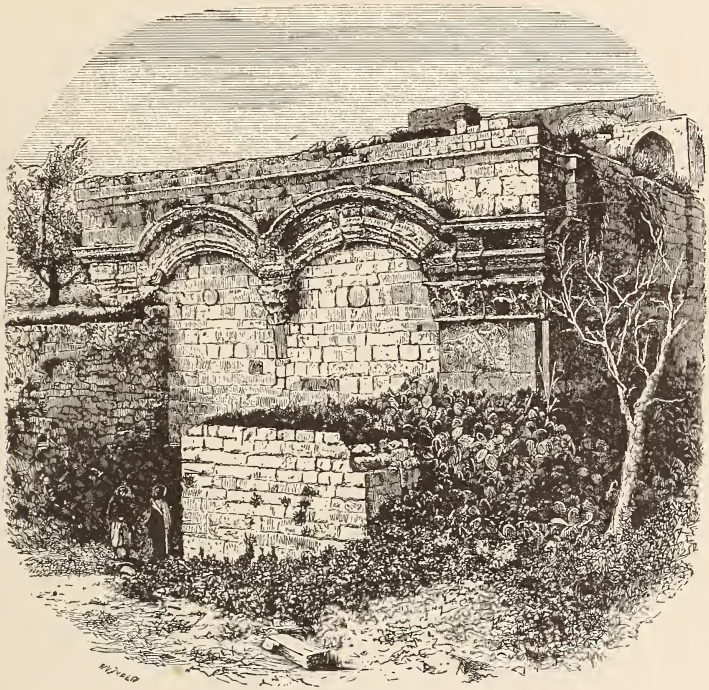
ornamented palms. The procession marched three times round the sepulchre, the bishop, the priests, boys chanting in white gowns, and followed by monks, princesses and travellers, carrying candles; but pre-



BETHANY.

ceded, alas! by a company of Turkish soldiers to keep the Christians in order. After the Latin service was over, the Greeks advanced and finished theirs upon the spot of the sepulchre, with a ceremony as gorgeous, and to them more full of meaning, than the former.

On the next Sunday, Easter, all were present at the ceremonies in the church, and on Easter eve the gentlemen and Tommy, without



GOLDEN GATE, JERUSALEM.

the rest, pressed through the crowd to witness what is called the miracle of the Holy Fire, by the Greek Church. But far more interesting was the quiet Sunday afternoon they spent at Bethany, a walk of three miles from Jerusalem, every step of which is hallowed ground.

Passing through St. Stephen's Gate, they again went down the winding path to the brook Kedron, and around the Mount of Olives; it was strange that even Mrs. Horner, who was never a good pedestrian, found no fatigue in these strolls, they were so full of interest.

They wandered along slowly in groups, stopping to rest, and gathering flowers.

Bethany is now a poor village of twenty or more houses, not much more than a mile from Jerusalem. The houses are rudely made of stone with flat roofs; the view from them is dreary and desolate, looking off towards Jericho, the only shade being given by a few straggling fig-trees. But this little hamlet was the home of our Saviour; here he often came to see Mary and Martha. Down that very road they often looked and longed for him to come, and it was there that Martha met him with the words:

"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

Such details are made vivid by the actual sight of the place. Miss Lejeune read from the book she carried in her hand:

"There was that touch of celestial fire, that authority by which mortal never spake, that law of lovely living which earth hinders, but the soul allows with burning belief, which makes Christ's presence as vivid to us now, as once of old it was. There is no danger of the world's forgetting the lesson he was sent to teach. It is branded into our hearts. A peasant of Judea, he was chosen to bear the sacred promise of eternal life; on him waited the hosts of an unseen world. Where there was simplicity and a pure heart, his presence drew like a magnet. Where there was suffering and disease, a celestial benignity by a touch made the law of life triumph over decay. A few lessons of teaching were all love gave in parable, act and speech. One touch, a burning splendor upon the world's heart, which it can never forget, and then this life, so short, so fruitful, was closed." * * *

It was an hour the children never forgot. Through all their lives they will be aware that their best real impressions of the reality and beauty of the character of Christ, their conviction of a life beyond this one of earth, and the importance of so bearing themselves that their immortal part may be in some measure capable of a spiritual existence, are dated from the Easter Sunday afternoon at Bethany.

It was from Bethany that Jesus set out on the morning of his



PROCESSION WITH PALMS.

triumphal entry to Jerusalem. As they returned, they took the path which is supposed to indicate his course. At a turn of the hill the whole city suddenly bursts upon the view. It was there that the multitudes, looking upon it, raised the shout of triumph:

"Hosanna to the Son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The day after Easter was planned for the beginning of a short excursion of a week to several places of interest in the neighborhood. They were to travel on horseback, and sleep in tents; and Hassan had gathered together the mules and muleteers, and all the paraphernalia belonging to camping-out in the East, conducted, indeed, on a different scale from that of American woods. Horses or donkeys take the place of canoes, and the sharp stroke of the mule-driver is the propelling power, instead of the paddle.

At dinner on the Sunday evening Miss Spark, the "strong-minded female traveller in green," managed to sit next to Mr. Horner, who was at the end of their party.

"Spark is sweet on papa to-night," said Mary to Philip in a low voice. They sat opposite and lower down, and were not likely to be overheard.

"Poor thing!" replied Philip; "I suppose she is trying to make him invite her to go with us."

"With us! how do you mean?"

"Don't you know? she has been three weeks in Jerusalem, just dying to go to Hebron and the Dead Sea, or anywhere; but she cannot go alone, and she can't hitch on to any party."

"What a shame!" said Mary.

"Serves her right for pushing round the world by herself, in a gown that buttons behind."

Miss Spark was the general laughing-stock of the tourists, who assumed that her position was not very dignified, although enterprising. It was said that she had money enough to travel alone on the beaten path, but that her independence was not strong enough to prevent her "hitching on," as Philip had expressed it, to chance parties, for excur-

sions beyond the reach of her purse, requiring the protection of numbers.

The Horners were therefore amazed, when, in the evening, Mary said, with some hesitation:

"I suppose you will think I have lost my mind, but I cannot help pitying Spark. Do you think it would spoil our trip if we took her with us?"

"With us!" cried Philip. "What are you talking about?"

"My dear Mary!" said her mother.

"Where would you put her?" demanded Miss Lejeune.

Mary's color rose. She was not accustomed to proposing unpleasant things, but she went on bravely:

"I thought I might take her in my tent, and let Bessie be with you, aunt Gus. Hassan says each tent holds two little beds, so we have half a tent to spare. I did not think of poking her off upon you, dear"—

The generosity of Mary's proposal went to the heart of every one.

Miss Lejeune pressed her hand in silence. The mother thought that the softening influences of the day were already manifest, but she said gently:

"Mary, you are always too ready to sacrifice yourself."

"But she need not sacrifice other people," grumbled Philip, in an undertone, walking away from the discussion.

"I am not sure that it would spoil the party," said Mr. Horner. "I found her at dinner really very intelligent."

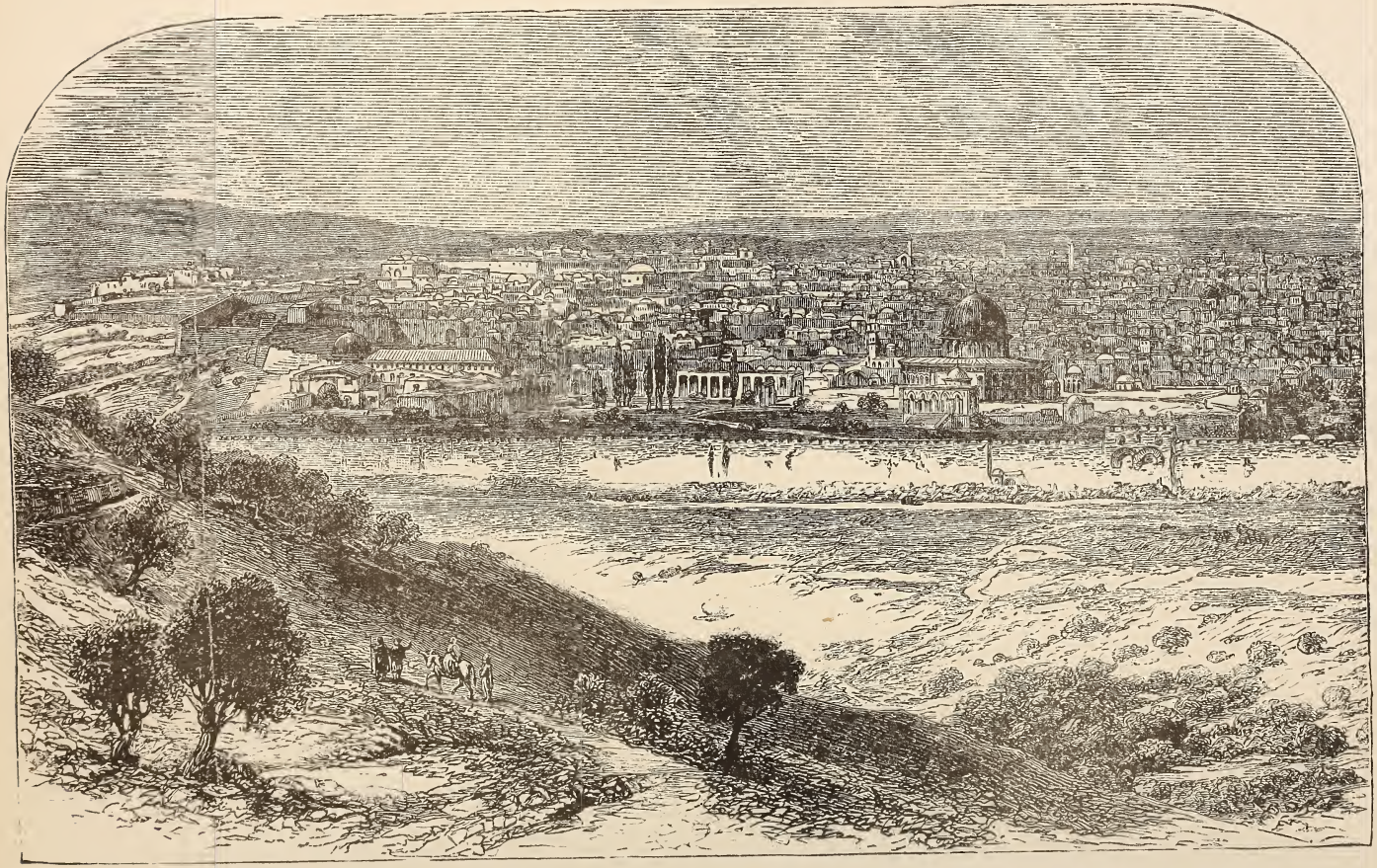
Mr. Hervey laughed.

"We saw her exercising her charms upon you, and feared the result."

"I have no objection, on the whole," said Miss Augusta. "I dare say she is an excellent woman, and as Mary has set the example, we may as well all show the same grace."

"O aunt Gus," called Philip from his distant window. "Everybody will laugh at us for being taken in by her."

"I think we can stand that, my boy," replied his father.



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

"Let us think it over till to-morrow morning," said Mrs. Horner, and this was agreed upon.

Bessie had been entirely silent. She shared Philip's views about Miss Spark, and she appreciated, even more fully than he, how much Mary was risking in taking an unpleasant companion into her tent. But Mary converted her before they went to bed, and she undertook the task of appeasing Philip in the morning. He relented, as usual, but it went hard with him. When Tommy, who had gone to bed before it was proposed, heard of it, he uttered his favorite whoop, adding the one word, "Spark!"

Upon Mrs. Horner devolved the task of inviting Miss Spark. This was all settled before the Horner party met in the morning for coffee in the dining-room. She found the lady in her room, writing a letter to the *Machiasport Elucidator*, about Palestine. Mrs. Horner was obliged to introduce herself before she explained her errand. It was some little time before it was understood.

"Do you really mean," said Miss Spark at last, "that you invite me to go with you down to Hebron?"

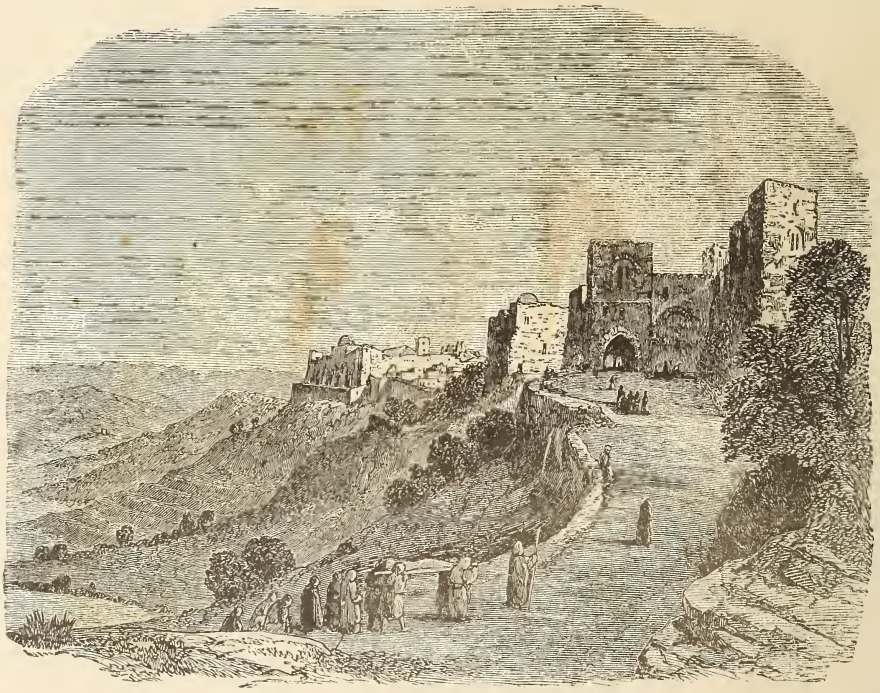
"Yes," repeated Mrs. Horner; "we heard you would like to go, and as we have half a tent to spare, there will be no additional expense."

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed Miss Spark, "there *is* Christians, after all!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

TENT LIFE.

GREAT was the amazement of the dwellers in the hotel, when they assembled as usual to watch the daily departure,—for some party left every day at that season, fitting off for the Dead



APPROACH TO BETHLEHEM.

Sea, or elsewhere,—to see, among the Horners, Miss Spark advancing to be put upon her horse, in her accustomed green travelling-dress, buttoned behind. But Miss Spark was not so green as

she had been painted. It may here be said, once for all, that she proved herself a quiet, well-behaved member of the party; not exactly well-bred, in the society sense of the word, but anxious to please and not to intrude. A sort of pretentious assumption to literary style, which appeared in her conversation at first, fell off from her on further acquaintance, and left a rude, native speech, which every one preferred, as more genuine than the other. She was so grateful to the Horners for taking her along, that she was almost too self-suppressing.

It was after lunch that the procession led forth through the Damascus Gate in the direction of the Pools of Solomon, only a short distance, but far enough for a good start, and to break the journey of the following day. First came a wild-looking Bedouin chief, who accompanied the party, not only to give local color, as Miss Lejeune suggested, but to ensure kind treatment from all Bedouins they might chance to encounter. He wore on his head a kuffia of striped silk. He was hung about with warlike weapons, and his belt was stuck full of pistols. He spoke no language known to our friends, and watched the ladies with an impassive countenance and gleaming eyes. Hs was mounted upon an Arab steed with Eastern trappings. This steed did not scour the plain with its dusky rider, as it would have done in a sensational novel, but paced along in a somewhat spiritless manner, at the head of the cortege.

Next followed, in single file, or two by two, the whole party, generally in the order dictated, not by the choice of the riders, but by the will of their horses. Mrs. Horner's horse would fall to the rear. This was strange, for it was a different beast from the one which brought her from Jaffa, when precisely the same thing had happened. So somebody lingered behind all the time to cheer her up; for her spirits were low on horseback, at the best, and this fresh start renewed all her doubts about keeping on. Tommy's short legs stuck out on either side of a remarkably large animal, selected for steadiness of disposition. Hassan jaunted along near him, with private directions to keep a good lookout on Master

Tom, upon a sprightly mule whose quick step and jingling bells were most inspiriting. Philip and Bessie had the best horses of the lot. Urged to their utmost, they covered almost five miles an



A GROUP OF JEWS BY THE ROADSIDE.

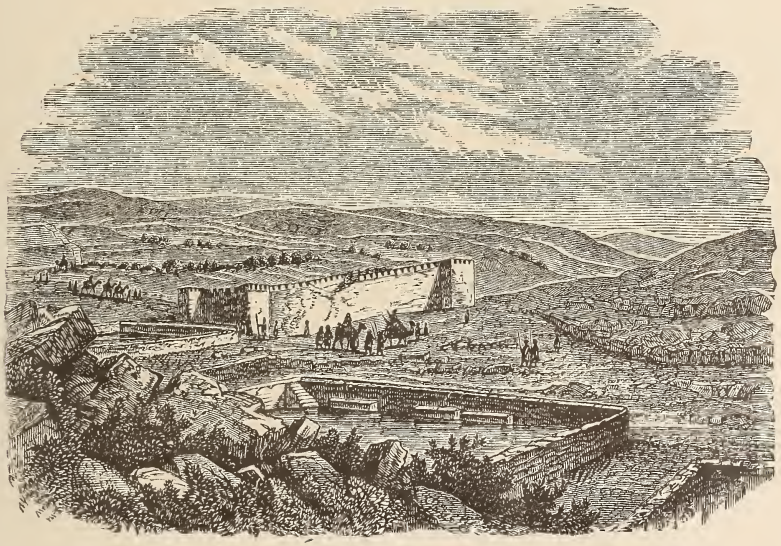
hour. On a flat piece of ground, the two swept off sometimes for a spurt of speed, then walked their horses until the cavalcade came up with them. Mary attempted no such feats. She was a timid rider, and preferred to keep with the rest, her eyes always fixed on the roadside to detect new flowers. Mr. Hervey and Mr. Horner divided their attention between the ladies.

Miss Lejeune had a good deal of talk with Miss Spark soon after they set forth, after which she thus expressed her opinion to Mr. Hervey:

"She will do very well. There is nothing really wrong about her. I dare say we shall come to liking her, unless poor Mary gets too much of her society. She has not the faintest conception that there is any impropriety in going about the world in this unprotected manner."

"It is a very unpleasant manner," replied the Boston man.

After riding in this fashion about two hours over the irregular road, which winds up and down, sometimes through rocks and bushes, sometimes over bare plains, they came to Solomon's Pools, their destination. They first saw an old ruined battlement, from the top of a slight hill, and, on reaching it as they turned sharp



SOLOMON'S POOLS.

round a corner, they found their tents already pitched, and smoke rising from the stove of the cook, the same valuable personage who had prepared all their feasts on the *Bent-Anat*, who now always preceded the party, with the baggage train which consisted

of three horses, two mules and two donkeys, with their necessary complement of drivers and guides. These attendants were always in advance, to put up the tents and bring matters into readiness before the arrival of the rest.

It was a lovely spot. They gave shouts of joy and jumped gayly from the horses. The tents were in a valley, with hills upon the horizon, and in front of them three broad, square pools or tanks. It was, however, cold, and growing dark, and the smell of steaming soup was very agreeable; so that they were glad to enter the tent which served as *salle à manger*, where was a real table, set forth with all the details of a first-class hotel dinner. It is wonderful how that cook managed to prepare, upon a little charcoal stove, a meal of five or six courses. As it was too cold to sit out doors, and as all were tired, they were soon in bed. There were four striped tents, besides one of a bright apple-green color, belonging to the "domestic" department. One was for Mr. and Mrs. Horner and Tommy, who was kept under the maternal wing, another was shared by Mr. Hervey and Philip; the third belonged to Miss Lejeune and Bessie, and the fourth to Mary and her self-imposed Spark.



RACHEL'S TOMB.

Each tent contained two little narrow iron bedsteads with comfortable mattresses; even a wash-stand and basin adorned each. By unlimited mule power, the necessities, and even the luxuries of life may be conveyed; and this is the fashion, in the nineteenth century, in which are visited the scenes of the simple life of the first years of Christianity.

Early rising is an enforced virtue in camp life. There is no

peace for the sluggard after the sun is up, when once the rattling of pots and pans, the stamping of horses and gabbling of guides have begun.

Mary was sketching the Pools before the air was dry enough to keep her colors from running all over the paper, and Bessie brought in a handful of flowers she had gathered when they assembled for coffee. The tents were struck and off before they were, and after a slight examination of the Pools, the party was on its way by eight o'clock.

These immense tanks are partly dug out of the rocky bed of the valley, partly built of huge stones. The bottom of the upper Pool is higher than the top of the next, and so with the second and third, the source of water being a subterranean fountain in a field near by. An aqueduct from the pools formerly ran in a winding course to Jerusalem. There is no question of the great age of these reservoirs, and though there is no reference in Scripture, or in Josephus, to any such means of carrying water to the city, it is evident they were built for that purpose.

"What is your own opinion," demanded Miss Spark of Mr. Hervey, "of the authenticity of these edifices?"

"There is no deception about them, it seems to me," replied Mr. Hervey.

"Well, no, and so it strikes me. It stands to reason that Solomon, he must have had pools, and if so, why not these pools? To my mind, it is highly conclusive."

"I think we may so consider it," replied Mr. Hervey.

The next day, Tuesday, they rode all day, stopping for lunch on the wayside. They saw flowers, flowers, everywhere. They passed the Tomb of Rachel, a small modern Moslem building, surmounted by a dome; the authenticity of the sepulchre is unquestioned. The pillar which Jacob set up over his wife was still there in the time of Moses; but has long since been destroyed. This is a shrine which Moslems, Jews, and Christians, hold in equal reverence.

The party reached Hebron at night, cold and tired, after a long day, which, being the first, was a severe test of the fatigue of trav-

elling in this manner. Afterward they became more accustomed to it; but for ladies, the strain of sitting upright on horseback, for hours at a time, with one knee bent in the saddle, is great. Even the most robust were glad to slip off their horses and fling themselves on the good little beds prepared for them. A good dinner, and refreshing cups of tea, revived them, and they were ready after it to receive a visit from a party of Englishmen, whose camp was close to their own.

Hebron was hitherto known to them as the name of a good old-fashioned tune in long metre. As they were sitting in front of their tents before separating for the night, Miss Spark, most unexpectedly, struck up in a clear, strong voice:

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his ways."

Every voice of the Horner party joined in, and the swelling sounds rose and filled the air. It was a reminiscence of their common New England home, and the Horners were well pleased with Miss Spark for the impulse.



ABRAHAM'S OAK.

Hebron is in the valley of Eshcol, whose sides are covered with vineyards. The grapes of Eshcol were famous in ancient time, and a thin sour wine is still made there. The houses are of stone, flat-roofed, with the odd little domes seen in several parts of Palestine. The Horners were told that the houses were thus covered on account of the scarcity of wood and the difficulty of finding beams long enough to stretch from wall to wall.

The next morning there was another early start. The tents were struck, horses were mounted, and the little cavalcade returned over the same track as that of the day before, only leaving the road to find a large tree called Abraham's oak. It has a splendid trunk, very large round, and holly-like leaves. The tradition is that Abraham received the angels under this very tree.

The weather was growing warmer, and out-door life became more



VINES OF ESHCOL.

delightful. The party lunched by the wayside, while the train of pack-animals filed along before them to reach the camping-ground first. While they were waiting for lunch, they were joined by a pedestrian, who proved to be Mr. Black, a clergyman from England, whom they had seen at the hotel. He was walking about the neighborhood of Jerusalem, enjoying the interesting places. They invited him to lunch with them, and were much entertained by his talk.

CHAPTER XXX.

BETHLEHEM.



SHEPHERDS WATCHING.

THE approach to Bethlehem is by ascending a series of terraces almost like stairs, on the top of which stands the great pile of buildings containing the Church of the Nativity, and three convents of Latin, Greek and Armenian Christians.

It looks down upon the fields where Ruth gleaned, where David kept his father's sheep, and where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, all fraught with the greatest interest.

The oldest part of the Church of the Nativity was erected by the Empress Helena, to whom the Horners had already so often heard reference since coming into Palestine, that they wished to know her history. She was the mother of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor who lived in the latter part of the third century. It is not known whether she was a Christian by birth, but she became a devoted one, making her pilgrimage to Jerusalem at the advanced age of seventy-nine. It was she who was supposed to have discovered the true place of the cross of Christ, under



THE BABE IN THE MANGER.

divine guidance, which had been lost during the two hundred years since his crucifixion. Having thus found the situation of the holy places, she caused them to be adorned, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to be erected over them. She built several other churches,



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

died in the arms of her son, and was carried to Rome, where a mausoleum was raised to her.

The Basilica at Bethlehem bears the date of 327 A. D. and is therefore the oldest piece of Christian architecture in the world. It is neglected and badly defaced, for the different sects of Chris-

tians cannot agree together about any thing, and so it is left to the destruction of time.

A narrow staircase from the church, hewn in the rock, and lighted only by a dim lamp, leads down to the sacred grottoes, and after many windings through chapels of less importance, the Chapel of the Nativity is reached, — a low vault hewn out of the rock. Hither came Mrs. Horner, alone with her children. The



GLEANERS.

others visited it later, but, probably by chance, the party was broken up into sets under the guidance of monks from the Latin Convent.

They saw, in the low cave, a marble slab fixed in the pave-

ment, with a silver star in the centre, round which, in Latin were the words:

HERE JESUS CHRIST WAS BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

Round the star were hanging sixteen lamps, always burning, which gave the only light to the enclosure.

Remote, silent, solemn was the little chamber. The impression of it upon the minds of the young group before this altar, was very deep. They saw in imagination the manger of the infant Jesus, and recalled the song of the angels, —

"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth peace."

The other things shown them in the building all seemed of minor interest. They returned to their encampment some distance off, where they passed a quiet afternoon, lying in the pleasant sunshine and enjoying the warm weather. Mary gathered and painted a little yellow flower like that we call the "star of Bethlehem," to add to her flower-marks of places in Judea.

The situation was in itself beautiful, but they all felt the presence of something which their minds beheld, giving beauty only the second place. They, too, like the Magi, had come, drawn by the star, as multitudes have been, which shines over the sacred cradle of Christianity.

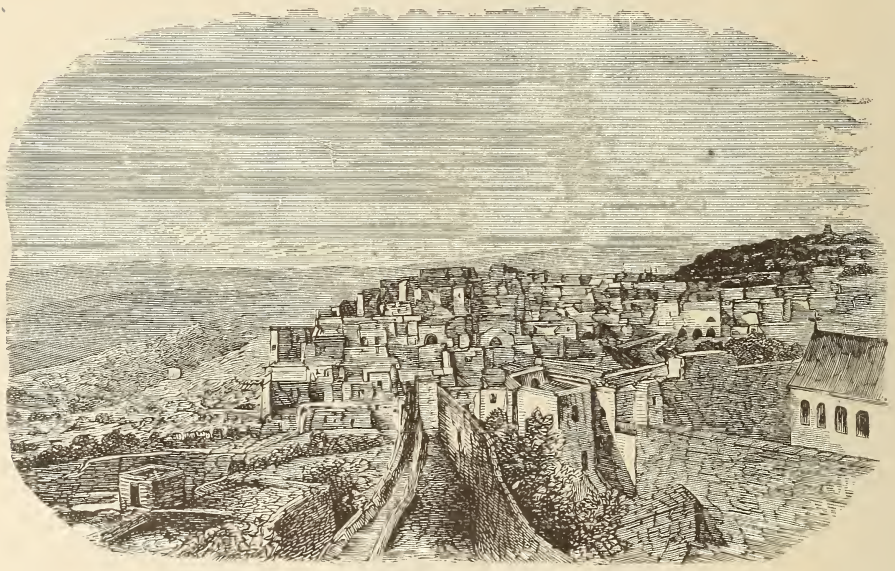
Miss Spark, who was winning her way to the kindly feelings of all the party, strolled down the steep road with Mr. Hervey, and while she was away, Mary, who was sketching while the others sat about her upon rugs spread on the ground, began to talk about her. Sharing the same tent had brought about confidences from Miss Spark which Mary had hitherto had no chance to impart to the rest.

"It is really interesting," said she. "She is about thirty years old. She comes, you know, from Machiasport, Maine. Her people are well-to-do in the world; but she has a step-mother with half a dozen little children; 'and I kind of felt,'" continued Mary,

imitating the absent Spark, "'as if I might as well be earning my own living, considering father had so many. She was well enough, Mrs. Spark; I never call her mother, — guess not; but she did not appear over surprised when I spoke of going out by the day. Plain sewing never was in my line'"—

And so she took to writing for the *Machiasport Elucidator.* She had an intense longing to see the East, born of the Bible lessons of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school.

"'But sakes! I had no more idea of ever coming out here than of flying, till it all come together. Aunt Elvira,— she was my



BETHLEHEM.

mother's own sister,— she was always kind of mad that father married Mrs. Spark, and she up and died and left me five hundred dollars in the bank; and the proprietors of the *Elucidator* agreed to pay me for writing up the Holy Land, if I would come out here. It is a Sunday paper, you know, amongst other things. Mother's children all had a knack of expressing themselves, not Mrs. Spark's, that ever I heard of, but the eldest, he is only six,'"—

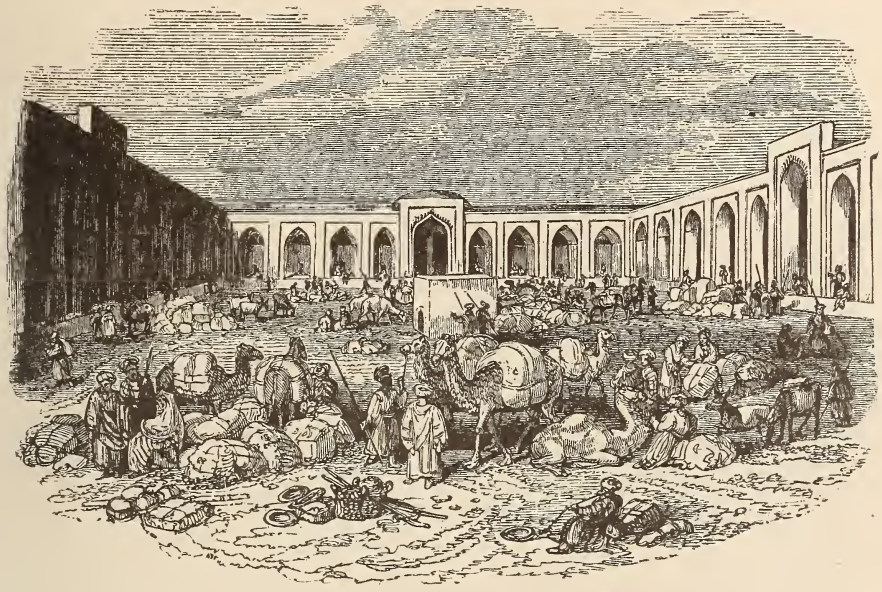
"Oh, come, Mary," cried Philip, "she did not say that!"

"Well, perhaps I have run ahead of her a little," assented Mary, "but that is the spirit of it."

"She talks to you like that," remarked Bessie, "but she uses much bigger words to papa and the rest of us."

"That is her editorial style," said Mr. Horner.

"Yes," said Mary, "she puts it on, don't you notice that, like



INTERIOR OF KHAN.

her gloves, before going into company. She is losing it with all of us, but the minute Mr. Black appeared yesterday, she took up her 'presume' and 'commence' again."

"Well, well!" mused Miss Lejeune. "The idea of her having the courage to start off alone with so small a sum, and ignorant of every language, including her own!"

"I like her pluck, but I hate her gown," said Philip, picking up a small stone and throwing it with violence far over into the valley.

"Hush!" said his mother; "here they come!"

Miss Spark and Mr. Hervey were coming round a turn of the path. The clergyman, Mr. Black, who might be expected to turn up at any moment, had joined them.

"It is highly probable," he was saying, "that the 'habitation of Chimham, which is by Bethlehem' [Jeremiah xli. 17], meant a khan, or caravansary, such as prevailed in the East; a place provided for travellers, where they might halt for the night at easy stops one from the other. Bethlehem formed the first stop from Jerusalem on the way to Egypt."

"Then," said Miss Spark, "I presume, sir, that you will concur with me in conceiving that the prominent objects of elevated interest by which we are here comparatively surrounded, as it were, are authentically corroborated by the encomiums of modern exegetical examination."

"There she goes with her five syllables," growled Philip; "come, Tommy, let us go and look at those sheep down there!"

"Shades of Dr. Johnson!" murmured Miss Lejeune. She joined the two gentlemen, and they strolled off in another direction, while Miss Spark, resuming her simplicity the moment their backs were turned, threw herself down by Mary, exclaiming, "Well, I declare, it is warm! I'm about roasted."

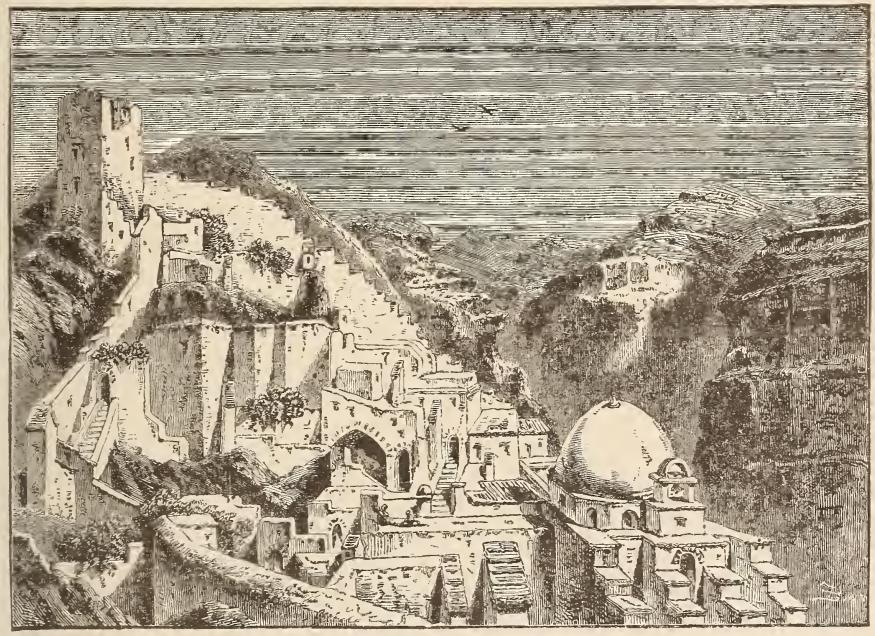
The party lunched before breaking up camp at Bethlehem, and in the afternoon rode on towards Marsaba, a brief excursion of three hours, always facing the Dead Sea. At first beautiful flowers beset their path, but the way soon became barren, leading along the edge of deep cliffs, rather alarming to the tired Mrs. Horner, whose horse, as usual, poked along at the rear of the train, and seemed himself to dislike his nearness to the gulf.

They reached Marsaba before nightfall, a strange, wild, picturesque place, where a convent with two high stone towers clings, rather than stands, upon the slope of a ravine, along the side of which are steep stone stairways. There was no shadow but the long one cast upon the barren soil by the convent-walls, outside of which their tents were pitched. Another encampment was at hand, belonging to the same party that they had met at Hebron.

Visits were exchanged, and social coffee was sipped at the door of one of the tents.

The convent of Marsaba was founded and named after Saint Saba, a holy man of the fifth Christian century. He must have been a person of great sanctity or eloquence, for his followers swarmed to this spot, where he determined to establish a retreat from the world.

After his death, the history of the place is stained with blood, like most of the Holy Land, in the struggles between the crescent



CONVENT OF MARSABA.

and the cross. The convent is said to be very rich, and to contain treasures protected by its strong walls, and the precaution of its monks, who never permit any one to cross the threshold without a letter of introduction. Women are never admitted under any circumstances. The poor monks, who belong to the Greek Church, live under very severe rule; their only pastime appears to be feeding and caring for flocks of birds which surround the place.

"If I could find out," said Philip, that evening, "without too much bother, the difference between all these sects, I should be glad to have it off my mind."

"I'll tell you," cried Bessie. "I know all about it now."

"No! You will make it too long," groaned Philip.

"No, I will not," pleaded Bessie. "See, I will read it out of *Murray*, and skip a great deal."

She turned the book down toward the fading light, and read:

"'The Christians are divided into several sects. The Greeks are so called because they profess the Greek faith. This differs from the Latin, (that's Roman Catholic), in several points; the calendar, the procession of the Holy Spirit, the exclusion of images from sacred buildings'"—

"Bessie, you are straining your eyes!" called out the watchful mamma.

'"And some other things, but not so very many. Then there are Maronites, and Druses, who are always fighting, and then there are Turks, who have the upper hand of everybody."'

"But those are not Christians," said Philip.

"No," said Bessie, "and neither are the poor Jews who cling to their old country."

"The Jews in Palestine are all foreigners, I am told," said her father, "from almost every country on earth."

"Thank you, Bessie," said Philip, very amiably. "You are better than a guide-book. You tell just enough and no more."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DEAD SEA.

MARY'S letter: — "Thursday was a day to be marked with a white stone. We were up early, and in the saddle by half-past six, and rode five hours to the shore of the Dead Sea, on a narrow slippery path with a wall on the side of a gorge, sometimes down in the bottom of the ravine, sometimes perilously near the edge of a slope, finally coming out upon a splendid view of the upper end of the Dead Sea, with the Jordan running into it. Then we descended into the flattest of valleys, barren and desolate beyond measure, and were tantalized by a long ride of two hours before we reached the shore. We were so tired that it seemed as if we must drop off our horses, and the scene was so dreary! But I must tell you about the sweet little camel we saw, only three days old! He belonged to some Bedouins encamped there. Their tents are dark-brown, and rather flat-roofed, and picturesque in the distance. We see them often. But this little baby camel! He was soft and mushy, like a new calf, but his legs were all ready to make a big camel, they were so long in proportion to his size. I loved him. Bessie says all camels are bad.

"Near the shore the scene is lovely; a kind of stiff pink heather grows in profusion, and tufted shrubs, like willow, and tall grasses, and the Sea itself, a lovely, soft blue, plashing on the sand like any New England pond, stretches off between headlands sparkling and rippling in the sun, far southward. I do not know what people mean who talk about the 'dreary desolation of the Dead Sea,' and all that; but perhaps it is not always so peaceful as at this season.

"When we arrived, it was blazing hot noon-day, and we had a bath, think of that! in the Dead Sea!! Bessie and I had this on our minds and brought along something in the way of bathing-dresses. It was rapturous. All is true about the specific gravity of the water. I do not believe anybody could sink, and it was



BANKS OF THE JORDAN.

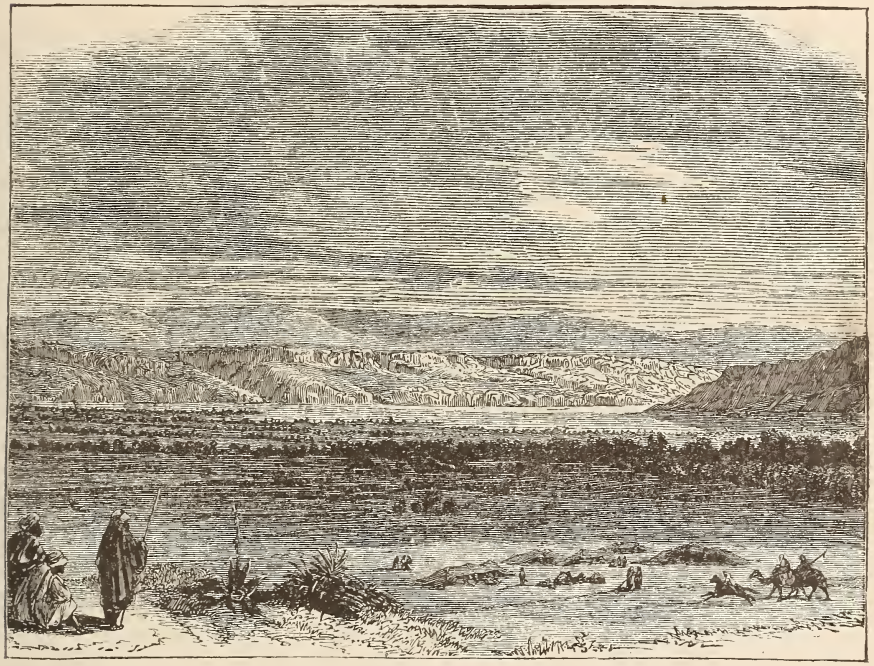
hard to keep our feet down enough to make strokes. We did not go far out, and mamma and aunt Gus stood on the shore and laughed at us. The water was just cool enough to refresh without chilling, and looked so sparkling and clear that we were fain to sip of it, but the taste was fearful,—a combination of all the vile salts and medicines and fiery things you can think of.

"After this we had a long and tedious ride over a desert of barren sand, the banks of the Jordan very delusive in the distance, green, but far. Our Bedouin escort and some friends of his that seem to be accompanying us, darted off on their fleet steeds after

THE DEAD SEA.

a loose horse, and spent all the afternoon in chasing him. Perhaps it was to show off their horsemanship. Anyhow, it was pretty to watch.

"At last we reached the shore of the Jordan, a broad stream, with a fast-whirling current. On the opposite side there was a steep cliff, but on ours, a flat, muddy bank, with trees and fresh spring verdure, tall reeds and birds in the branches, just like the Ashuelot, or any other stream at home. And here we took another bath, — in the



PLAIN NEAR JORDAN.

Jordan! — to counteract that of the Dead Sea, for, by this time, we began to find ourselves crusted over with the potash and stuff that composed our first bath, with an uncomfortable stinging, sticky sensation, which we lost by that delicious dip in the river. We had to be careful about the current, which was very strong. In fact, we only stayed in a minute. You must not think we were indifferent to the fact that this was really THE JORDAN, and no common river.

"'So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan rolled between.'

"That afternoon we left the river and pressed on to Jericho, and found our camp pitched by the Brook Cherith, which was not dried up, but babbling merrily, and the frogs making a prodigious noise. We forded the stream, and found dinner and bed ready for us. It was late and the moon was shining over the Mountain of the Temptation; the scene too lovely to leave, but we were all tired. . . . ."

The Dead Sea is, both in its attributes and history, the most remarkable sheet of water in the world. It is below the sea-level, the depression of its surface being more than a thousand feet below that of the Mediterranean. Lying in a deep ravine, and exposed all summer to the hot sun of Syria, its shores are sterile and dreary, but the stories about deadly exhalations, and birds not



BEARING THE ARK OVER JORDAN.

coming near it, are fabulous, though the quantity of sulphur and other salts in the water renders it fatal to fishes. Sodom and Gomorrah were situated toward the southern end of the Lake, it is supposed.

The Israelites crossed the Jordan four days before the Passover, to which Easter corresponds. It is impossible to determine the spot; but as the Horners sat beneath the willows upon the bank of the river, they imagined the priests advancing with the ark upon their shoulders, and the rest of the people following. The scene of the baptism of our Saviour also came vividly before their minds, like all the other events in his life, made distinct and real as they had never been before, by presence in the true places where they occurred.

A strange ceremony is observed by the Christians of Palestine, which had just taken place, the bathing in the Jordan of the pil-



FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

grims, at Easter. On the Monday of Passion Week thousands of them march in a body to the shore, and bathe in the river.

Friday was the last day of this expedition. They came by the fountain, Ain es-Sultân, whose waters were "healed" by the prophet Elisha. They are certainly sweet now, however bitter they may have been. Their path wound up through a gloomy pass to Bethany. On this dreary road they were often reminded of the parable of the

Good Samaritan. Falling among thieves, and getting stripped and wounded, might easily occur now, from Bedouins, for the spot is as solitary now as it doubtless was then.

From Bethany the path was familiar. Their tents were pitched just below the Garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, whence they could see the Beautiful Gate, and the wall of the Temple. It would have been easy indeed, by pressing, to reach Jerusalem before the gates were locked; but by unanimous wish, they prolonged the tent-life for one night more. Mr. Hervey and Philip rode into town, engaged rooms at the hotel, and came back in a short time with a budget of letters.

Thus they passed a tranquil evening before their tents, the soft, beautiful scene, hallowed with holy associations, made sweeter by the thoughts of absent friends brought near by letters and messages.

The news from America was all good. Eliza herself took up her unaccustomed pen to inform them that grandmamma was doing well, and that Mrs. Horatio was pretty much as usual, no better nor worse.

Miss Lejeune had a gay, gossiping letter from a friend in New York, containing the inevitable amount of engagements, marriages, and deaths.

"If they tell me again that Mr. Harris is engaged, I shall give up!" exclaimed she.

"Who is Mr. Harris?" asked Mrs. Horner, looking up from her letter over her spectacles, which, being her first pair, were a great eyesore to her family, and no great assistance to her eyes, as she managed them awkwardly.

"He is a perfectly harmless man," replied Miss Lejeune, "in whom I take no interest; but he has seen fit to become engaged, and everybody mentions it as if it was of vital import."

"'I suppose you have heard,'" read Mary, from the letter she was deciphering, "'that Mr. Harris is engaged.'"

"There it is again!" grumbled Miss Lejeune.

Tommy had a lively letter from Mr. Stuyvesant, and Philip a scrawl from Ernest, enclosing a work of art for Mary, which he

had executed on purpose for her. These were dated at Brindisi, at the heel of the Italian boot, which the Stuyvesants reached by steamer direct from Alexandria. This is the ancient Brundusium. Virgil died there; and there is a castle bearing the arms of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa.

"We thought Bessie ought to have been there, for *we* were not *worthy* of such things," wrote Ernest. "I think he was the Emperor she read me about, with the beard, who is asleep in a mountain. There was a black spotted cat at the hotel, and we named her Barbarossa."

"Bravo for Ernest!" cried Mr. Hervey. "Your pupil is coming on, Bessie."

"Not a very appropriate cat for the name," said Philip. "It ought to have been a red one."

"Do they have red cats in Brindisi?" inquired Tommy.

This was the last news of the Stuyvesants. It was a family not much given to writing letters; and no more came. They passed up through Italy to Milan, and spent the summer in Switzerland, returning the next winter to Paris, where the Horners found them at their old quarters. But this was long afterwards.

Tales of the boys, Ernest and Augustine, and their feats upon the Nile, furnished food for merriment for the Horners. To those of the party who had lately joined it, they seemed a kind of myth, like the shadowy pair who hovered over the fights of the Greeks. But to Philip there was nothing shadowy in the remembrances of his two familiars, half torments and half pets, as they had been for him.

Kind Mrs. Stuyvesant and the unemotional Emily had made some place in the affections of their travelling companions. It is something to be not positively unpleasant when cooped up in the small space of a Nile boat. This somewhat negative praise was readily accorded.

The names of Professor von Lessli and his friendly Madame brought a warmer expression whenever they were mentioned.

It was at this time that Bessie received her one letter from

Colonel Leigh. It was dated at Simla, and gave a pleasant description of that place, high among the hills, where the English retreat from the heat of Calcutta. After Bessie had read it aloud, Miss Lejeune extending her hand, said:

"May I look at the handwriting, my dear?" After a glance she added: "It is,— I thought it might be,— the same. He is *my* Indian Colonel!"

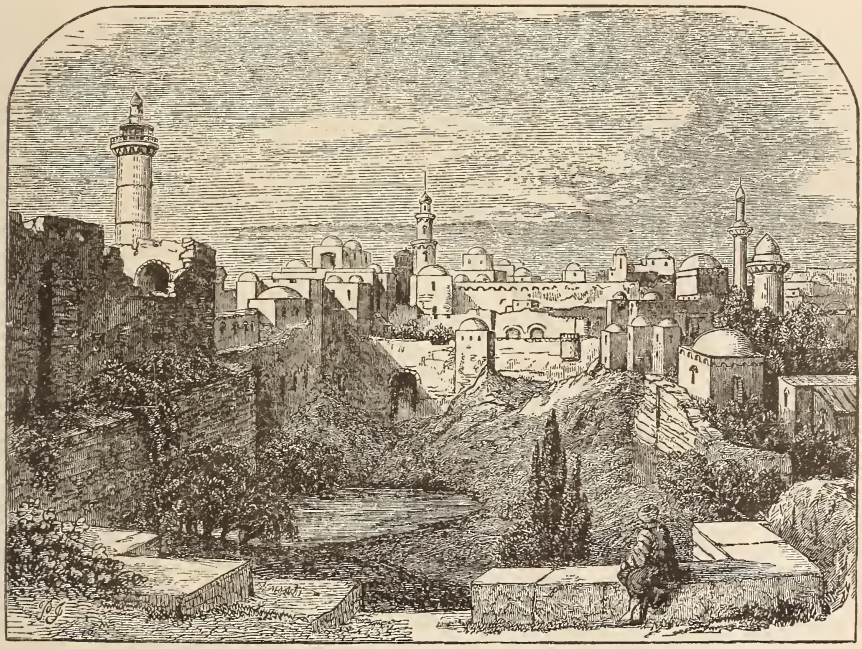


IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HISTORICAL.

THE name Jerusalem means *Foundation of Peace*, and Josephus states in two places that the Salem, of which Melchizedec was king, occupied the site of this city. Upon a mountain in the



THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

land of Moriah, Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac in sacrifice to God, and upon it, in the Temple built by Solomon, the "glory of God" was for many years visibly manifested; (II. Chron. iii. 1.) Moriah signifies Chosen of Jehovah. A warlike tribe, the

Jebusites, held "the castle of Zion" till the time of David, whose first expedition, after he was proclaimed king over all Israel, was against it. David erected his palace on the ruins of the Jebusite castle, and called it the City of David. Thirty-seven years later Solomon laid the foundation of the Temple on the opposite hill of Moriah.

Jerusalem thus became the sacred and civil capital of the Jewish nation. It attained its greatest height of power during the reign of Solomon. After that it passed through many changes of fortune, until it was plundered and burned by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. During fifty-three years the Israelites remained captives, and Jerusalem a ruin, until Cyrus released them and sent them back to rebuild their city and temple. When the new foundations were laid, "the people shouted for joy, but many of the Levites who had seen the first house wept with a loud voice." (Ezra iii. 11, 12.) Twenty years elapsed before the Temple was completed.



JEWS DRIVEN AWAY CAPTIVE.

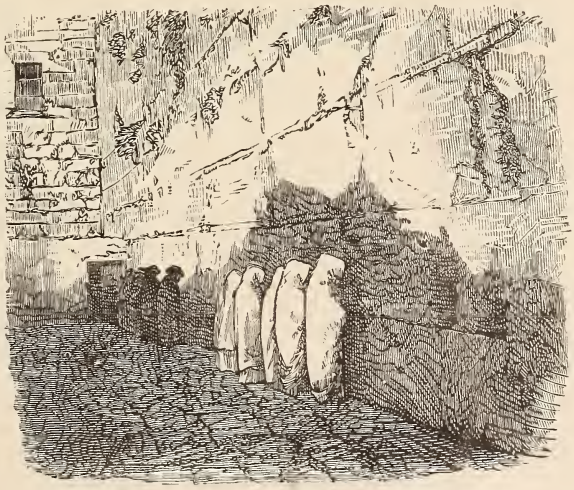
From this time till the power of Greece reached Western Asia, Palestine was governed by a Persian satrap living at Damascus; but when it yielded to Alexander the Great, Jerusalem was summoned to surrender. The High Priest refused, as he had sworn fealty to Darius. Alexander threatened to destroy the city; but when he reached the mountain-brow, he met a strange procession, formed of the High Priest arrayed in his gorgeous robes, and his followers. When Alexander saw this, he advanced and saluted him,

and adored the sacred name of Jehovah upon his mitre, considering this an omen, in fulfilment of a dream he had had, that he should overthrow Persia. Thus Jerusalem was saved for the time.

After Alexander, Palestine was held by the Ptolemies, and fell with them before the power of Rome. In the year 38 B. C., Herod obtained from Rome the title of King of the Jews; he ruled them with an iron sceptre, and shocked them by erecting heathen temples. But strange as it may seem, the Temple of Jerusalem was his work. It was begun in the eighteenth year of his reign, and the principal parts were finished in about nine years, though the whole was not completed till long after his death,—about four years before Christ's public ministry. The buildings were then so beautiful that the disciples led Jesus out to see and admire them. It was then that he uttered the prediction,—

"Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."—*Matt.* xxiv. 1, 2

Literally these words have been fulfiled. Not a stone of the temple remains, and its very site is a subject of dispute. Forty years after the Crucifixion, the Romans stormed the city, massacred, it is said, more than a million of Jews, and razed the Temple to the ground.



WAILING PLACE FOR THE JEWS.

About 130 A. D., Hadrian visited Palestine, and observing that the Jews were plotting to throw off the Roman yoke, he banished most of them to Africa, and fortified Jerusalem. This led to a rebellion, but it was suppressed, and a decree was

issued, forbidding all Jews to approach Jerusalem. Hadrian rebuilt it, and thus was the capital of Israel transformed into a Pagan city, with Jupiter as its god.

Early in the third century, Jerusalem began to attract Christian pilgrims. When the Christian religion was established by Constantine, pilgrimage thither became easy, and was stimulated by the example of the mother of the Emperor, Helena, who visited the holy places, as has been said, at the age of eighty.

It is curious that there were two Helenas, the other a queen in Kurdistan, who was converted to Judaism, not Christianity, two centuries before the Empress Helena lived. Her tomb among the monuments outside Jerusalem, of curious and interesting structure, is likely to be confounded with the relics of the Christian Empress.

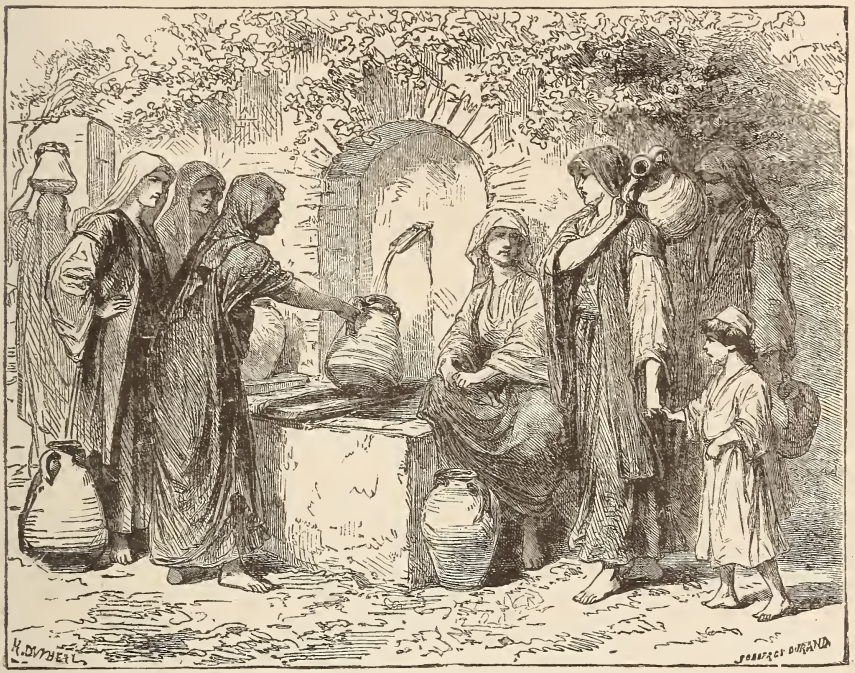
The Christians held Jerusalem but a short time. In the year 636 A. D., the city, surrendering to the Caliph Omar, fell into the control of Mohammedans. In the middle of the eleventh century, Peter the Hermit roused the chivalry of Europe to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. Jerusalem was taken, and remained in the hands of the Christians for nearly one hundred years. They purified the churches and shrines which the Moslems had defiled, and rebuilt the Church of the Sepulchre. Saladin captured it, and though once again the Christians obtained possession, it was only for a few months. They were driven out for the last time in 1243, and Jerusalem has remained ever since under the sway of the Turk.

The Horners devoted themselves to a study of the map and the Bible, by which they could connect each place with its story, and fix them together in their memory. Instead of contenting themselves with the week they had passed, before going to the Dead Sea, they now devoted another to the careful study of the place.

As they had taken up their headquarters at the hotel for a longer time than is usual with travellers, they now became involved somewhat with social duties. Several of the European consuls called, and showed them attentions which they could not

avoid. The Belgian Consul, in especial, from his long residence in Syria, was a most useful acquaintance; he was very learned in the topography, ancient and modern, of the city, and explained to those who would follow him, all the results of research concerning the foundations of the ancient Temple.

Miss Lejeune, who always considered the interesting people



WOMEN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

she, met a strongly attractive element in the pleasure of travelling, made herself agreeable to all these visitors. She half repented not bringing a long black silk, to produce an impression on the Belgian.

The plain travelling suit of the tourist is, however, fully excused in Syria, where baggage must be reduced to the smallest compass.

Mary was now so "grown up," that it was thought

best she should share some of the dinners to which they were invited, but Bessie for her own part rigidly set her face against them, and while the elders were thus engaged, and the boys were following their own devices in the streets, she either stayed reading in the hotel, or with Hassan took long walks upon the paths that lead about the country outside the city, gathering flowers, and watching the sheep, the women at the well, and the incidents which are at once those of every-day life, and repetitions of the narrative of the Gospel.

Mr. Hervey, after it was fully established that the long tour, in tents and on horseback, to Damascus, was too long and too fatiguing for the whole party, while he regretted this necessary decision, announced that he thought he might go on by himself over that road, and join them in Damascus. To suit his plan, it proved that a small party of guides were returning thither, empty handed, so that he could, if he liked, make the expedition in their company without the complication of muleteers and tents, which had formed a necessary part of the Dead Sea excursion. It would be rather a rough trip, but amusing, trusting to the hospitalities of the towns through which they would pass.

Every one concurred in the wisdom of the arrangement. "What one of us sees, all see," said Mary. "We will all pretend in future that we have done every thing Mr. Hervey does."

"Very well," he replied; "if you are caught at any time by not knowing what you are talking about, write to me, and I will book you up."

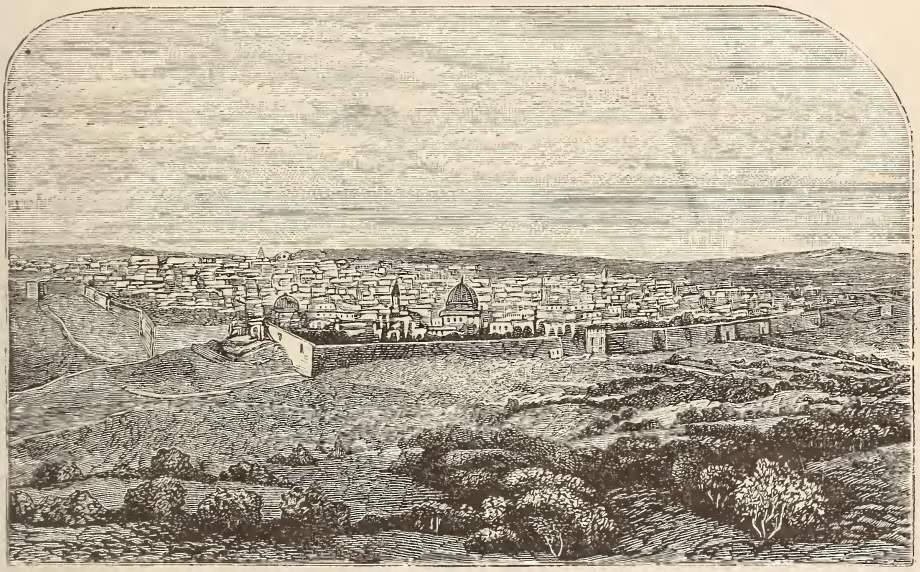
Meanwhile Miss Spark, in her little room at the hotel, was scratch, scratching away with her pen at her "Letters from the Holy Land," for the *Machiasport Elucidator*. She was greatly helped by the intelligence of the Horners; and Mr. Hervey, converted to her at last, was very kind in talking to her about her writing, and giving her valuable information from text-books which, ever provided with the needful, he had brought with him.

"I never can express," said Miss Spark to him, "what a benefit your remarks have been. My letters will be entirely different

from my usual style. I never even had a *Murray* of my own, and had to borrow one whenever I could get a chance. But now you have instructed my perceptions wonderfully."

She meant to stay at Jerusalem as long as the Horners did; for they had urged her to accompany them back to Jaffa, and even as far as Beyrout. In fact, she was now one of the party, and a very grateful one; always modest and retiring, and unwilling to encroach; not only useful, but quick to observe where she might be of use.

"In fact," admitted Philip one evening after she had retired for



MODERN JERUSALEM.

the night, "Spark is a great invention, Mary, and we must give you the credit of it."

"We have now invented Mr. Hervey and Miss Spark," said Mr. Horner, "both of them great institutions; which do you think the best?"

"O, papa! papa!" cried all, and Tommy said, "I do not think we invented Mr. Hervey, he invented himself."

This gentleman was not present during this talk, being busily

engaged in a conference with Hassan, who informed him that the expected party from Damascus had arrived, and that the guides would be ready to go back with him whenever he chose. This was the signal for a breakup of the settlement at Jerusalem. The Horners were to travel slowly back to Jaffa, and then by steamer to Beyrout, in order to fill up the ten days which must be allowed for Mr. Hervey's tent-trip across the country. Two days after was fixed for their time of departure, as they had one more engagement to fulfil, — a farewell dinner given them by their friend the Belgian Consul.



BY THE ROADSIDE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PHILIP'S EXPEDITION.

BOYS are very useful in travelling. A boy is often worth as much as what is called a courier. For a boy eats his meals quickly; then, if his mother is good-natured, he slips away from table early, and he is apt to be in the courtyard, or in the street, picking up useful information. A boy always knows what all the other parties in the hotel are going to do. He always hears where all the other people have come from. It was thus that it happened, after they had been back in Jerusalem some time, that Phil and Tommy picked up some interesting items of information on the afternoon that the grown people were dining with the Belgian Consul. Dining with the Belgian Consul meant that with endless difficulties, they were all trying to imitate European life as well as they could; for four hours they all were talking French, which was not the native language of any of them, except the Consul; and were, in short, separating themselves as far as they could from that Eastern life, and from those religious associations which they had come so far to enjoy. Phil and Tommy, meanwhile, partly under the guidance of Hassan, partly with the counsel of a small boy belonging to the hotel, but mostly by that light which kindly nature gives to all who are born into this world, were, for themselves, running to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and noticing twenty little odd details of Jerusalem life, which never,—then, or afterwards,—came under the eyes of the elders.

Thus employed, they fell in with a Swedish boy, older than Tommy, but not so old as Phil, named Erik Kullberg. The Swedish boy spoke some bad German, and a little bad French. Phil spoke both

languages tolerably well, so they got along together very comfortably.

Erik proved to be the son of a Swedish gentleman who was in Jerusalem, and it afterwards proved that this gentleman was a



SYCHAR.

literary man of distinction, and a near friend of some Swedish friends of Mr. Hervey's. But this had nothing to do with the acquaintance which the boys formed, or with what grew out of it. Fortunately, indeed, boys are not so particular as their fathers

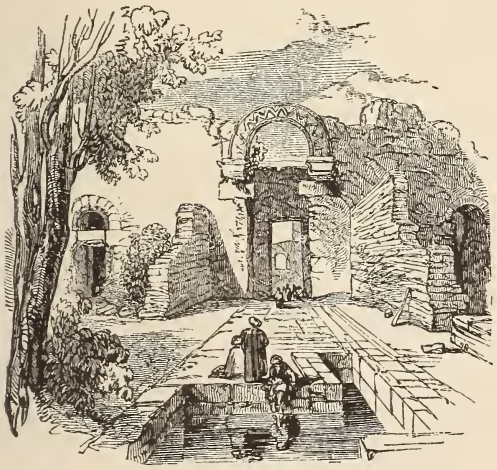


IN THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE.

and mothers are about letters of introduction. The boys went off together. Erik showed Phil some of his discoveries in the little city, and Phil showed Erik some of his. The boys became quite intimate before night, and Erik told Phil what were his father's plans for the end of the week. Mr. Kullberg was an Oriental scholar, and was particularly desirous to see the Samaritans in their little fastness. Their temple and village are at Nablous, which is the present name of Sychar, or Sychem, as the same city is called in the Bible. The city is spoken of as Sychem in the Old Testament, and Sychar in the New.

So Mr. Kullberg had letters of introduction to the Samaritan priests, and his party were going to spend two or three days at Nablous.

Nablous, as Mr. Hervey afterwards explained to Phil, is only the Arab way of pronouncing Neapolis. And Phil knew Greek enough to know that Neapolis was Greek for New Town. The truth is, that at some time, when the Romans were here, some new town was built where the old Sychem was. The place is the same as Shechem, where Joseph's brethren fed their flocks, but, at that time, there was no city there.



GATE AT NABLOUS.

After the boys parted, Phil took Bessie into his counsels, and while they were waiting for their father and mother to return from the dinner, they looked in Mr. Hervey's little collection of *Early Travels*, to see what they could find about Nablous and Sychar. Phil did not worry himself much about the recent travels; he said he could generally find what he wanted in the old books, and that they were much shorter. Well, as early as the year 1103, an Anglo-Saxon

pilgrim named Seawaulf, went to Sychem. All he says about it is this :

"The city of Nazareth of Galilee, where the blessed Virgin Mary received the salutation of our Lord's nativity from the angel, is about four days' journey from Jerusalem, the road lying through Sychem, a city of Samaria, which is now called Neapolis, where St. John the Baptist received sentence of decollation from Herod. There also is the well of Jacob, where Jesus, weary with his journey, thirsty, and sitting upon the well, condescended to ask water of the Samaritan woman who came thither to draw it, as we read in the Gospel."

Then, in the same book, Phil found the travels of a Spanish Jew, named Benjamin, from the city of Tudela. Of course the Jew did not care for Christian memories. But Jacob's Well was as much to him as to any one. He came to Nablous in the year 1163, and this is what he says:

"It is two parasangs further to Nablous, the ancient Sychem, on Mount Ephraim. This place contains no Jewish inhabitants, and is situated in the valley between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal. Four parasangs from thence is situated Mount Gilboa. The country in this part is very barren. Five parasangs farther is the Valley of Ajalon, called, by the Christians, Val de Luna."

Philip was well pleased to find "parasangs" in any book but his *Xenophon*. It is a Persian measure, which he had met with in his Xenophon's Anabasis. He was also quite excited by the idea that the Christians had called the Valley of Ajalon the "Moon's Valley." The natives of the country now call it the Valley of Yalo.

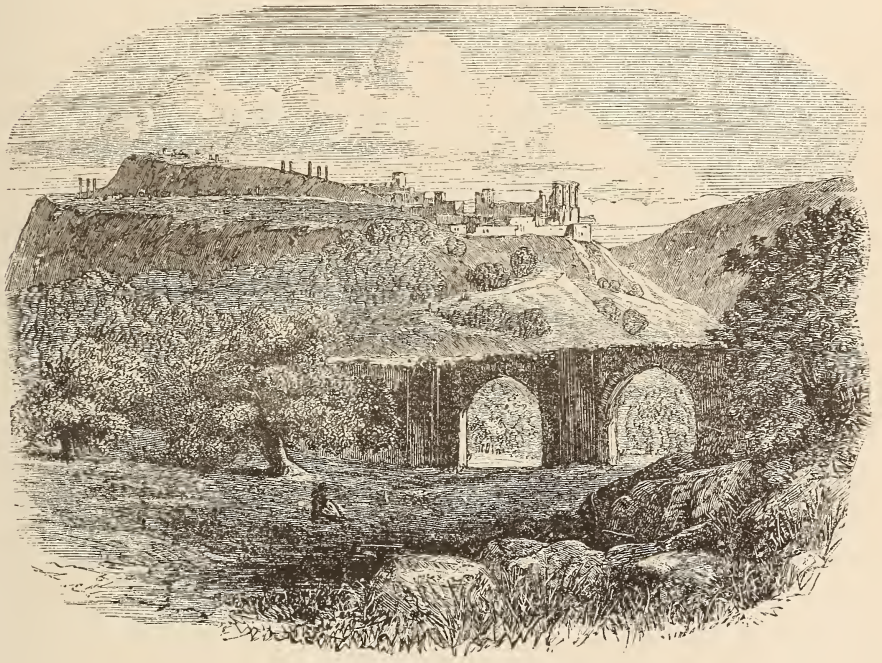
Sir John Mandeville's travels were also in this book of Mr. Hervey's, which was called *Early Travels in Palestine*, edited by Thomas Knight. He has been called the prince of liars, but his journey in Palestine seems to be told with seriousness, and with as much intelligence as one expects from such a traveller. Philip found that he went to Sichar, as he spelled it, in 1322, two hundred years after the Jew Benjamin. "There is a very fair and



CARAVAN PASSING THROUGH SAMARIA.

fruitful vale," he said, "and there is a fair and good city called Neapolis, whence it is a day's journey to Jerusalem. And there is the well where our Lord spake to the woman of Samaria: and there was wont to be a church, but it is beaten down. Beside that well, King Rehoboam caused two calves to be made of gold, and caused them to be worshipped, and put the one at Dan and the other at Bethel. A mile from Sichar is the city of Deluze, in which Abraham dwelt a certain time."

Turning on further in the book, Philip found Henry Maundrell's



RUINS OF THE CITY OF SAMARIA.

account of his visit to the same place in 1697. He found Naplous, as he called it, in a very mean condition; and about a third of an hour from Naplous, he came to Jacob's Well, "famous," he says, "not only upon account of its author, but much more for that memorable conference which our blessed Saviour here had with the woman of Samaria." He says, also, that there stood formerly

over the Well a large church, and that it was "erected by that great and devout patroness of the Holy Land, the Empress Helena." But of this the veracity of time, assisted by the hand of the Turks, has left nothing but a few foundations remaining.

By the time the Belgian dinner-party was well over, the party of grown people found Phil had coached himself up very well on Samaria, Sychar, and the Well of Jacob. As soon as he had helped his mother to disrobe, had ordered a cup of coffee for her, and had heard her "tell her times," as was the custom in the Horner family, he brought forward his information about the Swedish family, and what a nice fellow Erik Kullberg proved to be. Then, step by step, he explained what the Kullbergs' excursion to Sychar was to be, and how the travellers would pass through the Valley of the Moon.

The elder people were interested in his animated account of the rise and fall of Nablous, as the old pilgrims found it in different centuries. Mrs. Horner, who cared little for other guide-books than her Bible, remembered very well that St. John says that the Saviour was "wearied with his journey" when he came there. And she boldly said so. Philip had fully learned that Mrs. Kullberg was to ride an Arab trained for a lady, which was, in fact, the pet saddle horse of the sister to the physician of the uncle of the bishop of Jerusalem.

Phil did not propose that their party should go to Sychar, though this was in his heart. The reader knows that Phil was a philosopher. He had already found out that older people do not like to be led by the nose, or in any way advised by their children. But he had also found out that if the proper crumbs were thrown before them, they would frequently go in quest of those crumbs from what they called their own free will.

In this case, the desire of Phil's heart was none the less accomplished. As the gentlemen sat smoking on the veranda, in the twilight, Mr. Horner said to Mr. Hervey, that the excursion of the Kullbergs was just the sort of excursion to complete their knowledge of Syria.

"To tell you the truth, Hervey," said he, "I can remember when I was a boy at Sunday-school, that the coming out square

on that account of drawing water, and being thirsty, and the road having to go through Samaria, was always a satisfaction to me. It was what Dr. Hall would call the 'natural love of a concrete or visible reality.' I wish we could hitch on to this Swedish party without annoying them."

Well, of course they could join the party. Any small company of real ladies and gentlemen in that country, is glad to join any other small company; and so it was easily enough settled by the bankers and the consuls, and the missionaries and clergymen, who take care of the travellers in Jerusalem, that the Swedish party and the American party should go to Jacob's Well and Nablous together. Mr. Hervey naturally accompanied them, as his course was the same. Moreover, Mr. Hervey, in the same talk with Mr. Horner, obtained a further gratification for Philip, which the boy had never dreamed of asking.

"Let him go with me as far as Damascus," he said; and this was assented to, with the usual routine of unwillingness at first, and final assent from the tender mother.



PHILIP'S GUIDE.

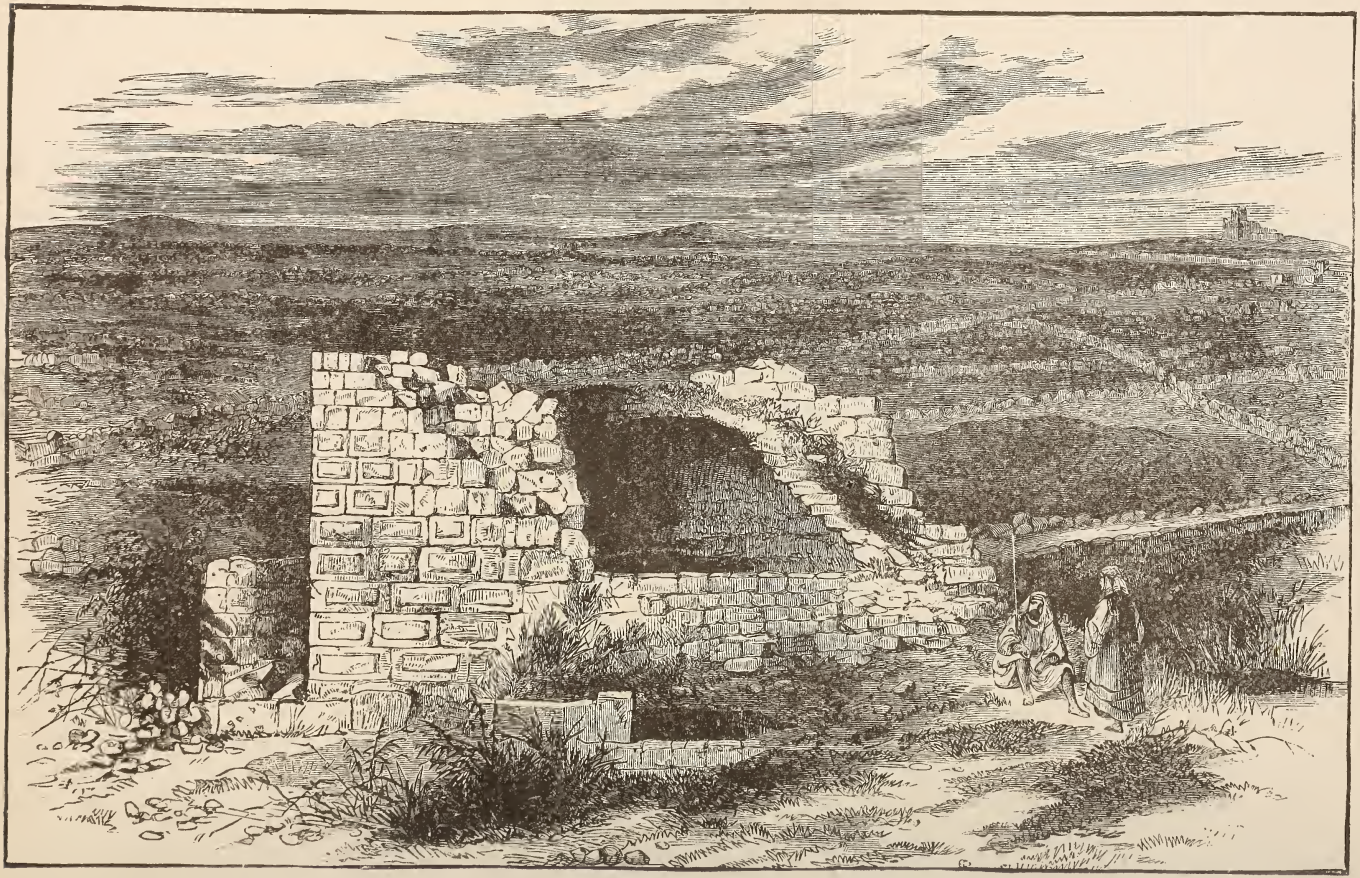
CHAPTER XXXIV.

NABLOUS.

AS before, they made their first day's march in the afternoon, and encamped only a little way from their starting place. This is the favorite plan of the Arabs, who say that you should be only half an hour out of the city, the first night, so that you may ride back for any thing you may have forgotten.

Mr. Kullberg had too much experience to forget any thing, but he acceded to the custom of the country so far, that the little party rode only three hours the first day. They stopped at a place which the Arabs called Beitin, which is supposed to be the Bethel of the Bible. The road was pretty rough, and passed over quite high tableland. But there were a plenty of waddys on the right, or on the left, and Bessie selected one and another as they passed as the valley of Ajalon. She was sure, she said, that the Moon would have been glad to stand there. But this was all wrong, for Yalo, which Benjamin of Tudela thought was Ajalon, is at the north of Bethel, and, of course, they would not see it till the next day. This Philip learnedly explained to her. But Bessie had already discovered the ecstasy of starting new theories in a country where so little is very certain. Half an hour before sunset, they alighted in a valley near Beitin. They had time to survey the ruins: the walls of a church, and the remains of a square tower. But one of the most important and significant of all, was a large cistern built of massive, well-hewn stones. The southern wall is still entire. The northern wall has been used up as a quarry.

Those on the sides are partly preserved. Two living springs of good water flow out from the bottom, which is a green grass-plot.

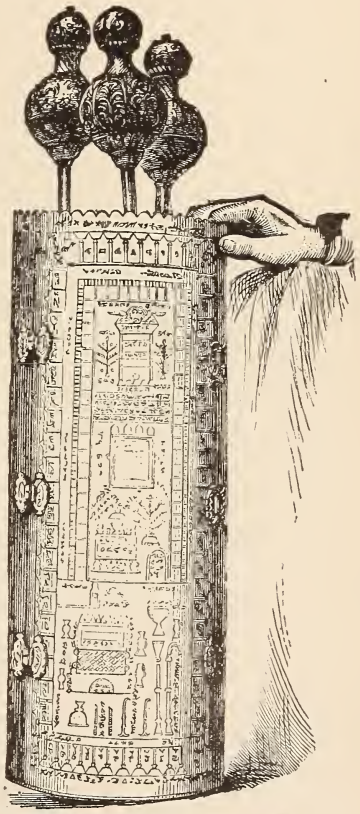


RUINS OF BETHEL.

Here they found their tents prettily pitched, even the Swedish and American flags flying over them, and their dear little beds on iron bedsteads, ready for the ladies to recline.

The dragoman obtained excellent milk and butter from some Arabs who had pitched their tents in the neighborhood. This was so good as to do credit to the choice of Abraham when he chose the high ground eastward of this spot to pitch his tents, having the whole of Palestine to choose from.— Genesis xii. 8.

Before they went to bed, Miss Lejeune read to them from the Bible, the account of Jacob's vision at this place, when he saw the angels ascending and descending between earth and heaven.



CYLINDER CONTAINING THE PENTATEUCH.

The next morning they started about half past eight, and after a hard day's journey, they reached Nablous before dark, the same evening. Whether they saw the Valley of Ajalon they never knew, but they did pass through Wady-el-tin, which means the valley of figs. A beautiful grove of trees it was.

When they came to Nablous, although the officials asked them very cordially to partake of their hospitalities, the young people thought they should prefer still to live in the tents. But Mrs. Horner and Mrs. Kullberg found themselves more comfortable in Odyazams's home, which is a sort of hotel. They had a nice, cosey room, and in the evening the gentlemen received some visits from official gentlemen and others.

For the next two days they were occupied in many interesting

excursions. They saw the little school which the English missionaries have founded for Christians, and Miss Lejeune was delighted to find that the children were taught to do something with their hands.

She made their teacher, Mons. Zeller, write a letter to her friend Mrs. Vandoline, who is very much interested in what is called technical education.

But what they had come to see, was the little community of Samaritans, which now numbers about two hundred persons. It seems to be the oldest religious community in the world, which has lived on without change, in the home, as well as in the worship, of its ancestors. It was to study this people that their Swedish friends had planned the party, and, of course, our friends fell into the same interests. The Samaritan quarter of Nablous is a little cluster of houses, two stories high, crowded close together. Mr. Kullberg led them up a steep stone stairway into an open court, where was a beautiful lemon-tree. They were to go into the synagogue, and so they took their shoes from off their feet and went into the simple, unadorned building. This modest place was, all the same, the temple of these ancient people. The "veil of the Temple" was a square curtain of linen, ornamented with lines of red, and purple, and green, forming a beautiful pattern. Miss Lejeune copied the design carefully, that she might send it home. When she had finished, the dear old priest Selâmeh drew it aside, trembling, and brought out some of the precious manuscripts which are among the most curious in the world. The gentlemen studied these with the greatest interest, and the children were glad to be told of a book of Joshua, quite different from our book of Joshua, which begins with the stories of the spies whom Rahab had defended, and ends with anecdotes of Alexander the Great.

But the great event of all was the visit they made to Jacob's Well. It was this, in fact, which had first inflamed Phil's desire that they should all come here. Phil remembered very well that when he was a Sunday-school boy there was a painted picture, bright

with green grass, and red and blue daisies, which represented the Saviour sitting by the side of the well, and a woman standing by him with a pitcher on her head. To Phil's infant mind, this had been by far the most edifying of all the pictures, and now that he had a chance, he was delighted to see the reality. Mr. Kullberg's arrangements were such that they were able to go under the very best auspices. By great good luck, they had with them Yakûb-esh-Shellaby, who is probably the only person living who has ever been down into the Well itself. He was then a boy twelve years of age. Some gentlemen who had taken him there, wanted to rescue a Bible which had been dropped in six years before by Dr. Bonar. So they took the little boy, with his own consent, gave him some little sticks, which



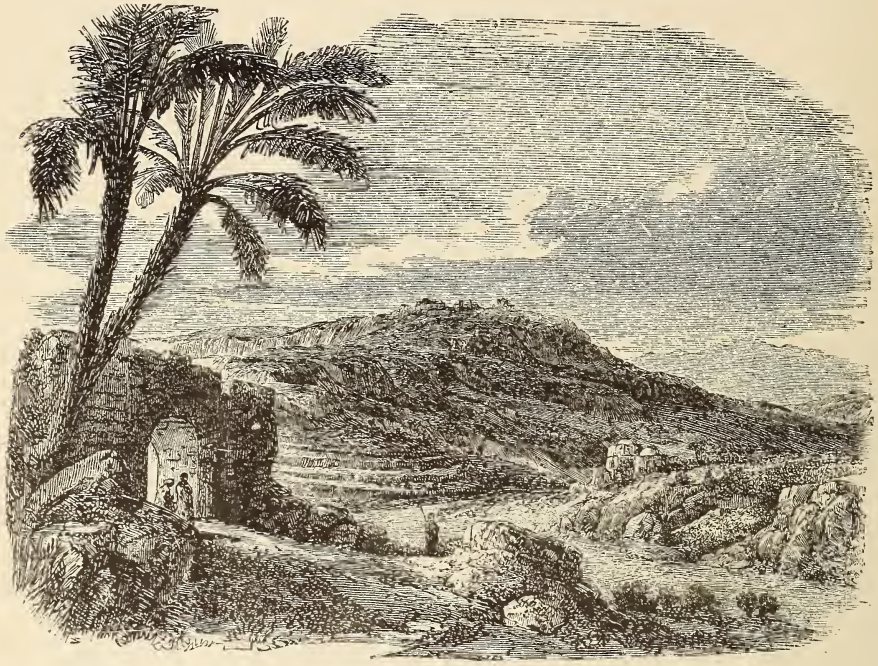
VALLEY OF SYCHEM.

were the first lucifer matches he had ever seen, and lowered him down by tying four camel ropes and two turban shawls together. The little fellow found the Bible, and brought it back in triumph.

Over the Well itself, is an old stone vault, into which adventurous travellers can easily be let down. Mr. Kullberg and the other gentlemen entered it, and it need not be said the boys accompanied them. The gentlemen had with them proper facilities

for removing the flat stone at the bottom of this vault, which covers the proper Well. They told Tommy that if he liked, they would lower him down in the same way in which Yakûb had gone.

But Tommy said he was satisfied with Yakûb's account, and



RAMAH.

declined. They did lower down a stone jug, and were fortunate enough to draw it up well-filled with water. All in silence, and, with a reverence which no one pretended to disguise, the whole party drank from the water afterwards, as they sat resting against an old granite column.

Miss Lejeune read to the children the first fifteen verses of the fourth chapter of John. Then their father reminded them how the Samaritans begged the Saviour to abide with them, and believed on him because of his own word. He showed them that this was the first company of people who ever did believe on the Saviour. It was the first Christian congregation, or Church. In that sense,

he said, this was the place where the Christian Church first took its form, — the Christian Church which has secured so great a power in the world. He told them never to forget that that Church was formed where Jesus said that God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, and was formed by people who had heard him themselves, and believed in his word.

The children took all he said seriously and thoughtfully. They had time afterwards to visit what is called Joseph's Tomb. From the place where they had their lunch, by the side of the Well, they had an exquisite view of Ebal and Gerizim. Against a beautiful blue sky, the hills, by which they were surrounded, stood clearly out. Half-way up Mount Ebal, they saw a large village called Tulluzah, supposed to be the ancient city Tirzah. They could hardly distinguish the houses from the rough masses of rocks and huge stone boulders. The village is almost surrounded by vineyards and olive groves.

The day was eminently satisfactory, and at night Mrs. Horner thanked Phil in form, for giving them so much pleasure. And here they separated, after two impressive days, Phil and Mr. Hervey going on to Damascus, while the others returned to Jerusalem, varying a little from their route in coming. They saw one of the Ramahs, for most of the old places are uncertain; and they saw a place supposed to be Gideon. And plenty of valleys were shown the children as the Valley of Ajalon. And they came to their dear Jerusalem in time to see its domes and cupolas as the sun went down.

CHAPTER XXXV.

POOR MARY!

THE return from Jerusalem to Jaffa was sedately performed by the diminished party. There was much to think over, and the regret at so soon leaving Palestine gave a sort of seriousness to their thoughts. The absence of Philip and Mr. Hervey made a wide gap. Tommy was promoted to the post of second gentleman in waiting, and felt his dignity accordingly. Added to other causes for a quiet mood, was the physical fatigue which naturally followed so many days spent in the saddle, and nights in the tent. In fact, they were all extremely tired as they came into Jaffa, the hoofs of the horses clattering over the stony lane leading down-stairs to the hotel, through the steep street.

It was not surprising that they were all tired; but every one was seriously alarmed when Mary, as she was lifted from her horse, fainted into her father's arms.

She was carried at once into a room on the lower floor of the hotel. Fresh air, cologne, salts, cold water, were all administered, and in a very few moments she recovered herself, opened her eyes and smiled, and seeing the anxious faces about her, exclaimed feebly:

"Why! what is the matter with me!"

"It is nothing, dear child, but the fatigue; you were too tired," said Miss Lejeune, always courageous and cheerful.

"Oh, yes, that was it," said Mary; "I felt so dreadfully tired the last part. I thought we should never reach Jaffa."

"Well, I declare!" remarked Miss Spark, who never knew fatigue.

As soon as it was announced that rooms were ready, that energetic

woman armed herself with wraps and straps, and led the way. Mr. Horner lifted Mary and carried her to her room, where she was soon in bed, and comfortably resting. Miss Spark installed herself as nurse.

"There ain't any thing about sickness that I don't know," she



GARDEN OUTSIDE OF JAFFA.

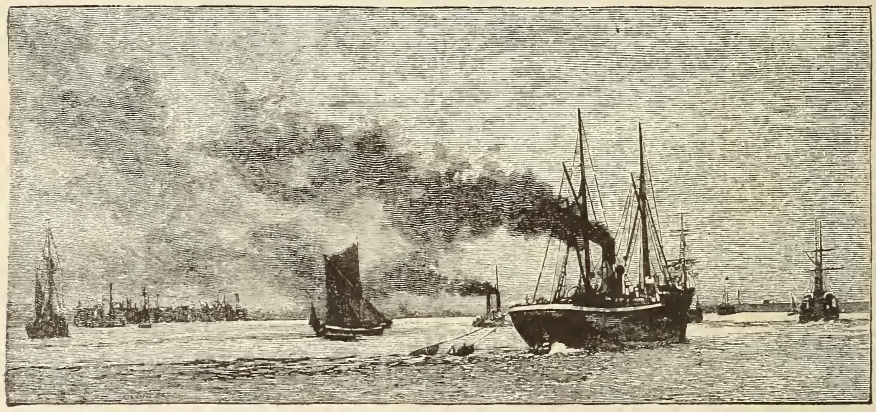
said, "though I never had so much as a toothache in my life. You all of you just go down and eat your tea, and I will sit here and see to her."

Miss Augusta reluctantly yielded the place by the bedside to the valiant nurse; but it was useless to discuss the matter. Mrs. Horner was worried as well as tired, and all the cheerfulness of Miss Lejeune was needed to brighten the spirits of the small dinner-table.

Mary slept ill, and showed some symptoms of fever, but as Jaffa was no place to linger long, it was thought best to keep to their intention of taking the French boat to Beyrout, which was expected to call at Jaffa about noon that day.

Some people in the hotel were going to visit an orange-garden in the morning, and they kindly invited Tommy, who would otherwise have passed a dull day, to join them. For the first time, he ate his fill of delicious large oranges, and was amazed to find that he really could not get through more than five. This was doing better than most, though the party had permission to pick and eat as many as they pleased.

These oranges were not the shape of the earth, flattened at the poles, but longer than wide, without seeds, and full of juice. There were lemon-trees in the same garden, and an insipid sort of thing called a sweet lemon, lacking the acid of other lemons, but miss-



LEAVING JAFFA.

ing the flavor of the orange. Tommy brought back pockets bursting with fruit for Bessie, who had preferred to stay behind, and a handful of flowers for poor Mary, who was hardly up to enjoying them.

Again they had to pass through the rocky rampart of the harbor in small boats, and climb the side of the steamer which lay snorting and tossing outside. Mary, still giddy, was helped up by Mr. Horner

and Hassan, and hastened at once to the cabin. The deck was covered with pilgrims returning from Mecca, picturesque, but dirty. The ladies, however, had the cabin to themselves, and when they woke up the next morning, they found themselves in the harbor at Beyrout. The hotel faces directly on the sea, and they were soon comfortably installed.

It is impossible that a city should be more beautiful than Beyrout. It stands on a promontory running along the base of the Lebanon into the Mediterranean. Facing toward the west, it has the advantage over cities on the north or south shores of that sea, of looking directly across it to the setting sun. The town is composed of a dense mass of substantial buildings, with a broad margin of picturesque villas, embowered in foliage, running up the surrounding hills,— mulberry groves, dotted with groups of palm and cypress.

After the barren plains of Palestine, where a chance fig-tree or olive make the only foliage, this burst of verdure is most delightful. It should be seen in spring, when its richness is at the full.

It is a town with a large population, of which the greater part are strangers,— English and Americans,— who have done much to advance the cause of education in the East.

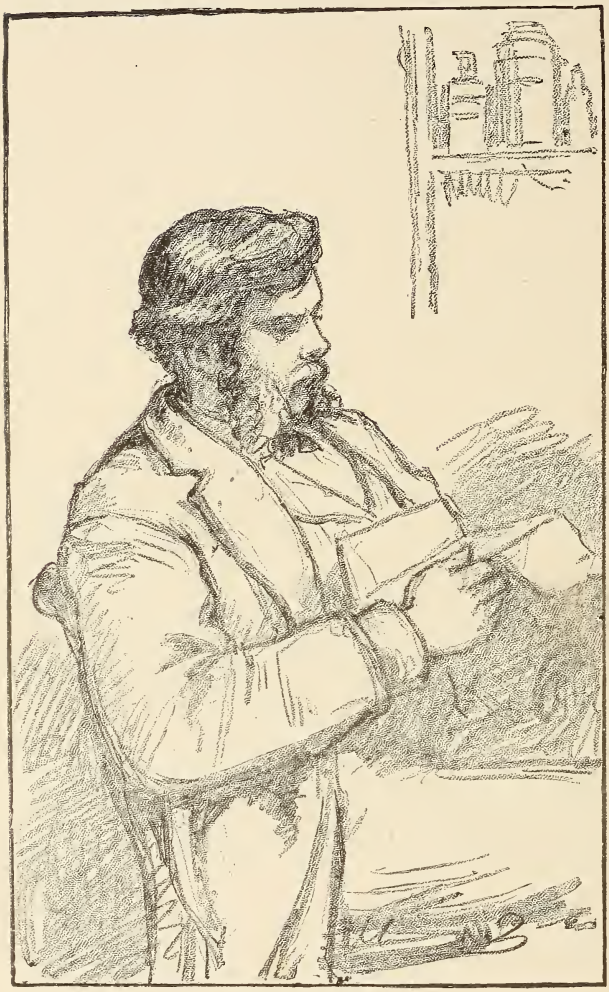
The Horners found themselves as comfortable as possible in the admirable hotel, which is not only well-kept, but as prettily planned as a private house, and charmingly situated just outside the town, so close to the sea that through the open windows came the sound of plashing waves.

Mary was no sooner in bed than medical advice was summoned. To the great relief of all, Doctor Grant proved to be a physician of intelligence and skill from England. He pronounced Mary's case one of over fatigue. All she needed was rest and quiet ; although feverish, she had no alarming symptoms, and a week or ten days would, he thought, bring her round.

Mrs. Horner, who, with maternal despondency, had feared some long, lingering illness, found only comfort in this announcement;

but when Miss Spark heard the intelligence from Miss Lejeune, who came out of the sick room to tell her, she exclaimed:

"A week or ten days! The land! Why, you calculated to be all through Damascus by that time!"



DOCTOR GRANT.

Before Miss Lejeune had time to reply, there was a tap at the door of the private parlor where they were sitting. Bessie went to open it, and Mrs. Ford stood in the doorway.

This was a delightful surprise, easily explained. After a short stay at Cairo, the Fords had decided to move on to Beyrout, of which they had heard a charming description as to climate and position. They had been there already more than a week, enjoying the drives in the neighborhood, and the comfort of the hotel.

The presence of these old friends, as all considered them, made the prospect of a week at Beyrout not only tolerable, but attractive; but there were difficulties in the way. Mr. Hervey and Philip, who would arrive in Damascus toward the end of the week, would expect

to meet their party. To be sure, it was easy to write to them and explain, but not so easy to decide upon the best course.

A council was held in the evening, and the various chiefs of the party proposed various schemes, each one suggesting some form of self-sacrifice, disapproved by the others. Not that a wish to stay with Mary showed any grave self-sacrifice, for none cared to leave her while there was the slightest cause for anxiety.

At last Miss Lejeune said:

"Let us wait and see how Mary is to-morrow. There is no cause for haste, and we are all in need of rest. We may just as well stay here for a day or two, in any case."

This advice was wise, and was acted upon. The next day Mary's fever had left her, and she was refreshed and cheery, although languid; after another day she was able to leave her bed. The doctor still advised her having a thorough rest, however, and it seemed altogether best that she should not attempt the journey to Damascus. Mrs. Horner announced from the first, that she should remain quietly with Mary, while the rest went on by diligence, according to the original plan. Miss Lejeune resisted this resolve, saying that she wished to be the one left behind. This made a dead-lock, for unlike the usual compliance of each, neither wished to yield. Mary had not been allowed to hear any of the consultations upon this question, but she was quite well enough to turn it over in her own mind.

Things were in this state, when, one afternoon, Miss Spark was sitting by Mary's side, whose couch was drawn near the window of her large and pleasant room. It opened *à deux battants* upon a charming garden, where large purple irises were now in blossom, and other flowers whose sweet perfume floated in on the soft air. This was at the back of the house, but they heard the faint plash of the waves on the other side. Mary was watching a small chameleon which Tommy had caught himself, on a mulberry-tree. The creature was tethered to the ledge of the window, by a red ribbon tied round its waist. It was a small green animal, with a big head and sprawling legs, between a frog and a lizard in shape,

with projecting, top-shaped eyes, that had the power of turning their glance in every direction. Its color was a light bright-green, which changed to a shade approaching black when it was displeased, as by the tying process. The extreme variation of color ascribed to the chameleon must be an exaggeration.

"Now tell me, Miss Spark," said Mary, "what are your plans?"

"Well, that's exactly what I want to discuss." she replied. "I can make you see better than the rest of them, through being in the same tent, and so forth. I don't want to worry you, but I want you to make them all go on to Damascus, and let me stay here and tend you. We get along first-rate, and they can enjoy themselves. Then I shall feel kind of as if I had wiped out some of my obligations to your father,—though I could never do that, either,—for taking me along."

"But do you not want to see Damascus?"

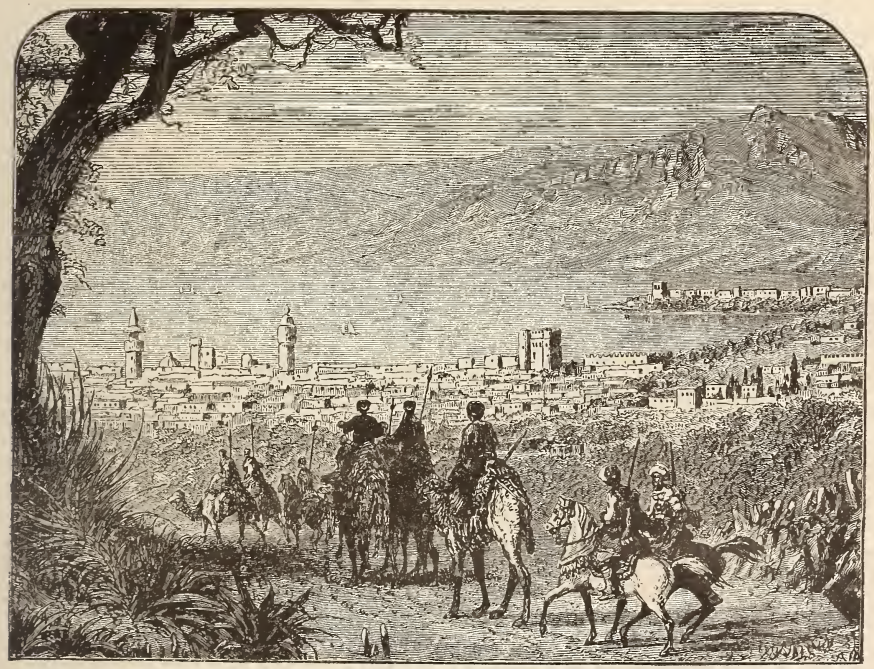
"Well, not precisely. You see it is not exactly in the line of the Holy Land, which was all I was to write up for the *Elucidator*."

Mary pondered, at last assented, and, what was more, convinced the rest. She had the Fords to fall back upon. It was too bad to separate papa and mamma. The difficult question was solved, and its solution was due to Miss Spark.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEYROUT.

AS Mary was still delicate, and must not be disturbed in the early morning, farewells were taken the night before the



BEYROUT.

start. Miss Spark was established upon a couch in Mary's room, while Bessie slept with Miss Lejeune.

When Mary awoke and looked at her watch, it was nearly ten o'clock. With a slight pang at her heart, she recollected that she

was alone,— for the first time in her life separated from all the members of her family; for many a pleasant trip with Miss Lejeune was no exception to this, so completely was she the "Aunt Dut" of the Horner children.

Before she had time to dwell upon this thought, however, a tap came at her door, and the faithful Miss Spark entered with coffee and rolls on a tray, for both of them.

"See!" she said, "I waited to eat my breakfast with you, but I was up long ago. The doctor has been, but he did not wish you disturbed, as he had only to say that you might drive out to-day, and he is coming for us himself, at eleven, to show us one of his favorite views.

"How nice!" said Mary languidly; "but how shall I ever be dressed?" Hitherto, since her little illness, she had put on nothing more serious than a wrapper; and the thought of dressing seemed arduous; this showed how weak she was, and how much her attack of fever had pulled her down.

Fortified by coffee, however, and tempted by the sweet air that blew in from the window, she was all ready, and sitting on the piazza of the hotel which overlooks the sea, when the doctor appeared in a pleasant little open carriage.

"I shall not take you far to-day, Miss Horner," said the pleasant Doctor Grant, "nor fatigue you with any lions. We will just drive about, and give you an idea of the pretty neighborhood." Accordingly, after pleasant turnings among the fresh green of the fig-trees, they gained a high point, where they looked down upon the verdure of the Lebanon; terraces of green wheat-fields, long ranges of vines, and mulberry and fig-trees, made a charming scene.

Coming back, the doctor pointed out a place where St. George destroyed the dragon, some say on the very spot, others that he came there to wash his hands in the stream after it.

"But we saw another place, on the Rhine, I think;" said Mary. "St. George must have slain two dragons."

"We must not take too seriously these myths," replied the doctor. "It is very possible there was no dragon whatever about it."

LEBANON FROM BEYROUT.

After two or three days, Mary was so entirely recovered that the attentions of her doctor were no longer required professionally, though he continued them through friendliness. The time the others



IN THE GARDEN.

were absent slipped rapidly by. Having the Fords at Beyrout was a wonderful piece of good luck. Mary became more intimate with Miss Mackaye, and liked her very much; she did not fail to observe that her sister and Mr. Ford were always anxious about her health, which seemed not to gain much by any change. She was delicate, with not much appetite, but always cheerful and uncomplaining. They passed many hours together upon the balcony of the hotel, looking across the Mediterranean, or reading on a bench in the vine-

embowered garden. Every evening the sunset viewed from that point was superb.

One day, before Mary was quite strong, she was lying upon the couch in her room, after sleeping for some time, and Miss Spark was sitting in the window sewing buttons upon Mary's boots, in the most friendly manner. She was always doing little things of this sort, and in every silent way expressing her devotion.

"Miss Spark," said Mary, then pausing.

"Well, dear."

"I hate that green dress of yours!"



GRANDMA SPARK.

Miss Spark looked up surprised, but not offended. Mary was privileged; she knew it, and took her advantage.

"You do?" said Miss Spark. "Well, I suppose it ain't handsome, and it is pretty well wore out, too. We bought it, my grandmother and me, — she has excellent judgment, — very low, of a pale sort of pink, because it did not sell well, and we dyed it ourselves, grandma and me; it turned out lighter than we calculated, but I always did like green."

"What I was thinking of," continued Mary, "was, that we have so much time here, we might make you another suit. You can buy things here, flannel like mine, I dare say. Do not you like my dress?"

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Spark.

"I want to give it to you," Mary hastened to say, "and I know we can cut it out like mine."

"There's no occasion for you to pay for it," said Miss Spark, "for

your father was so liberal, treating me to this whole trip, I feel as though I'd had my cake and ate it too."

Mary had her way, however, about paying for the stuff, which was bought and cut out after deep consultation with the English ladies, who were taken into the plan. All their needles were brought to bear, and the result was a radical transformation in the appearance of Miss Spark, before the return of the Damascus branch of our party. The most wonderful part was, that Mary persuaded her to alter her style of hair, and with her own hands showed her how to make a sort of top-knot come down into a low braid at the back of her head.

One day at dinner, Mr. Ford said, in jest, "There is an American sailing-vessel in port here, Miss Mary. If you liked, you might return home in that way."

"Is there, really?" asked Mary. "I always thought I should like a voyage in a sailing vessel. How long does it take, I wonder?"

"Three months," said Mr. Ford.

Mary shook her head. "It would be too much time to waste," she said, "especially the lovely summer months, on board ship. Even I do not love the sea well enough for that."

Miss Spark ate her dinner in silence, but afterwards she approached Mr. Ford, and in the elegant diction which she used except in private, she said:

"Sir, may I venture to inquire if the craft you referred to in your conversation, has an actual existence?"

"It is no figment of my fancy," replied Mr. Ford, smiling. "It is the *Sally Ann*, and is bound for Portland."

"I thank you for relieving my apparently unwarrantable curiosity," replied Miss Spark, and, to him, said no more; but later she confided to Mary that she was thinking of going back to America in the *Sally Ann*.

"You see, dear," she said, "my mission is accomplished. I've done the Holy Land for the *Elucidator*, and they have no call for secular travel. More than likely, the price is cheap on that sailing-

vessel. Anyhow, I mean to see the captain. Maybe he's some of our folks."

Mr. Ford, when he found she was in earnest, gladly pursued the subject, and hunted up Captain Wallace, who proved to be an excellent specimen of a Down-East sea-captain. He had known all the Sparks time out of mind, and he would be delighted to give a passage "free gratis for nothing, to any on 'em." It was fine to hear the two conversing in their own vernacular. The captain's wife was on board, having made the trip out of curiosity, and "she would be extra pleased to have a female on board," the captain said.

Thus all was arranged most harmoniously. The best of it was, that the vessel, which had but just arrived, would not be ready for her return trip for at least a week, so that Miss Spark could retain to the last her watchful guardianship over Mary, which she had assumed in the absence of her rightful protectors. As a nurse, she was no longer required, for Mary appeared as bright and well as ever, and equal to any thing. She longed for a bath in the Mediterranean, but this was not allowed by her keepers, Doctor Grant not thinking it prudent, although the weather was now growing almost as warm as summer.

"I know Bessie will have a swim the minute she arrives here," said Mary; "she is making a list of places where she has bathed, in all parts of the world."

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed Miss Spark.

Mr. Ford persuaded Doctor Grant to go with him to visit the celebrated ruins at Baalbec, and he was the only person, at all connected with our party, who achieved this interesting excursion; for the Damascus travellers, as it proved, had not time for it on their return. The Temple at Baalbec is a specimen of Grecian architecture, surpassing those of Athens in dimensions, though not equal to them in classic taste and purity of style.

There is no hotel at Baalbec. The two gentlemen went one day and returned the next with two guides, and literally camped out, sleeping in their blankets in the open air.

Baalbec means the same as Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, and



BAALBEC.

the city, like its namesake in Egypt, was consecrated to the worship of the sun. It is unknown at what period it was founded, but it is probably of Phœnician origin. Up to the seventh century it was a large and flourishing city, but it has gradually declined until its temples have become ruins, and its few inhabitants live in squalid houses among the prostrate remains of ancient palaces.

Every one who has been in the East, is asked:



CEDARS OF LEBANON.

"Did you go to Baalbec?" and if the answer is no, then comes, "Oh, you ought to have gone to Baalbec!"

It is a pity to lose it; but it is a little difficult to fit in this excursion, and for their part, the Horners were becoming somewhat surfeited with sight-seeing.

Mary had grown so attached to Beyrout, that she dreamed of returning there for a whole winter sometime, for the climate, the sketching, and all the excursions in the neighborhood which she

had missed. The wonderful cedars of Lebanon are worth an expedition, and the whole region of country as well.

"Let us come back together some time, dear Miss Mackaye," said Mary.

Her friend smiled sadly; and Mary felt she ought not to have touched so delicate a question as the future plans of an invalid.

The Fords next point was Smyrna, reached by steam from Beyrout.



SMYRNA FROM THE SEA.



SYRIAN VILLAGE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TO DAMASCUS.

WE must return to the Damascus part of our party. On the morning of departure by starlight, they softly stole out of their rooms and slipped away, and, long before sunrise, were bundled off in a lumbering vehicle upon the excellent diligence road towards Damascus.

Miss Lejeune, who might truly be called an old stager, had made many a journey *en diligence;* the last was the excursion she and Philip made to the Rhone glacier; but, as it happened, she was the only one of the present party who was experienced in that mode of travel, so universally now in Europe has the railway carriage displaced the coach.

The coupé, which holds but three, had been secured for them, and two good places in the *interieur.* The coupé was the best, and so it was agreed they should change from time to time. At three o'clock in the morning, it did not much signify to any of them where they were. Peace, and a soft place to lean against, were all Tommy demanded, and these he speedily found in his corner of the back seat, where he and his mother were established, while Miss Lejeune, and Bessie with her father, entered the coupé. So great, at first, was Bessie's amazement at the odd situation, looking out, underneath the driver's box, upon a confused mass of mules' legs and tails, that she felt wide awake; but soon growing used to the rumbling noise, and the steady motion of the vehicle, her head nodded. Every Horner had a morning nap.

"There were six horses, only the behind ones were mules," said Tommy afterwards, in describing their equipment; "three abreast, and

they rattled over the road like every thing. When it was level, the driver made them go full gallop, and it was immense to see their heels fly up."

This was later in the day, for the first part of the road is a steady ascent. The animals are changed eleven times on the course, —nearly once an hour,— and thus are always fresh and ready to press forward.

After refreshing coffee at one of the early stopping-places, the party awoke to the beauty of the route; a little snow still lingered in places, but hyacinths and tulips, and all manner of delicate flowers, dotted the fields. Sometimes they passed villages with long white walls. They had been riding all day, and were growing stiff and tired, though the prospect of reaching Damascus before very long, kept up their spirits when they stopped for the last change of mules and horses. As they approached the station, they saw, without noticing, two horsemen waiting at the rude sort of stable where the animals for the diligence were kept.

When the diligence stopped, these two riders jumped from their horses, and one of them, advancing, said:

"Let me help you, Mrs. Horner! Do not you mean to get down for a while?"

It was Mr. Hervey, and his companion was Philip, who had arrived in Damascus the day before, and, learning from the letters they found there, exactly where they might expect the party, they rode out to meet them.

"How is Mary?" was their first question, put by Mr. Hervey, with a grave face of anxiety.

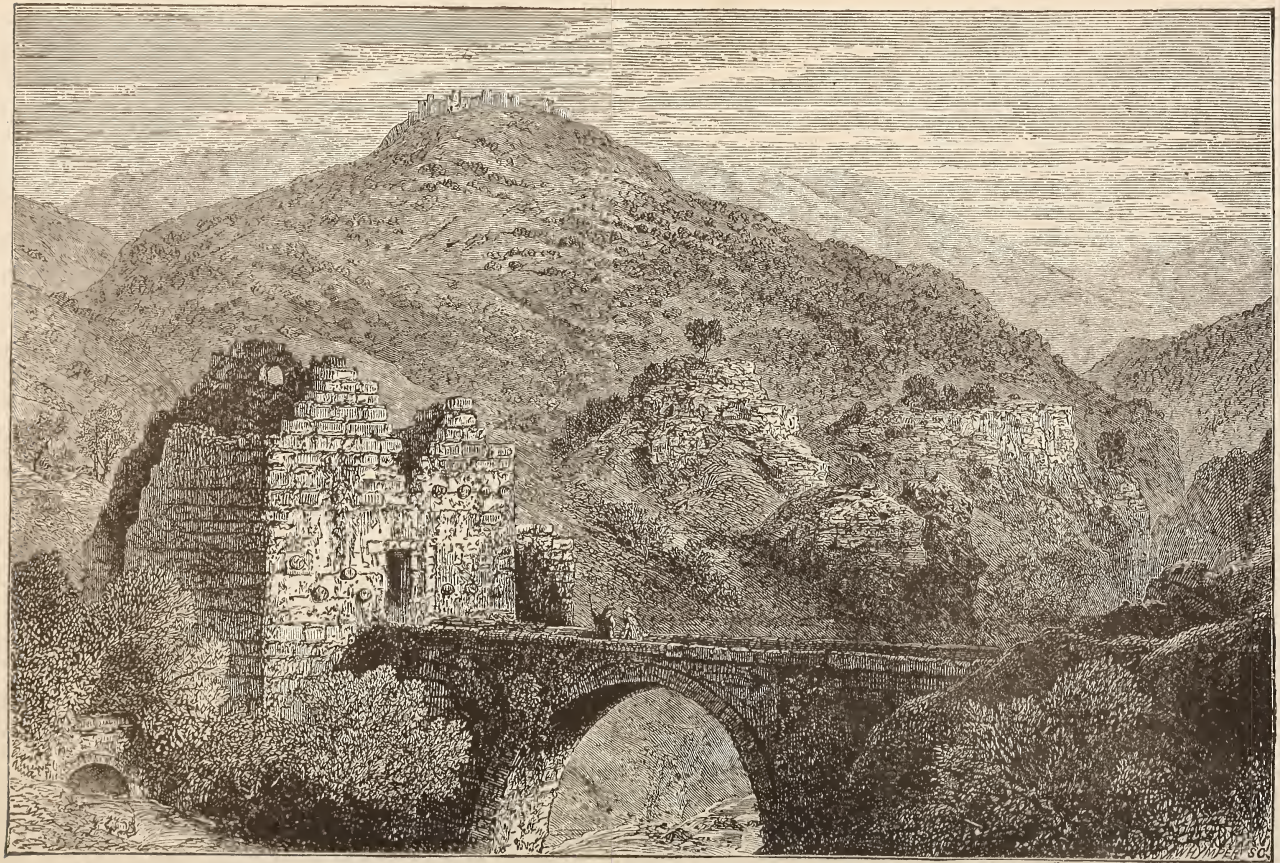
"All right!" said Bessie cheerfully.

"Much better," said her mother, with more moderation, "but still we decided to leave her."

"Yes, we feared you would," said Mr. Hervey.

"Too bad!" said Philip.

"Now," said Mr. Hervey, "we have a plan on which you have but a moment to decide. The approach to Damascus is far more beautiful the way we came than by this diligence road. There are



RANGE OF HERMON NEAR BANIAS, AT THE MAIN SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

plenty of saddle-animals at this stable, and we want you all to leave the coach and ride on with us the other way."

"Oh, we are too tired!" groaned poor Mrs. Horner, who thought she was done with her equestrian discipline; "and it looks a little like rain."

"Oh, no, mamma!" urged Bessie; and Tommy tugged at her hand, as if to lead her up to Philip's horse, which was pawing the ground in a formidable manner.

"Let them go, Jeannie my dear, and you and I will stay by the ship and attend to the baggage," said her husband.

"The baggage will be all right," said Philip.

"Your mamma is tired, and had rather not go," said his father, but added:

"Augusta, which will you do? Bessie, of course, goes with them."

"Me too?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, Mr. Platt," replied his father. He was called this sometimes in his family.

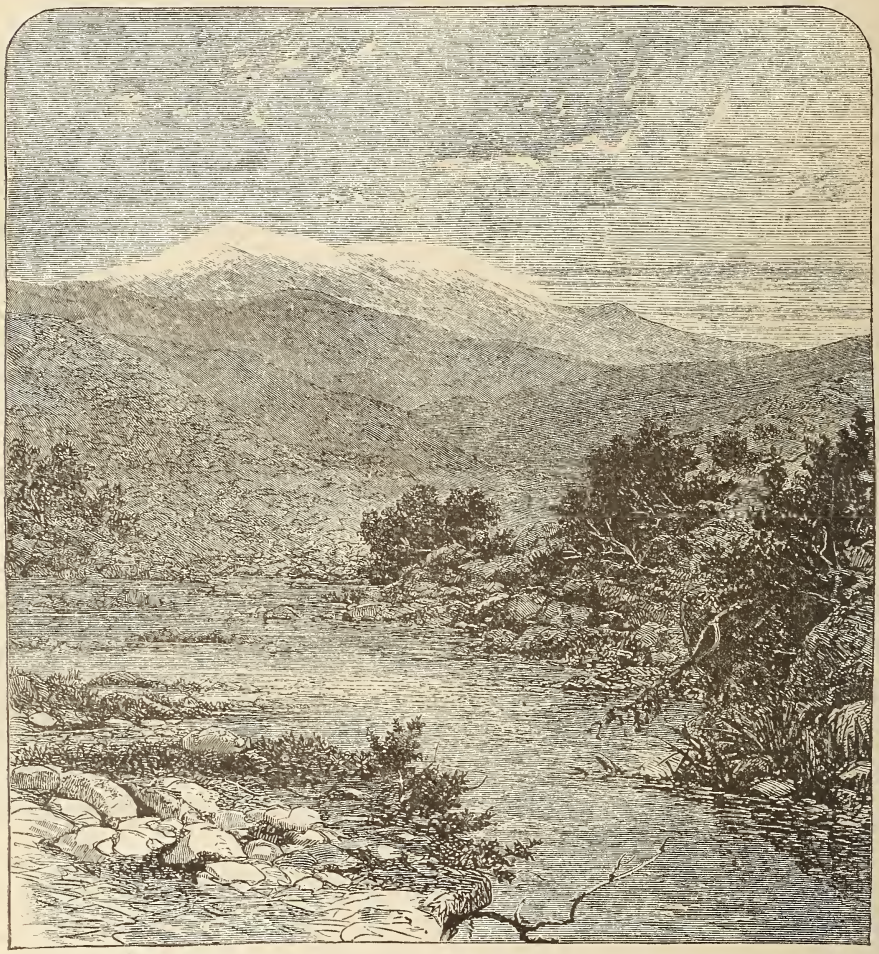
"All aboard," or words to that effect, now recalled Mrs. Horner to her seat in the coupé. Mr. Horner joined her, and off they sped, the inside passengers drawing their heads back from the windows, where they had watched the meeting and colloquy of our friends with deep interest. As they were all of them Italians, Russians, or Syrians, they had not, it is probable, gathered much from the rapid talk they heard; but the event enlightened them, when they saw the division of the party.

Two horses were brought out for Miss Lejeune and Tommy, and a wonderful mule for Bessie, which she insisted upon having, in order to add one more to the list of animals she had mounted, in her repertoire.

Two guides accompanied them, to take back the extra beasts. The day, which had been changeable, the sky covered with floating clouds, looked less promising; but the ladies had their light unbrellas, and were not alarmed.

The old road, which they were to take, crosses the shoulder of

a high, bleak hill. As they zigzagged up the ascent, the rain began to patter down. Secure in her seat upon her apparently amiable steed, Bessie proceeded to open her umbrella in a guileless manner.



DISTANT HERMON.

The mule threw up his hind legs with a sideways motion, and tossed her without a moment's notice, over his head. Her cheek brushed against Philip's horse, which was just in front of her steed, and down she came upon the hard gravel of the path. Every one sprang to her aid. She picked herself up, inquired for her hat and



STARTING FOR NABLOUS.

round comb, which had bounded off to quite a distance, and resumed her mule. She was not hurt in the least, only a little jarred. When Mr. Hervey was perfectly assured of this, he gave the signal to set forth again, but he kept close to Bessie's side.

She burst at once into a merry bit of laughter, but with the laughing some tears mingled, and before she knew it she was crying.

"It is too bad, dear," said Mr. Hervey tenderly.

"I do not *feel* bad at all," sobbed Bessie. "Only, — only,— the tears were sort of shaken out of me."

Sunshine, however, came together upon her April face and the landscape. The rain was over, and the green leaves sparkled with bright drops.

They heard the sound of a foaming river from a gorge on their right, but it was so narrow and deep that the stream was hidden from their sight.

Half an hour afterward they came to a little domed wely, or temple, on a rocky ridge. And there Damascus and its plain burst upon their view, lovely, in the light of the approaching sunset. The superb scene was well worth the detour they had made. "The white swan," as the city is called, spread its broad wings before them, dotted with domes and minarets, on which shone golden crescents. At their feet wound the ABANA, fertilizing and enriching its borders of glowing green, and the PHARPAR was pointed out in the distance. This delicious luxurious verdure is most refreshing to the eye after the barrenness of Judea. Peach-trees, pink with blossoms, mingle with the fresh, tender green of the new summer foliage, while the darker tints of the olive, and the pointed tops of dark cypresses, give depth and effect.

Every one is bound to exclaim, looking at this panorama for the first time,—

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

Meanwhile the diligence pursued its more steady course into the city. This approach is also lovely, for the road runs actually through the river bed of the Abana, which brawls and rushes on

either side of it, willows bending over the stream, and hedges white with blossoms at intervals.

The only hotel in Damascus is that of *Dimitri's*, a name well-known to all travellers there. It is a marvellous Oriental building, surrounding a courtyard, as did the one at Jerusalem, but far more like Persia than any place they had seen. Tall orange and lemon-trees, with the fruit hanging upon them, grew in the courtyard, and water was running in a basin with gold fishes swimming in it. The court was laid in mosaic; rounded stone stairways went up to a balcony running all round it, out of which the rooms led, of which the windows looked only down upon the court, the walls upon the street being blank and windowless. The walls and ceilings of the Horners' rooms were tapestried with wood painted pink, and green, and every bright color in a Persian pattern, with texts in Arabic, from the Koran, over the door. Bessie said she felt as if she were sleeping in a tea-chest turned wrong side in.

The diligence arrived first, but while Mrs. Horner was still waiting in a sort of general parlor leading from the court, a bustle was heard of fresh arrivals, also the voices of the equestrian party.

"Why, Bessie," she exclaimed in alarm, as soon as she saw her daughter, "what has happened to you?"

The child looked, to be sure, as though she had met with some accident. Her braids hung down her back, her hat was knocked in, and a huge patch of mud still stuck to her usually neat travelling dress. The adventure was soon explained, and was treated as a joke instead of a mishap.

"Poor Bessie," said her father, "you have no lack in your *montures*! First a camel, and now a mule."

"No matter," said Bessie, shaking her head. "I ride very well, only I am so light I fly off very easily."

"Not like Mrs. Stuyvesant, whose donkey sat down with her," said Philip.

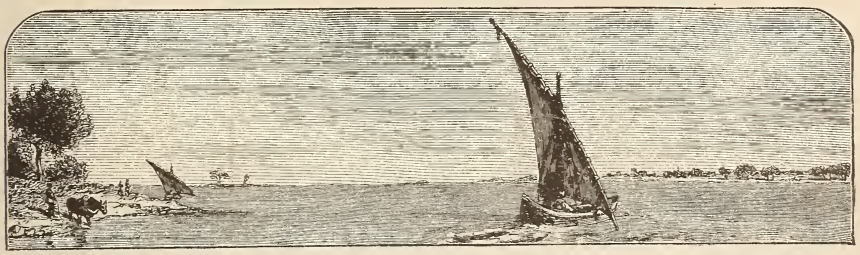
"Did it?" demanded Miss Lejeune.

"Yes; at Beni-Hassan. It was a very small donkey. After that, Hassan gave her a bigger one always."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE massacre at Damascus, in 1860, of the Christian population by the fierce and bloody sect called Druses, and connived at, if not encouraged, by the treacherous Turkish government, still leaves its impress upon the city. It is yet referred to as



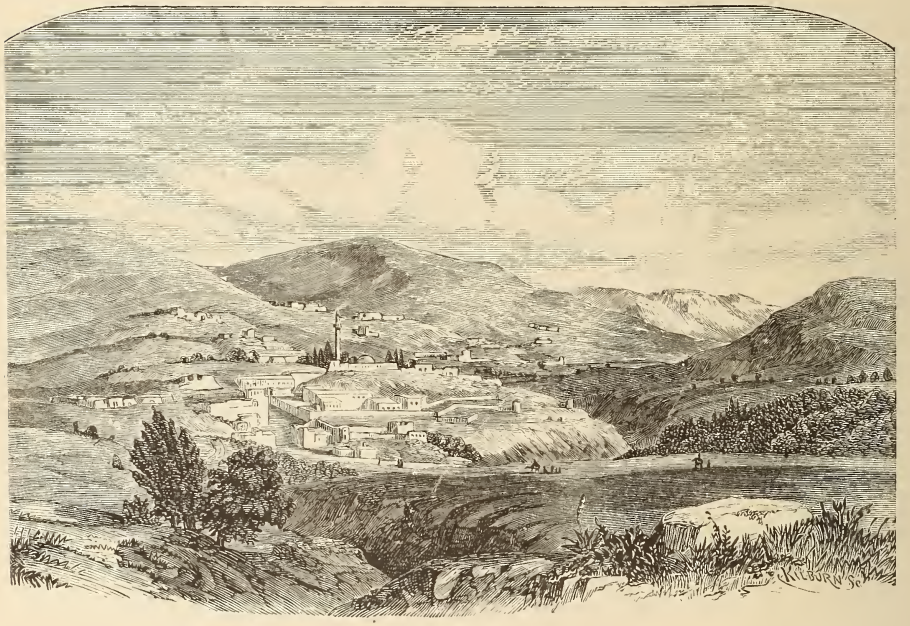
BY THE SEA.

"*l'évenement*," by the Syrians who speak French. It was indeed *the event* of the time. The Christian houses which were then destroyed have been even yet not all rebuilt, and the magnificence of former days is lost. Feelings of distrust and hatred still remain in the hearts of the Christians towards the Mohammedans, which are likely to remain while Turkey rules over Syria. But the weakened power of the Turk, and the control of civilized Europe, is mitigating the evil.

Damascus was already a noted place in the days of Abraham, and was long the warlike rival of Israel. For three centuries it was the residence of the kings of Syria; in every period of its history, it has experienced many and great changes; at one time under the rule of Babylonia and Persia, it fell afterwards into the

hands of Alexander the Great. Pompey attached it to the Roman Empire. Many Jews had settled in Damascus after its conquest by Alexander, and it early became the seat of a Christian bishop. Saracens and Turks possessed it, and adorned it with many splendid buildings. It was attacked,— 1147,— by the Crusaders, under Baldwin, and Louis VII., of France, that unlucky King whose misfortunes lost him his wife and lands in Aquitaine; but the cross never displaced the crescent in Damascus.

Two centuries later came Tamerlane, a chief of Turkish tribes, who aspired to the conquest of the world. Damascus fell before him, but after such resistance, that in his rage he slaughtered all its inhabitants without mercy. This was in 1401. It was a fear-



NAZARETH.

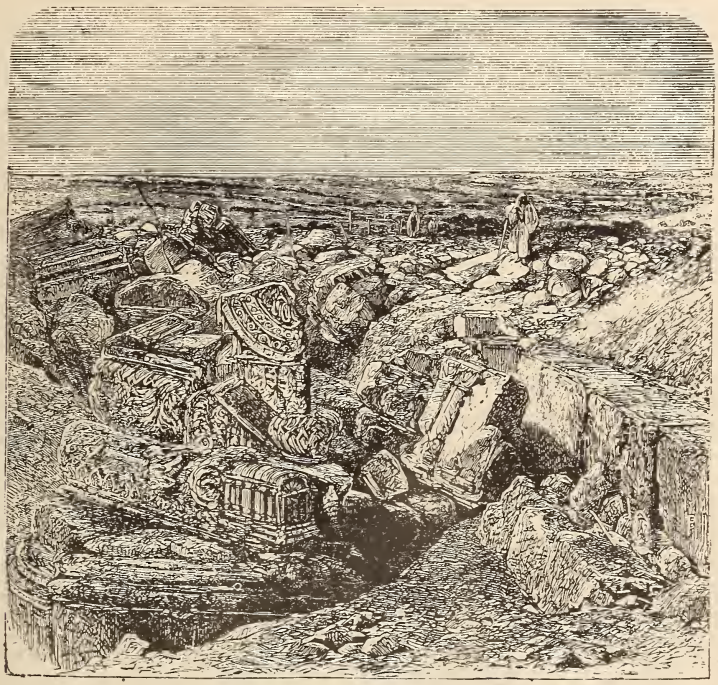
ful destruction. The wealth of the ancient city was scattered in a day, palaces were pillaged and left in flames, libraries were destroyed.

But again the city rose from its ashes: a century later it fell

into the hands of the Turks, and has ever since had them for nominal rulers, at least.

Thus six different races have possessed it; but it has flourished under all, and exists and prospers still, in spite of misrule.

The day after arriving, Mrs. Horner received a bright, cheerful



RUINS OF CAPERNAUM.

note from Mary, written, to be sure, only twenty-four hours after she had kissed her mother "good-by," but saying that she was happy, and not lonely. Thus reassured, the Damascus blades settled themselves for a comfortable week or ten days in that interesting city, and the inspection of all its points of interest. As there was no hurry, according to the favorite motto of Mr. Horner, they were careful not to crowd too many experiences into one day, and thus left themselves leisure to hear what Philip and Mr. Hervey had to say about their Arab life of the last twelve days.

So, upon the first evening, they settled themselves in the pleas-

ant salon at Dimitri's, Mr. Hervey and Philip both reclining on divans, for it must be confessed they were somewhat stiff after so many days in the saddle.

"Now begin at the beginning, and tell us all about it," said the mamma.

"After we left you," added Bessie, "we rode off towards Jerusalem, Erik and I, at a galloping pace."

"Poor Erik! he wanted to go with us awfully," said Philip. "But it was better that he did not. Do you not think so, Mr. Hervey? Two of us made just the right number for Waddi to look after."

"Well," began Mr. Hervey, "we started off on that pretty road, and did Samaria that day, and passed on to Nazareth, over the Plain of Esdraelon, beautifully fertile and luxurious. Our Waddi kept us pretty well up to the mark, for he was in a hurry, for some reason, to reach Nazareth. There we stayed one night, and the next day we went up Mount Tabor, and so down the other side to Tiberias, which is close upon the shore of the Sea of Galilee, you know, Bessie. We thought of you when we were swimming in it. Then we were three days going from Tiberias along the shore through Capernaum to Banias, which is Cæsarea. Instead of coming straight to Damascus from Cæsarea, we took a course by the base of Mount Hermon, to Hesbeiya, and Rasheiya, which, by four days' riding, brought us out near Dummar, you know, where we met you at Damascus."

"That was Friday, then, the day we left Beyrout?" asked Mrs. Horner.

"No, Thursday. We reached here the last day of April. We have not begun to tell you how interesting the whole trip was, especially the Sea of Galilee. It is a beautiful lake in itself, and full of association. You tell them about Safed, Phil, I have talked enough."

"Safed," said Phil, taking up the narration, "is a high place on the Lake. The Jews believe that the Messiah will rise from the Lake and land there, and establish his throne at Safed. There

is a splendid view there from some old ruins, of a castle that was shaken to pieces by an earthquake, not very long ago, I believe."

"1837," supplied Mr. Hervey.

"What sort of a castle?" asked Bessie.

"Crusaders;" replied Philip briefly. "But the view! the Lake down at your feet, deep and lovely, something like the Lake of Geneva from Glion, then Mount Tabor, quite near, and far off in the distance blue lines of mountains. We were hungry when we



SEA OF GALILEE.

came back. Only think of eating fish from the Lake of Galilee!"

"The Lake is full of fish," said Mr. Hervey, "but it is neglected. There is only one little boat to represent the fishing boats of Simon and Andrew."

Banias, the ancient Cæsarea Philippi, became historic under the

rule of Herod the Great; he erected a temple there, which he dedicated to Cæsar, the only traces of which are some sculptured niches in the face of a cliff, with Greek inscriptions. The main attraction of the place is the great fountain, the upper source of Jordan, bursting from the side of a heap of broken rocks, and fragments of the ancient temple. This fountain and grotto were dedicated to the god Pan, hence the name of Paneas, or Banias.

The ridge of Hermon rises over the city, and this is the "high mountain" where Christ was transfigured. — Matthew xvi. 13, 20. Cæsarea was the northern limit of the Saviour's wanderings. His work of teaching was nearly over, and he set his face for the last time "to go up to Jerusalem." — Luke ix. 51.

The Castle of Subeibah is one of the finest ruins in Syria; within an hour's ride from Banias, of a great age, probably older than the time of Herod.

"Did you go up Hermon?" asked Bessie.

"We did, Bessie," said Philip. "I made Mr. Hervey go, and he is glad of it now."

Mr. Hervey laughed. "Yes; I consented to do one more mountain at Phil's entreaty."

"First, he crossed a sort of side range and went into a valley; then came the tug of war. It is all loose rock, with no path, trees few and far between. They said we might see panthers, but we did not, unluckily. But it was splendid when we were on top; all snowy in spots, but a superb view."

"Yes," said Mr. Hervey, "the view is wonderfully grand."

Like all summit-views, it is like a map spread out; but this one is exceptionally interesting, for tradition and history. On the north lie Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon; on the south the Sea of Galilee, and the chasm made by the Jordan running beyond the reach of the eye; the mountains of Gilead are on one side, and those of Samaria on the other. Carmel extends far out into the Mediterranean; the coast line sweeps along to the promontory of Tyre and beyond, till Lebanon shuts in the view.

"It made me think of those maps hanging up in the vestry at

Sunday-school," said Philip; "but I never thought when I was a small boy looking at them that I should see R. JORDAN really running into the Dead Sea."

They slept in the shelter of some ruins, rolled up in blankets, saw a grand sunrise, and were early upon the descending path.



ON CAMEL.

Hermon is the second mountain in Syria. The peak of Lebanon, behind the cedars, is a few hundred feet higher, Hermon being about ten thousand feet.

"So you are glad you went, Philip?" said Miss Lejeune, with a smile.

"Oh, yes, indeed. We had a wonderful, delightful trip. I must say I rejoiced in a good dinner that first night in this hotel, and a good bed."

"How did you manage about food on the way?" was asked.

"Waddy managed about that. We were often in the houses of sheiks he knew, who were hospitable, and accepted what we pressed into their hands at parting. At the large towns there are inns, such as they are; and Waddy always carried a basket of provisions for us, slung on his saddle-bow."

"I felt like a true Bedouin," said Philip; "and with our kuffias on, we looked quite as fierce as some we met on camels, with our pistols stuck in our belts."

"I hope you did not use them," said his mother.

"Only once, mamma. I fired at a gazelle, but it did not mind it in the least. It bounded off in one direction, and my bullet in another."

"I hate to have you carry firearms," said Mrs. Horner. "No one can ever tell when they will go off."

"It is more necessary for appearance than any thing else," said Mr. Hervey. "It impresses these people a little to see a good stock of weapons. We met with no hostile demonstrations; but the Druses are a turbulent lot. It is well to be on the safe side with them."

"I am glad you are safe back," said Mrs. Horner. "And now I hope we shall not be separated again."

She pressed Philip's hand as she said this, adding:

"Now if we find dear Mary is all right, it will turn out for the best."

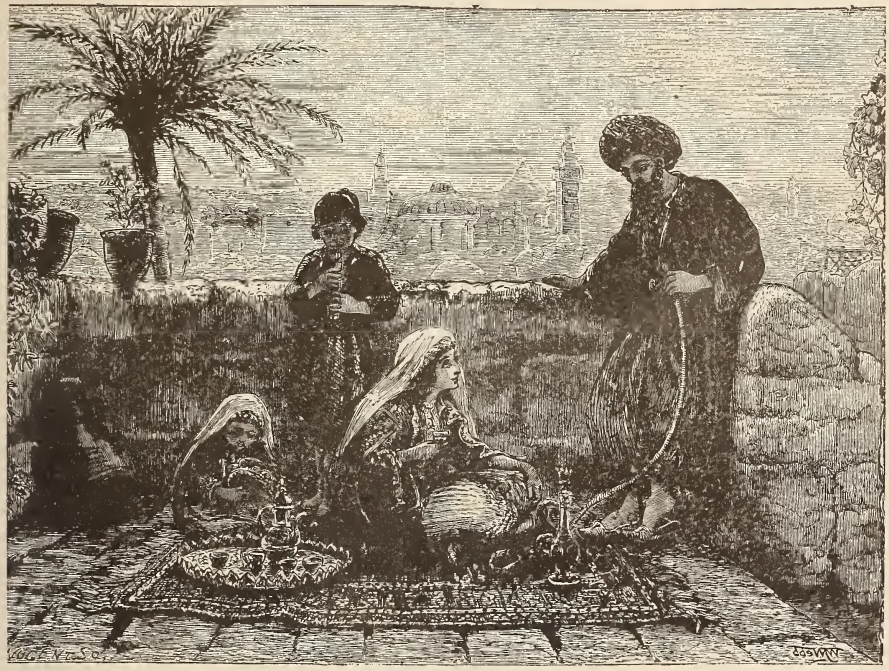
"Dear Jeannie," said Miss Augusta, "how fortunate it is we have you to do the worrying for us, for no one else has to attend to that department."

"Give me credit for not overdoing it," said Mrs. Horner with a smile, which was a little troubled.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DAMASCUS.

ONE of the first things the Horners did was to go to the top of the minaret of the city gate, for the view which is presented there of the town. They saw below them a plain of flat



ON A HOUSE TOP, DAMASCUS.

roofs, broken here and there by a white cupola and a tall minaret, and the large dome of the great mosque.

At their feet was the beginning of a narrow lane, winding along as far as the eye could follow it. This was the "street called

straight,"— straight, meaning narrow; for it certainly would not be called straight in Philadelphia. In the Roman period of Damascus a noble street extended through the city in the same direction, and excavations made under the present Straight Street have revealed fragments of a Corinthian colonnade which adorned it. For, during the great age since the founding of Damascus, and in the many *evènements* it has experienced, one set of buildings after another has been destroyed, so that, as at Jerusalem, there is supposed to be layer upon layer of demolished cities to a great depth, underlying the present one.

In the distance they saw Mount Hermon, snow-covered at the summit. A walk through this street led them past scenes of the massacre of 1860, and other interesting sites; then, under a low Roman arch, they entered the region of the bazaars. This reminded them of Cairo, "only more so." The same narrow streets, and same open fire-places, as Bessie had called them, where the merchants sat cross-legged, in front of little shelves, on which were piled their stuffs; but at Damascus there was a greater variety of strange and gorgeous materials, rich and splendid. They could not resist the fascination of these shops, and bought a good many things, Hassan doing the bargaining, which consisted in a long and violent argument between him and the shopkeeper, ending in a mutual compromise. Both parties love these tilts of the tongue, and it is a regular part of shopping in the East. The dealer demands a price which he does not dream of receiving, and Hassan mentions a figure which he knows he shall have to raise. The squabble became sometimes violent, but after a while the repetition was tedious, especially as our Americans did not understand a word of it. Miss Lejeune saw some pretty little damask napkins, for which her soul longed, bordered with red and yellow stripes.

"Well, Hassan," said Mr. Horner, "you may begin the fight over these;" and while it went on, the party turned their attention to the crowds flocking by in the narrow streets, dressed in the brilliant colors of the Orient: the men with gay turbans, and full



MINERET; DAMASCUS.

trousers of every bright tint, the women veiled, in dark garments. A man went by with a cooling drink, rattling tumblers to attract attention; a lemon was stuck on the pointed top of the tin vessel he carried it in. Tommy tried it, and pronounced it "not bad!"

Tommy's joy was at its height in the bazaar dedicated to *halâwy*, that is, spices, preserved fruits and confections, many of which proved delicious, though strange forms of food. Some, of a bright pink, were displayed, that looked the reverse of tempting.

The most dangerous web of the spider was a retired roôm of an old Jew, where they beheld every form of temptation in the way of *bric-à-brac*. Ivory carvings, shining silks, armor, tiles, gold and silver work, treasures ancient and modern, were displayed before their eyes, until they found a certain safety in not knowing what to choose.

At a silk merchant's, where delicious soft silks were unfolded before their eyes, Mr. Hervey selected from a huge pile of kuffias,—square silk handkerchiefs, which the men wrap about their heads,—one which was distinguished from the bright gaudy reds and yellows of the rest. It was of silvery white, with dainty stripes of blue.

"What is that for?" asked inquisitive Tommy, as Mr. Hervey was carefully putting the parcel in his pocket.

"It is a secret," replied Mr. Hervey; "but if you will come here, I will whisper it. I am going to give it to Mary."

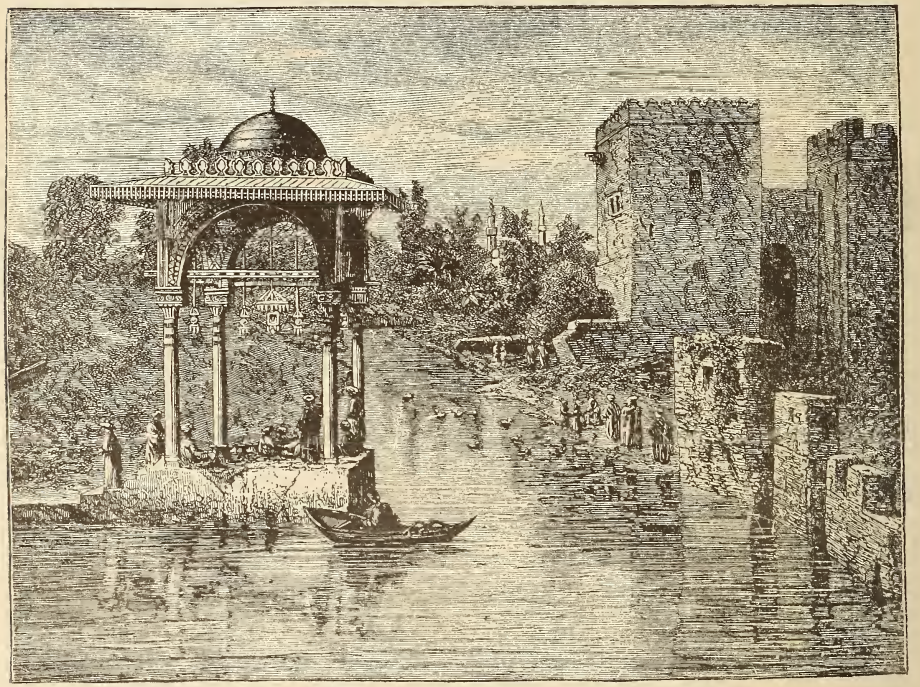
Nor was Mary forgotten by the rest; among other things a huge box of ra-hat-ti-cum, a sweet compound of the East, was carried back to her.

If there had been nothing but the bazaars to make Damascus amusing, they could have spent days in wandering there, but there were other demands upon their time.

An expedition on donkeys, which was shared only by Mr. Hervey, Miss Lejeune, and Bessie, while the others were busy in bazaars, was to Salahiyah, a suburb of Damascus. They rode at first through a narrow lane, with high blank walls on either side. The houses of Damascus are all built in this way, with all their pleasantness

concentrated within, upon an interior court. The street walls are without windows or access, except through heavy doors. This is on account of the numerous attacks the inhabitants have received, leading them to protect their outer works.

They stopped before a dingy little door and knocked. They had to stoop to enter, when lo! they heard the sound of a rushing fountain, and found themselves standing on a balcony surrounded by

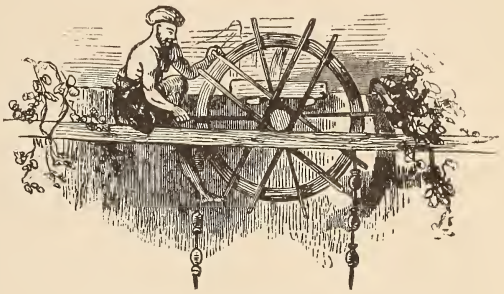


GARDEN IN DAMASCUS.

orange and lemon-trees. Roses and fleur-de-lis were blooming along the paths of a lovely garden, through which poured a deep, though narrow river, with its edge tufted with maiden-hair and grasses, that danced in the water. A slowly turning wheel lifted water from the stream to feed the little fountain.

The gentlemanly proprietor, in a turban and a gown of striped red and blue cotton, spread a carpet and brought chairs for them to repose upon, while he entertained them by playing upon a musical instrument something like a fiddle, and there they ate their picnic lunch, which

Hassan, who accompanied them, had brought. This was his surprise. He had proposed the expedition, and was disappointed that the whole party did not join it; but for some reason, they had not understood the extent of the plan, and so the others lost seeing the pretty garden.



WATER WHEEL.

Remounting their donkeys, they came back to the hotel by a long détour through lovely green lanes overhung with grape-vines, and apricot-trees in blossom. The apricot is much cultivated in Damascus, and, preserved, is delicious. Mish-mish is its Arabic name.

They passed through a village inhabited by Kurds, said by Hassan to be a violent people, who worship the devil. They passed a man being led to prison by means of a pocket-handkerchief knotted about his throat. They told Hassan to inquire the cause, and he thus translated the answer:

"They say he has broken the head of his mother."



EASTERN MUSIC.

One or two of the private houses of Damascus must be visited to reveal to travellers the beauty of the city. No contrast could be greater than that between the gloomy streets and low doorways, and what is to be seen within,—the open court with tessellated pavement and large marble basin, on the same plan with that of the hotel, only often far more gorgeous. Flowering shrubs, climbing roses, and

jessamine on trellises, fill the air with perfume. The apartments all open into this court; and the term open is literal, with regard to one of them, which has but three walls, like a scene on the stage, the south side being wholly exposed to the sun and outside air. Here is a marble floor, and a raised daïs covered with cushions, running



KURDS.

round the three sides. The Arabic women walk about over the court-yard upon high pattens, but when they come to the divan, they lift their feet out of them, and leave their "mules" standing on the floor. These women are beautifully dressed, with full flowing trousers and embroidered jackets.

The life at the hotel was pleasant. The parties whose acquaintance Phil and Mr. Hervey had made, were installed there; and at



STRAIGHT STREET, DAMASCUS.

the long *table d'hote* dinner there was always agreeable conversation, reviewing the events of the day, and comparing notes. Miss Lejeune struck up a deep friendship for a gentleman who sat next her at table, and their lively remarks kept up a constant fire of repartee. After dinner, the old Jew was allowed to come in with his wares, which he spread before the guests, unfolding, one after another, rich bits of heavy embroidery, thick silks, or old golden vessels.

It was amusing to watch the crafty way with which he watched his chance of a customer.

There was a tablecloth in which Miss Lejeune took a faint interest, the very first evening, but without any intention of buying it. Another evening it reappeared in Mustaplea's collection, and, without saying any thing about it, he placed it directly under her eye. The next time she saw it he was showing it to some one else, but, strange to say, close at her side, and he let fall something about a reduction of price. It ended in her buying it. She always looks upon it since as a great bargain.

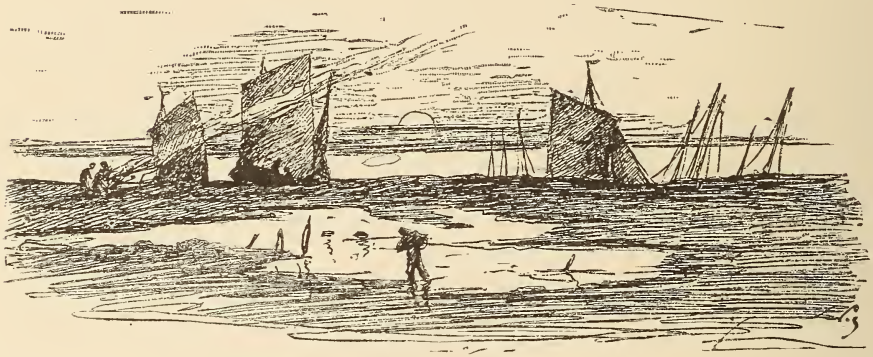
On Sunday, after the service of the English Church, and a sermon upon the subject of the conversion of St. Paul, some of the party walked to the place outside the wall, in which tradition has put the scene of Paul's escape from the city, "let down by the wall through a window, in a basket." In front of a walled-up gate near it, is a small cupola, covering a tomb said to be that of George the porter, who aided St. Paul in his escape, and became a martyr to his benevolence. His memory and his sepulchre are still venerated by Christians.

There was much talk at the table about an expedition to Palmyra, which would shortly be made under military escort. The French artist and the two *savants* who were to accompany the cortège, had not yet arrived in Damascus, but their forerunners were already making preparations, and Hassan reported, from time to time, their progress.

Philip longed to join that party. He never wished to turn back, anywhere, and just then it seemed a great mistake not to push

farther eastward. Palmyra sounded remote and strange; a place not visited by all the world. But he received no encouragement from his family to undertake the expedition. They urged him to content himself with what he had already enjoyed.

"When I am a man!" he said, prophesying wonderful travels by a shake of his head.



OFF SHORE.

CHAPTER XL.

TOGETHER AT LAST.

THE Horners had finished their visit to Damascus, and every thing was ready for their departure, only one day remaining for a last excursion to the bazaars, to buy a few more souvenirs of the East to carry home.

While they were all at dinner, toward the end of the day, the usual confusion arose in the courtyard, accompanying the arrival of travellers,—a clattering of feet on the stone pavement, lively conversation in various tongues, packs thrown down, and comforts called for. But that day it seemed louder than common, and more prolonged. The voices were on a high pitch, and much excited. The waiters were drawn away from their duties to listen.

"May I, papa?" demanded Philip, and sprang to leave the table. Tommy was at his heels. The hubbub increased so that all the gentlemen went out to find what it might mean, and the ladies were left to themselves around the table.

"It must be the Palmyra party," said Miss Lejeune; "they have been expected for a day or two."

"But this noise is very unusual. I wonder Dimitri allows it," grumbled an old lady, who thought she knew Damascus thoroughly, because she had been there three weeks.

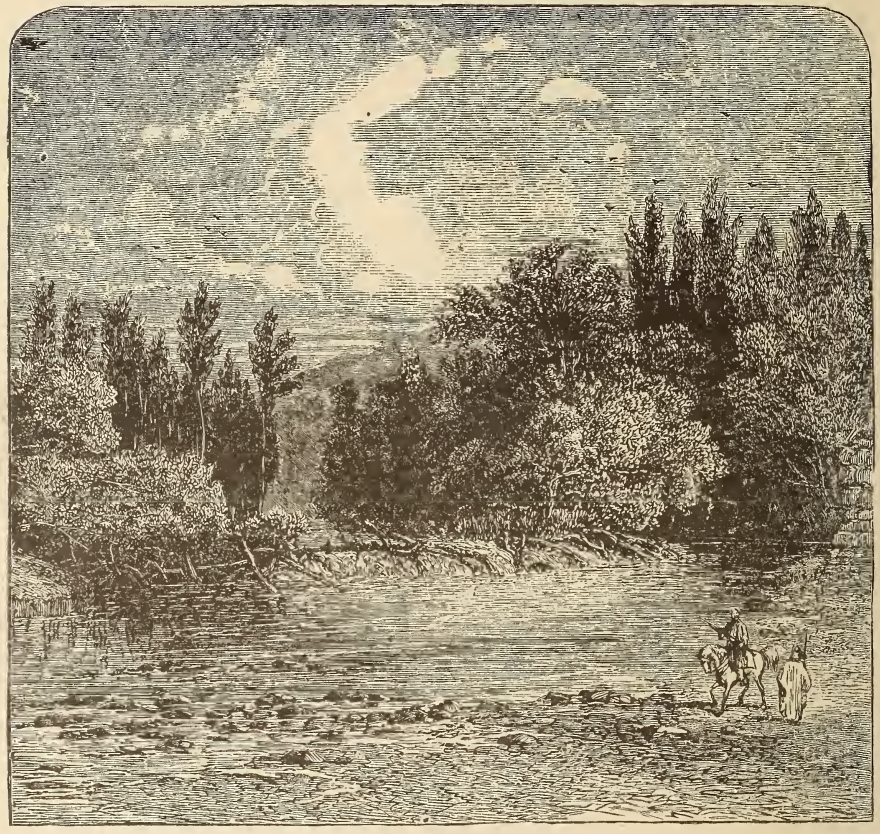
"Mamma, mamma!" cried Tommy, bursting in, "such a row! They are arresting their dragoman!"

"What dragoman? Who are?" asked the others.

"The Palmyra people. I don't know why yet, but the police have seized him, and are taking him to the Zaptié. He is as mad as fury!" and Tommy disappeared again.

The tumult, after this, subsided in the courtyard, but was transferred, in some measure, to the dining-room, when the savants and the artist, flushed and excited, came in for their dinner, talking French volubly, with a great deal of gesture of hands and shrugging of shoulders. The ladies vanished; only Philip hovered around, hoping to gather some information, while he absorbed himself in a plate of pistachio nuts.

Later, from Hassan, it was learned that the dragoman of the



ABANA.

Palmyra party had been caught in collusion with Bedouins. Suspicions had caused him to be watched. He had been seen tampering with firearms, and handling the private effects of his masters,



PALMYRA: GRAND COLONNADE.

who resolved to trust him not an instant after reaching Damascus, and thus the arrest. Abundant proof of his guilt was forthcoming. It was most fortunate the discovery was made before the expedition had started upon the long and perilous road to Palmyra.

The upshot of all this was, that, as the party were now without a dragoman, they set about at once to fill the deficiency, and whom should they select but our Hassan! Hassan had now reached the end of his engagement with Mr. Horner. Mr. Horner readily gave him the warmest recommendation to the French gentlemen, and the French gentlemen engaged him at once. Hassan's French was as good as his English; elementary, but expressive.

And thus it happened that "Hassan Horner," as he had sometimes been called, was the only one of the party who went on to Palmyra.

The parting between Bessie and Hassan was very tender. She begged him to come to America. He presented her with his photograph. All the rest said good-by with cordial feelings towards their devoted protector; but Bessie was his favorite.

His last attention was to accompany them to the yard of the diligence, where they found themselves about three A. M., waiting under the stars, Scorpio shining brightly over the river which ran brawling by. A little later the horses were put in; crack went the whip, round went the wheels, and they were off in the darkness, too sleepy to mind much where they were. When the dawn came, they aroused themselves to admire the scenery, which is more beautiful in this direction than going the other way, across the broad valley between the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon.

The day wore on very pleasantly, full of the anticipation of meeting Mary. As they drew down towards Beyrout, a little open carriage stood waiting for them, containing two ladies, and a mass of flowers lying upon the vacant seats. One was Mary; but who was her companion, neatly attired in dark blue flannel, with a snug little straw hat, and a knot of dark hair below it? It was all they could do to recognize Miss Spark.

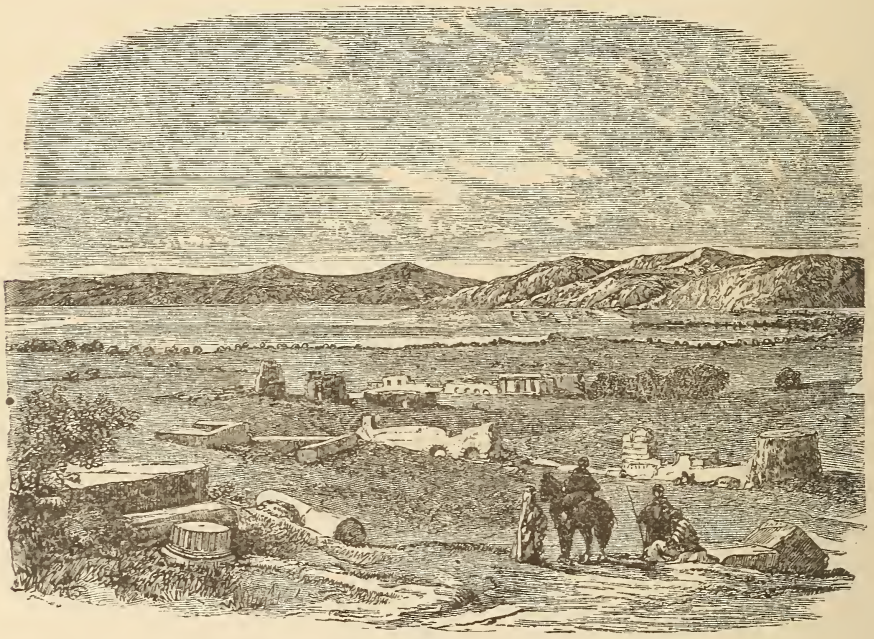
The meeting was a joyous one. Mary looked fresh and blooming.

She, too, had a new hat suitable to the warm weather, and wore no trace of fatigue or ill health.

"We have only room for two of you with us," said Mary. "We want mamma and one other, and Tommy may go on the box."

But here the ever obliging Miss Spark proposed to exchange for the diligence; so, while Bessie took her place, she and Mr. Horner rode on in the coupé to the hotel, Philip and Mr. Hervey preferring to stretch their legs by walking.

"How long it seems! a perfect age since we parted!" exclaimed Mary, "and I suppose you have seen wonderful things. But look! is not my Beyrout lovely? I have enjoyed the time every minute."



THE NORTH SHORE.

"So have we," said Bessie, "and we have brought you some lovely things from Damascus. Are the Fords still here?"

"Yes, but oh dear! Miss Mackaye does not get any better. Doctor Grant fears she will not recover."

"How sad!" said Mrs. Horner. "Oh, my dear Mary, how relieved I am to see you looking so well!"

Their conversation was interrupted for all to admire the beauty of the approach to Beyrout. Lebanon, with its cedars, rose purple and magnificent to the right; villas, farms and vineyards, embowered in a billowy tumult of fruit-trees in blossom, lay before them, down to the promontory which makes the harbor, and there were ranged the ships and steamers of the prosperous port.

A pleasant little dinner that evening at the hotel, closed this episode of the Horners' travelling career.

Doctor Grant was there, by invitation, and the Fords, of course; Miss Spark held her favorite place by the side of Mr. Horner.

"And so," said Mr. Hervey, "you have accomplished the long-wished-for journey in the East."

This was addressed to Bessie, who replied, "Yes, I have seen Rameses at home."

"How much enjoyment we have had!" said Mrs. Horner. "It seems almost as if we had all of us been up the Nile. In fact, I think in future I might as well do my travelling vicariously, through my children."

"O mamma!" cried Tommy, "you did not think that way in Keene."

"I think," asserted Bessie, "that we never ought to travel anywhere except with mamma, and aunt Gus, and Mr. Hervey."

Mr. Hervey sat by Mary, whom he was observing with admiring interest. She looked so fresh and pretty, that he could not help saying to her, "Mary, you have become a grown-up young lady since we left you at Sychar!"

"Why not?" she replied, blushing and smiling; "that was quite a long time ago, and," she added, "I have had a birthday in your absence. I am sixteen now."

"Do not fancy that we had forgotten it, dear," said her mother, and Philip, at a sign from her, advanced a little table with presents from each one. By this accident of her birthday arriving just at that time, Mary reaped a little harvest of Damascus toys and ornaments. Among the gifts, was the blue-and-white kuffia from Mr. Hervey.

During their drive into town, Miss Spark had had an opportunity to unfold her plans to Mr. Horner, and submit them to his approval. After a little demur on his part, at her consuming so much time upon the long voyage of three months, he was brought to see the merits of the plan, but stipulated that he should himself "interview" the captain, and make sure that the food and accommodations of the vessel were likely to be satisfactory. This he did subsequently, and, like every one else, was won over by the genial deportment of Captain Wallace, to be willing to entrust to him the care of Miss Spark.

And now the little party is assembled on the pier, to say fare-



THE SALLY ANN.

well to their obliging companion, whom they have all learned to love. Tommy has brought her some flowers; Mary is kissing her on both cheeks, clasped in her arms, — for Miss Spark finds it hard to part from the dear child. But the little boat is ready. Mr. Hor-

ner and Mr. Hervey are both in it, to be rowed with her out to the *Sally Ann*, lying at her moorings only a short distance off. The others watch the progress of the boat. They watch the departing voyager as she mounts the side, and, standing upon deck, is joined by the captain's wife, who was previously on board.

The boat is returning with the gentlemen, and now every handkerchief is waved, and hats are raised for a final salutation. There is rattling of ropes and anchor-chains. The great sails, already set, swing around, when the large vessel is free; and slowly she moves off as the wind fills them. There are tears in many eyes. The sight of a lofty vessel, borne by the wind far away, to encounter the dangers of the sea, has a touch of the melancholy in it.

Miss Spark stood upon the deck beside the captain's wife, to watch the receding shore, and gaze as long as possible upon the group of her friends.

As she saw them last, Mary and Mr. Hervey were standing together, Mrs. Horner leaning upon her husband's arm. Bessie was with the Fords, while Miss Lejeune and Philip shared one umbrella, and Tommy sat astride on top of a post.

"How do you suppose they mean to get home?" asked Mrs. Wallace.

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Spark. "I never thought to inquire!"



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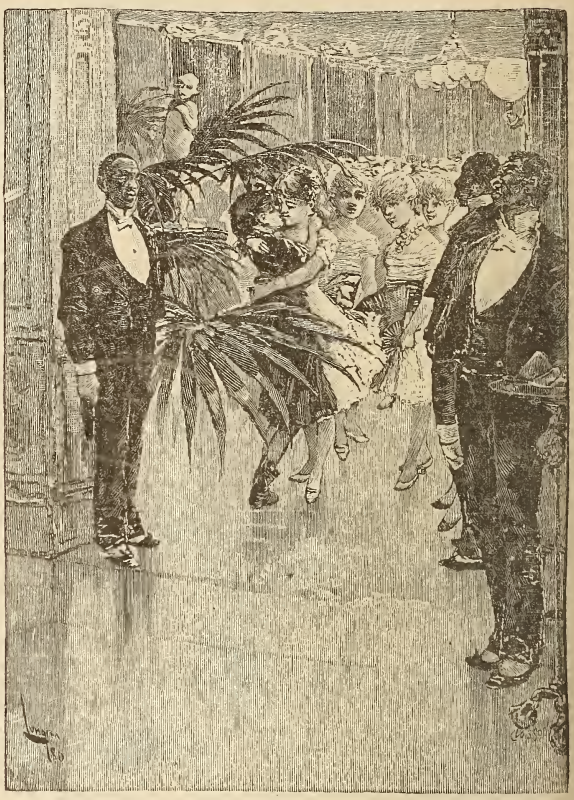
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